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WAYSIDE GLEANINGS

IN

EUROPE.

BY

BENJAMIN BAUSMAN, D. D.

"Travel in the younger sort is the part of education; in the elder, the part of experience."—LORD BACON.

WASHINGTON.

READING, PA.:
DANIEL MILLER, 113 North Sixth Street.
PHILADELPHIA:
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD
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TO

THE MEMBERS OF

ST. PAUL'S

MEMORIAL REFORMED CHURCH,

OF

READING, PA.,

TO WHOM HE HAS SUSTAINED

THE SACRED RELATION

OF

FRIEND AND PASTOR,

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

This volume, as its title indicates, is comprised of gleanings from a harvest field often and skillfully reaped by others. A field, however, so peculiarly productive that every reaper and gleaner, after having gathered precious sheaves, still leave much to be harvested and gleaned by those coming after him. The book contains a portion of a series of travels, of which a volume, SINAI AND ZION, published some years ago, was a part. Through different countries and climes has the wayside lain and led, along which the contents of this volume have been gathered. Through Great Britain and along the Northern Ocean; from the Netherlands along the Rhine to the top of the Alps; thence northward again to Luebeck; thence southward, through Austria and Italy to Naples, have I wandered. Thus I have traversed central and eastern Europe, from north to south, three times.

As the gleaner, at the close of the day, carefully assorts every head of wheat gathered, and binds the golden grain into sheaves, so was I in the habit of assorting and storing away the fruits of each day at its close. In secluded mountain retreats, in village inns, and in the more noisy quarters of the crowded city, I thrashed the harvest and garnered it in articles for the columns and pages of different periodicals. Thus it happened that the greater part of this volume was written at or near the places to which reference is made. The impressions of men and manners, of things seen, heard and felt, were noted down when yet fresh and vivid in the mind.

Lest the reference to certain events and the statement of certain facts might seem to be out of date and time, I beg the reader to bear in mind that the contents

of this book were chiefly gathered when Frederick William IV. was still on the throne of Prussia, and Napoleon III. Emperor of France; when the tap of the Austrian drum was still heard on the plains of Lombardy, and Pius IX. was still the ruler of the Papal States. Many of the good men whose ministrations and social intercourse I gratefully enjoyed, have since then entered into rest. In an age like ours, wherein towns and nations change, grow and decay so rapidly, the author of a book of travels, who has gathered his material more than half a generation ago, assumes a serious risk. Still, if the wine be of a good quality, its flavor will improve with age, however plain the bottles may be that contain it.

Many an author must in later life modify or condemn the sentiments he held and expressed in the dash and freshness of his earlier years. Substantially I still hold the views on European Christianity expressed in this volume. Subsequent events have, in most cases, proven my position concerning the affairs of Church and State in Europe correct.

In conclusion, dear reader, if you would know how to read this, or any other book aright, hear what the scholarly Erasmus saith:

"A reader should sit down to a book, especially of the miscellaneous kind, as a well behaved visitor does to a banquet. The master of the feast exerts himself to satisfy all his guests; but after all his care and pains, should there still be something or other put on the table that does not suit this or that person's taste, they politely pass it over, without noticing the circumstance, and commend other dishes, that they may not distress their kind host, or throw a damp on his spirits. For who could tolerate a guest, that accepted an invitation to your table, with no other purpose but that of finding fault with everything put before him, neither eating himself, nor suffering others to eat in comfort. And you may fall in with a still worse set than even these, with churls that in all companies and without stop or stay, will condemn and pull to pieces a work which they have never read."

READING, PA., September 29, 1875.

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WAYSIDE GLEANINGS.

CHAPTER I.

FROM NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL.

On the morning of the 12th of April, I went on board the steamer Atlantic at the Canal street wharf, New York. It was a pleasant spring morning, and the deck was soon crowded with passengers and their friends who came to see them depart. When the signal was given to clear the boat, the crowd presented a scene of strange confusion. What warm embraces and ardent well wishes. Some laughing, some crying, and some with a singular relish for parting trials, would run back and part thrice over. My parting had been done before, which is not the least unpleasant ingredient of a sea voyage. When the gangway was about being lowered *the last man* rushed through the crowd, crying, "stop, stop, I want to go along." He was told that he was too late. But he persisted, and by some means or other succeeded to scramble on board. As our boat proudly floated away from the dock, the firing of cannons, waving of handkerchiefs and loud huzzas, gave the signal that the die was cast. Now let him that is on board remain on board, for better or worse, for pleasure or pain, until we reach

the other side of the water, or wherever God in his providence may lead us.

A man may theorize about the propriety and plan of a sea-voyage, but when the last link that binds him to the shore has been severed, he will be likely to wish that some bridge, boat or gangway would leave the way open for reconsideration. And when for the first time he sees the shore of his native land retiring, a land perhaps that contains all that is dear to him in this life, he will feel that it is after all a silly step for him to go into a country of strangers, where he must forego the endearments and comforts of home.

When we were out about four hours, the sea began to swell, the boat rocked and rolled to and fro. Suddenly, as if seized by some evil spirit, I felt a heavy, ugly sensation, and before I had time to think what it was, it drove me to the side of the boat to pay unwilling tribute to the sea. I expected to become sea-sick, but looked for premonitory warnings. Its victory was achieved by stratagem. For just when all were on tiptoe of admiration, eager to enjoy the bracing sea air and get a glimpse of all the new things to be seen on the ocean, this fell power took them by surprise before they had time to avoid it. And such a scene. In a moment the most cheerful faces were contracted into a ghastly brow of woe.

Here then I have at last a chance to study the nature of sea-sickness from experience. I had received different prescriptions to prevent it, but all to no purpose. No amount of firmness or precaution can evade it. We had old seamen on board who had to surrender. It produces a sensation of indescribable nausea. It is the quin-

tessence of disgust, and imparts to all objects the power to excite loathing. It strips a man of all patience and energy. And while you have it, the ship swings you still into a worse mood. I had it for forty-eight hours, during which I repented most bitterly of my folly in going upon the sea. Visions of home and many kind friends floated before my mind, and I thought if I only were back, I would gladly permit tourists to have the Atlantic Ocean and all beyond, entirely to themselves. This may provoke a smile, but Leonidas himself, hero as he was, would have done the same. For how can a man resist its potent influence, when it has power to make him the embodiment of physical and moral emptiness, and convert all his sensibilities into agents of loathing.

Our second day out was the Sabbath. And the second day at sea, on one's first voyage, commonly finds him in a very peevish mood. "They that go down to the sea in ships," above all others, ought to be in a devout frame of mind. For the sea hath no joists on which you can safely stand. Between yourself and the great deep there is but a plank. And to hear this creak and crash in every fibre, during a storm, you wonder that it does not drop you into eternity. When there is a fire, of which there is great danger, you cannot run away from it into the street or find shelter with your neighbor. Either burn up or plunge to the bottom of the sea: between these two you have your choice, and a sad choice it is. Should your ship be wrecked in a storm, you have at best only a life-boat for a refuge; and a life-boat in mid ocean, in nine cases out of ten, proves a death-boat.

Surely on this "great and wide sea," where "go the

ships," one must always feel in a praying mood. Alas! not always. At least not always on the second day out. Like a boy's first lessons on stilts, vainly trying to teach the joints, limbs and muscles to steady the body on the poles, so the stomach, liver and head of a landfaring man try to learn walking over the waves of the sea in a ship. The vessel gallops in long swinging jumps over the waves; you try to walk on deck, but "reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at your wits' end," as the Psalmist has it, who must certainly have been terribly sea-sick on the Mediterranean, in his time. Psalm cvii. 23-30. You will no doubt "cry unto the Lord" in your berth. But it may be difficult to keep your praying mind off your squeamish stomach. In sea-sickness one is fit for the society of neither God nor man. You are surly, peevish, trying to creep in upon yourself, where the drooping soul can brood over its own bitterness. And the trouble is that no one gives you sympathy. When one is dangerously ill, he enjoys the sweet sympathy and prayers of good people. But who will pray for a man suffering from the toothache, or sympathize with a groaning sea-sick voyager? A godly soul thus afflicted will be harassed with a sense of its naughty mood—will feel worried that it cannot keep up a calm, serene frame of mind. Indeed one's better nature seems to forsake him. "Where in the world the soul goes to under such influences nobody knows; one would really think the sea tipped it all out of a man, just as it does the water out of his wash-basin."

In such a mood I spent my first Sunday on the Atlantic. Bouncing hither and thither in my berth, like a cork in a tub of water, ignorant of my fellow passengers,

indeed morosely indifferent as to who they were or what might become of them. I heard no singing, and concluded that there could have been no religious services held.

By the following Sunday I was myself again—had learned to walk over the waves with a steady step and a calm stomach. Meanwhile I could take my social bearings; become acquainted with my neighbors; with the gentlemen sleeping under my bed, and the members of this ship family. All manner of people were mixed together. Most delightful days were spent with people I had never seen, and may never see again till the Judgment day. An unclerical-looking traveling apparel, and a soft felt hat, with a broad brim, helped to disguise my profession. Surely no one knows me here. I will move among the people as an unknown voyager. Thus I did, and very pleasantly. Towards the close of the week I was conversing with a Pennsylvanian who had overheard some one calling me by name. "Is such your name?" he inquired. "You wrote this, and you lived there, &c?" Then the secret was out; but still only among a few. On Saturday morning Captain Eldridge and some of the passengers invited me to conduct public worship the following day.

Cards hung at different places announced that religious services would be held in the large dining Saloon, at 1 P. M. It was a beautiful day. The sea was calm. The sails hung loosely down as in a lull. The ship had no motion, save what little the action of the machinery produced. At one P. M. the ship's bell rang for services. The sailors devoutly sat at one end of the Saloon. The larger part of the people aboard filled the room. The Episcopal common prayer book was handed

round, from whose collection of hymns we sang. A group of excellent singers from New York and Boston led the singing.

Not without some misgivings I left my state room for the place of worship. Would not the little swinging of the vessel embarrass me? While waiting for my arrival, not a few of the congregation inquired: "Who is to preach? There is no clergyman on board? Is *he* a clergyman?" was asked by many, as I took my seat by a small stand at one end of the apartment. A Bible and prayer book lay thereon. Fortunately it stood aside of the main mast, against which I unsteadily leaned during the sermon.

We sang "Rock of Ages cleft for me," and "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," and sang them well. For here it was easy to feel the need of Jehovah's guidance.

The text was taken from Jeremiah xii. 5: "What wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" I spoke of the social pleasure we had enjoyed during the preceding week. That we hailed from different, far distant countries, and, though accustomed to worship God in our churches at home, had never mingled our hearts and voices in prayer and praise on the great deep. That if we wished to taste the pleasures of Christian communion we must go into the wide, wide world, and learn how in every true Christian we meet, we find "a brother, a sister, and a mother," who will love us because we love Christ.

I tried to explain what the text directly meant, and applied its truths to individual souls. To reach the Canaan on high we must cross the Jordan of death. This crossing may come upon us suddenly and unexpectedly.

We need a pilot to take us across, such as Joshua was to the ancient Jews. This pilot is Christ. I urged them to enter this "Ark of Safety," to choose Him for the steersman of their soul's bark; reminded them how by the mercy of God, after a few days, our good ship Atlantic should reach the harbor, and we separate, perhaps no more to meet till we shall reach the port of the Canaan above:

"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours."

When I noticed some of the poor weather-stained tars intently leaning forward to catch what I said, I forgot the annoying motions of the ship.

Many kindly and grateful words did I receive for my awkward sermon. The favorable surprise was not owing so much to what I said, as that a man apparelled like a California gold digger should undertake to say anything at all on such an occasion.

Captain Eldridge set a good table. And his Sunday dinners were unusually sumptuous. The services ended, and after spending an hour in reading, the dinner bell rang. Usually from one to two hours were spent at the table. Presently a servant placed a goblet of sparkling champagne aside of my plate with the compliments of Captain Eldridge. A few minutes later another servant brought a second glass, with the compliments of a wealthy Californian. Think of having two tall glasses of foaming champagne aside of your plate in the presence of a great company, to whom you have just broken the bread of life. Both gentlemen meant it kindly.

Different people use different methods to express their gratitude. These expressed theirs through a glass of wine. Doubtless supposing that I had been somewhat fatigued by my ministrations, they must propose their method of composing body and spirit. Back of the goblets I saw a kindly intention, more refreshing to me than wine. Of the wine I sipped but very little, yet took care not to wound the motive of the giver.

The day passed pleasantly, without a jarring note, save the rude, boisterous behavior of two half-drunken men, recently appointed by our Government as foreign Consuls. We had Jews and Gentiles, many very worldly people on board, but none who made such brutes of themselves as these two representatives of the American Government. How unfortunate that so often the moral scum of our country should be sent to represent us among the nations of the earth!

On Sunday the sailors, in their greasy work-day clothes, were very orderly—indeed always were. Here and there one had a book or paper. Others gathered in groups around some one spinning out his harmless yarns. "Do you like sea-life?" I inquired of one. "No, sir." "Have you a family?"

"Yes, a wife and children in America."

"Why do you go to sea then, if you don't like it?"

"When I am on sea, I resolve never to board another ship after I get home. And after I am home a few weeks, I am home-sick for the sea."

A strange unsettled life do these voyagers on the deep lead. But few ever lay anything by for a rainy day. Many spend all their earnings for strong drink every time they come ashore. As a rule they are beyond

the pale of the Christian Church, rarely finding access to her ministrations, save the occasional services held on board the ship.

When we sailed up the Mersey we passed a steamer having a band on deck who, upon seeing that we were Americans, saluted us with "Yankee Doodle," to which our crew responded with a deafening roar of applause. We had to disembark in the middle of the Mersey on account of the low tide, where we had to pass muster before the custom-house officer. When I saw him pitching into large trunks and running his hands into packages of other men's property, I felt thankful for the prospect of disappointing him with my little hand-bag. Some of the crew looked rather crest-fallen when he took from them American reprints of British authors.

Upon entering a strange country, a person sees many things which present a singular contrast to the customs of his own—things pleasant and painful, ludicrous and grave. Here we were confronted by wretched-looking women leading diminutive donkeys through the streets hitched into large carts, and boys running after us offering to black our boots. The waiters at the Adelphi have all the appearance of learned and eminent divines. Intelligent, dignified, grave-looking gentlemen, all dressed in the finest black with white cravats. A person feels very awkward at first to be waited on by such superior looking men. It would seem more natural to listen quietly to their counsel than trouble them with the business of meat and drink.

We reached Liverpool in a few hours less than eleven days, which was a short trip, especially as we had to sail one degree farther south than usual on account of the

ice. We saw no icebergs, and had a smooth run for the season. It was but a short time to be out of sight of land, and yet it seemed long. My heart leaped for joy when I first saw, through the dim distance, the rock-bound coast of Ireland. And when we sailed along the western coast of England, it was truly refreshing to see farm houses and green fields again. On the last day the captain gave a complimentary dinner. After the cloth had been removed, toasts were given and speeches made. While the rest were merry in their own way, I was humming praise to God for His merciful protection and the prospect of getting on shore the next day. And yet, such a singular compound is man, when it came to leaving the boat I felt sad. I formed acquaintances from whom I regretted to part. And I had just rightly passed into the sunny side of my voyage when it terminated.

Taking all together, my acquaintance with old ocean has not raised it much in my estimation. The old saying is that familiarity breeds contempt, but with the ocean it breeds disgust. Here, if ever,

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

The farther off the fairer. It is one thing to study and admire its qualities in books, and another thing to be cooped in a berth for days reeling with the bitter heaviness of its tortures. Viewed from this point of observation, its poetry vanishes. It becomes prosy *ad nauseam*.

The scenery on the sea soon becomes tiresome. Save the appearance of an occasional sail in the remote distance, there is nothing to relieve its monotony. No hard beaten highway to show the way our fathers crossed. But all a trackless watery waste, where every keel ploughs its own path, only to close up again forever. To

one who is not an amphibious seaman, whose taste and predilections have been formed on land, such scenery is more novel than pleasant. The horizon at sea always appears elevated, so that a person seems to be in the centre of a lake, far depressed below its circumference, where the boat constantly tries to paddle up one of its sides, without getting any nearer the edge of it.

CHAPTER II.

EDINBURG. ITS MONUMENTS. SUNDAY. DR. CANDLISH. DR. GUTHRIE.

On my way to Edinburg I became acquainted with a gentleman from this city, who, when he heard that I was from America, went with me to several hotels to assist me in procuring comfortable quarters. It may have seemed a trifling act to him, but, stranger as I was, it made an impression which will enable me to hold him in most pleasant and grateful remembrance. We passed many busy farmers and their grazing flocks along the road from Liverpool hither. Singing birds, budding trees and green meadows surround one with the joyous indications of opening spring. Here, as in America, "the winter is past and gone; the time for the singing of birds has come, and the flowers appear on the earth again."

Edinburg is the first place since I landed where I have felt comfortably at home. I did so the first hour that I spent here. Its inhabitants are no Mammon worshippers. It is noted for its exalted worth and influence, its moral and intellectual activity. It is the northern Athens, the monumental city of Great Britain. In addition to its world-renowned University, it has a great many charitable schools and academies, supported by munificent endowments.

The old town of Edinburg has not much to commend it either in appearance or comfort. Its streets are mostly

narrow, and its buildings old, some of them from three to four hundred years. But the new town, with its streets of parks and palaces, is truly charming. Its monuments exhibit its gratitude for the achievements and learning of great men; its many charitable institutions—schools, hospitals and asylums—show its beneficent energy and activity.

I made the acquaintance of several very agreeable families, the ardor of whose hospitality was truly refreshing. Mr. Clark, member of the Council and bailiff or alderman of the city, showed me much kindness. He went with me the greater part of a cold and rainy day to visit some of the principal public places. And after dining with him I spent the evening with his son, one of the proprietors of the well known publishing house of T. & T. Clark, in Edinburg.

The Scotch understand the art of hospitality. One feels that their friendship is not forced or feigned, but natural and spontaneous. They throw their hearts and homes open to the Christian pilgrim with cordial frankness.

I visited an old grave-yard in this city where Hume, the historian, and Ferguson are buried. A monument has been erected to Hume, consisting of a circular tower, inside of which he and his family lie interred. Within the tower hangs a marble tablet, on which the names of Hume and his family are inscribed, and above these the passage: "I am the resurrection and the life." A singular inscription for a man of his creed. Opposite this is Calton Hill, which commands a view of Edinburg and surrounding country for a great distance. On its summit and side are a number of monuments erected to

Lord Nelson, Professor Playfair, Dugalt Steward and Burns. The grandest and most costly monument in the city is that erected to Sir Walter Scott. There is an equestrian statue here of the Duke of Wellington, which struck me as possessing great merit. His face bears the stamp of intense anxiety, yet aglow with calm and intrepid fortitude. He points to the left with his right hand, giving orders to his army, while his steed champs his bit and rears up, with fiery impatience, for action. He teems with life and excitement from every pore. His muscles swell and his veins protrude as if the blood were ready to gush from his body. One only wonders that such a wild, ungovernable animal can be kept on the block.

Holyrood Palace, the abode of royalty, the residence of the queen whenever she visits the North, is at the extreme end of the city. Its gallery of paintings is hung round with one hundred reputed kings and queens of Scotland, from the misty times of Fergus I. to the end of the Stuart dynasty. To the student of history, however, Holyrood Palace is chiefly interesting from having been occupied by the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. On the first floor are Lord Darnley's apartments, a bed room and two small turret rooms. One of these could be approached by a private stairway, through which the assassins of Riccio were admitted into Darnley's room. Ascending a flight of stairs we got into Mary's apartments. The first is her audience chamber, whose walls are hung with ancient tapestry, the colors of which have almost been effaced by the hand of time. At one end stands an ancient, moth-eaten bed, over 400 years old, on whose pillows weary royalty has often rested.

Charles I. and Charles II. slept in it; but their bed, like many of their deeds, has poorly stood the test of time. Time and moth have worn it more than kings and princes. In this room Mary had her altercations with John Knox, who thundered from the pulpit against the Papacy in general, and against Mary and her marriage in particular. Here he harangued the Queen so roughly for her creed, that she deplored her fate and wept bitterly. This room opens into her bed room, where stands her identical bed, the decayed hangings of which are of crimson damask, with green silk fringes and tassels. Here is a box of needle-work, wrought by her own hands. The historical and romantic associations that cluster around this room render it the most interesting apartment in Scotland. This chamber communicates with two small rooms, one of which was her supping room. Here lies the complete armor of Lord Darnley, and a piece of marble from Mary's alter-piece, which Knox destroyed. Here occurred the assault upon her unfortunate Italian secretary. "About seven in the evening Mary was seated in this little room, at one of those small supper parties, with Riccio and a number of her royal friends. Suddenly the door of the private stairway opened, the assassins rushed in, overthrowing the table and leaving the dagger in the body of Riccio. They dragged him through the other apartments to the head of the larger stairway, where they left him, pierced with fifty-six wounds." The blood is still shown on the floor, whose identity, however, may be a question. I crept up through the narrow private stairway through which the assassins entered her room, but the little door would not open for me. I had often read this bloody

page of Mary's history, but never with such intense interest as when I pondered over it in the halls where it occurred. We cannot help but pity her weakness, but who would deny her the praise due her virtues. I visited her room in Edinburg Castle, where she gave birth to James VI. On the wall is inscribed in gilt letters one of her simple, child-like prayers. And in an adjoining room is exhibited the crown of Scotland, the occasion of her darkest and most distressing calamities.

This Castle is the most ancient and prominent building in the city. The daughters of the Pictish kings were educated within its walls, from which it was called "the Camp of the Maidens." It is built on a rocky eminence, 383 feet above the level of the sea, and is apparently impregnable. During the early period of Scottish history it was successively taken and retaken by hostile parties.

The house of John Knox is regarded as an object of rare curiosity, both for its antiquity and former occupant. It was erected before the discovery of America—1490. I have seen houses not twenty years old that look worse and more time-worn than this. It is built of stone, but firm enough to stand two thousand years yet. I was shown the window through which Knox was fired at by some assassin, and sat me on his identical chair in his study, where the fiery reformer prepared his fulminous sermons and writings against the Papacy. After the moss of a few more ages will have gathered on its hoary walls, this building may become an interesting relic of Protestant antiquity, as it now already is a shrine for Protestant pilgrims.

The Advocates Library contains about 160,000 vol-

umes of ancient and modern works. I strolled through its alcoves and labyrinth of rooms, until I had a difficulty to find my way back. I almost felt like walking along the aisles of a grave-yard, where the gray stones mark the resting-places of those who, though dead, yet speak. There is something appalling in the idea of posthumous influence. If a man sows literary tares, there would be some comfort to know that they would die with his body. But their vitality perpetuates and multiplies itself to an incredible extent. To the champion of truth and righteousness this thought becomes an encouraging stimulus to persevering activity. What an amount of labor, anxiety and weariness must these piles of learning have cost! What waning of the midnight taper, and wading through massive, musty volumes of ancient lore! What longings for thousands of applauding readers, who would gratefully weave for them a coronet of fame! A few lived to receive a meagre reward—many were rewarded with poverty and neglect, and died amid want. Now publishers, made rich by the sweat of the poor author's brow, rear costly monuments to their memory. What a pity that merit is so often the heir of distress, and is so tardily rewarded. Yes, this library is a literary vault, where each work fills the niche of the author, and tells its epitaph, whether he wrought good or ill, or both.

There is a case in the library containing relics of historical interest. Among others the original manuscript of "Waverly," in Walter Scott's own hand-writing. Some words are erased with a scratch of the pen, as a person generally does in revising a manuscript. It is written on every alternate page, the blank pages being

used for notes and addenda. It also contains letters of Charles I., one of which I have transcribed, which appears to have been written to his father when he was at school, and reads as follows:

"Sweete Sweete Father i learne to decline substantives and adiectives give me your blessing i thank you for my best man.
"Your louvely Son YORK."

The library also contains the original confession and protest of the Covenanters, signed in 1580, and some very crooked, trembling autographs. Some are said to have written their names with blood, extracted from their fingers.

I passed through the museum of the University, containing an extensive collection of animal and mineral specimens. As I entered the first floor, a huge crocodile from the Nile, and ferocious-looking lions, tigers, hyenas, bears and wolves were grinning at me with eyes flashing for prey, so that I started back with a shudder. It answers all the purposes of a complete zoological garden, containing hundreds of rare and curious animals, some from species entirely extinct. One of the cases contains an egg of a bird from Madagascar, now extinct, which is said to have been thirteen feet in height. The label says the egg is as large as one hundred and forty-six of a common fowl.

It was a charming Sunday morning, toward the end of April. In the new city where I was quartered, not a sound could be heard, or sight seen to disturb the sacred quietness of the day. No wagon, dray or workman, was in sight. For several hours in the morning the streets were almost wholly deserted. Then came groups from out of every door of the blocks of the palatial dwellings.

Not only all the men, but nearly all the ladies seemed to be dressed in black. Along the clean pavements church-going people continuously streamed hither and thither, for at least one hour. And every stream in every street tended towards some house of worship.

At this time there happened to be a traveling skeptic in Edinburg, who was determined not to enter a church, or pay the least deference to the religious habits of the God-fearing Edinburgers. Yet, as the morning was so inviting, he must sally through the town. Soon he drifts into one of these street-currents. Having nothing else to do, he consents to be listlessly borne along by it, whether to some park, theatre, or elsewhere. Ere long he discovers to his chagrin, that the stream floats him to the door of a large church. He turns away, not a little out of humor, and soon falls in with another current, which again carries him to a church. He tries it the third time, with a similar result. At length he growlingly works himself out of these street tendencies, remarking that in Edinburg it was vain to resist the current; take it where you would, it was sure to bear you off to church.

About three-fourths of the Edinburg population is Presbyterian. The three main bodies are the Established, the Free and the United Presbyterian churches. These three hold the Communion twice a year on the same day, in all their churches. I happened to be here on one of these Communion days. In the morning I attended worship in Dr. Candlish's church. He is the leading Theologian in the Free Kirk, as it is called. The vast building was densely packed with a solemn, sombre-looking congregation, all arrayed in black, like a

sorrowful funeral assemblage. After standing in the aisle for a little while, a clerical friend, whom I had met in the old house of John Knox, the day previous, invited me into his pew.

The church contained two pulpits. Aside of the principal one, and a little below it, was a smaller pulpit. In it sat a dignified gentleman, in a black gown and white surplice or neck band. Can he be Dr. Candlish? Soon a small, stout gentleman, in a large, black flowing robe, ascended the stairway of the main pulpit, with a swinging, unsteady walk. He announced a hymn, or rather a Psalm, from Rouse's version. For these Scotch Presbyterians sing naught but the Psalms of David, and only those which Rouse has arranged. After the announcing of the hymn, the robed leader arose in his small pulpit, and with a drawling and nasal voice raised the tune. Soon the combined voices of the great congregation sounded forth in a grand song of praise. Their collection of Psalms is not large, and the tunes used are familiar to all. The children all learn to sing them in their week day schools, and at family worship. Thus every member learns to sing the church hymns. And they all do sing with a will. One forgets the faults of an ungifted leader, and the musical blunders of rude worshippers here and there, amid the grand and glorious song of such a congregation.

The preacher's prayer was a faultless composition, containing more elegance of diction than devotion. Yet devotion, too, for those whose hearts and minds were more accustomed to this style of worship. Although the prayer was long, the whole congregation stood to the close of it.

He read part of the eleventh chapter of John. The announcing of the chapter produced a rustling of leaves throughout the congregation—most a singular noise to my ears, after such marked and solemn silence. Every worshipper, so far as I could notice, had a pocket Bible, and turned to the chapter when announced, and followed the preacher reading it. And whenever he cited a passage during the sermon, giving chapter and verse, the rustling was repeated, every one turning to the chapter and carefully reading it. This habit cultivates a close attention to the sermon, and increases the fund of Scripture knowledge on the part of the hearers.

The preacher's text was John xi. 25, 26. His theme was the resurrection, considered as *an event* and as *a state*. He remarked that the resurrection of the body was not simply a resuscitation, but the budding and development of a new life, previously implanted in the believer. Where this new life is wanting, men rise "unto damnation," as they have lived. In this world and in the world to come, the life of the believer is *one* life; one unbroken thread which God has joined in vital continuity; let not man put it asunder. The resurrection is not a cause, but an effect. At the believer's regeneration he receives the cause. His later life contains eras or stages of evolution. His death is one of these eras; an advance on what preceded; a tearing or growing away from an inferior or a worse estate, and on that account painful. The resurrection is the final era, the completion of regeneration.

What about the state between death and the resurrection? David and Ezekiel shrunk from death, not so much because they were ignorant or skeptical of the res-

urrection, but from fear of the dreaded vacancy of the state intermediate. This was the great difficulty with the Old Testament saints. The 26th verse settles this point. "He shall never die." "To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord."

I could well see that this man had not the fear of heresy-hunters before his eyes. A thorough scholar, an independent thinker, and one of the most awkward public speakers I have ever listened to. His bushy, raven locks partly conceal his fine intellectual forehead. He pouted his lips, knit his fine brow into a forbidding frown, and swung his stout, small person into all manner of strange postures. He read closely, and rolled his person over his manuscript, from one side to the other, with a fidgety, nervous motion of his right hand, as if he knew not where to put it. And yet, having neither manner, oratory nor elocution to commend him, he riveted the attention of his large congregation for one hour; the beauty of his thoughts, and the force of his style, more than compensating for the defects of delivery.

Like some other Protestant bodies, these Scotch churches try to guard against admitting persons of known wicked habits to the Communion table. All communicants must previously report their intention either to the pastor, or some specified church officers. If they are known to possess a Christian character, they receive a small coin, called a "token," which they hand to the proper person, in connection with the Communion service. Those that have no "tokens" cannot commune.

Now it seems that I happened into a part of the church occupied by the communicants. Of the "token" arrangement I was wholly ignorant. As I rose to leave

the church, a venerable elder, with a solemn mien, held a small basket at me at the door of the pew. It seems he was collecting the "tokens," instead of the Communion offering, as I thought. The good man, amid the passing throng around him, vainly tried to tell me, in his broad Scotch dialect, that he wished to have my "token," and stoutly demanded it before he would let me pass, and I as stoutly refused to give it, for the good reason that I knew not what he said. I have no doubt, the elder took me to be either a very wicked, or a very ill-mannered person, as I passed him without heeding his request.

From there I hastened to Dr. Guthrie's church, hoping still to enjoy part of the services. Around long, plain tables in the aisles, spread with a white cloth, the communicants gathered, as the custom is in Presbyterian churches. At the close of each table a certain minister delivered a very long and a very dry address to the guests. There were many tables, and many guests at each table. I was taken to a seat in the gallery. The church was a very large and very plain structure. In style somewhat after the meeting-house fashion. No ornament of any kind could anywhere be seen. But an air of comfort was everywhere perceptible. The whole interior was commodiously arranged. There was no organ and no choir. A precentor near the pulpit raised the tune of the hymns, and the whole congregation, several thousand people, swelled the sweet song. The clerk, or precentor, wore a black gown and a white neck-band. Each hymn is here always sung to the same tune. The whole congregation seemed to be familiar with the tunes. Nearly all the ladies were dressed in black, like a con-

gregation of mourners. Although the services were very protracted, and the addresses, to my mind at least, uninteresting and unedifying, the vast congregation kept very devout to the close. I could not help but think that here were hundreds of sanctified people, temples of the Holy Ghost, built of "lively stones," which gave this flock more enduring beauty than the costliest architecture could furnish. From the gallery I had a good view of the venerable gentleman in the pulpit. He had on a black robe and white neck-band. Patiently he sat through the long service, now and then reaching for his box and taking a snuff. He seemed to be in a sort of reverie, his mind apparently running on somewhither, unconscious of what was going on around him. Perhaps his faith bore his thoughts to the perfect communion of the redeemed in Heaven. Alas, I am too late to hear him preach, thought I.

At length the Communion ends. The minister in the pulpit rises to speak. A tall, slender, erect figure, not yet bowed by the many burdens of life. Slightly grey, his face pale, not with a sickly pallor, his limbs long, with such arms and hands as make gracefulness in a public speaker difficult. Albeit, this man used his most gracefully. His features bearing the lines of sorrow and severe toil. Age heralding its approach.

"Arise, and let us go hence." John 14: 31. Thus he began his seemingly off-hand address. For about fifteen minutes he spoke as he only could. Without impassioned fervor or excitement, only here and there, an apt gesture with his long arms, his voice pitched in an easy tone, could be distinctly heard in every part of the vast building. A voice by no means powerful, yet clear,

pleasantly modulated, having a distinct utterance. Nothing studied, no affectation, no flashes of oratory, or straining to produce effect, but a fatherly talk to his spiritual children. Telling them what it meant for them to "Arise, and go hence." How thankful I felt for that brief address; that glimpse of the noble Scotchman. Whenever I think of Dr. Guthrie, it is as I saw him on that Spring Sunday in his Edinburg pulpit, speaking affectionate words of fatherly counsel to his people. He knew not that thereby he gave a blessing to a stranger from a far country, sitting in the gallery.

These two leaders of the Edinburg pulpit, present striking contrasts of character and genius. Candlish is a thinker and profound theologian, thoroughly imbued with German theology. In spite of his forbidding delivery he attracts a large intellectual congregation around him. Guthrie possesses the elements of a cultivated pulpit orator, simple in style, and with a pleasing manner of delivery, whom the common people hear gladly. He is the Clay of the Scotch pulpit, and in Theology an out and out Scotch Presbyterian.

In the evening I worshipped at the College Church. A stout, large-whiskered Scotch D. D. preached on Rev. xxi. 22. He assigned four reasons why there would be no temple in Heaven: 1. The symbol of the Divine presence will be displaced by God's immediate presence. 2. The sacrifices and ceremonies will be displaced by the completion of the great sacrifice of Christ. 3. The instruction and knowledge immediately given by God and the Lamb will take the place of that imparted in the temple. 4. The eternal Sabbath in Heaven will take the place of the sacred places and seasons on earth.

These large crowded churches, with great preachers and grand singing, are in the new city. The old and new city are divided by a narrow valley or ravine. Many centuries ago this ravine was a lake, or at least a marsh. Now two bridges span it, connecting the old city with the new. The new is pervaded with an air of gentility, neatness, and comfort. The streets and pavements are clean and wide. The houses are large, giving it the appearance of a city of palaces. Here public opinion requires all decent people to go to church and behave themselves. This is a condition of respectability. The people you meet on the street seem decorous and dignified. You rarely meet a drunken person; indeed there are comparatively few places where liquor is sold. Albeit not all these sturdy Scotch churchmen are teetotalers. A prominent elder, after kindly taking me to the noted places of the city, offered me a glass of wine at his own table.

Let us cross one of these bridges, and pass over into the old town. It is called Cowgate. Centuries ago it was the abode of princes and the nobles of the land. Here lived John Knox. A filthier, wickeder, and more besotted place than Cowgate, it would be difficult to find in any Christian country. The streets are narrow, and mostly without side-walks. Filth under foot, and over head, on hands, faces and clothing of the people; filth without and within, body, mind, and spirit are dirty and depraved. They abound in dram-shops, and boisterous, ragged drunken people. Nowhere in Europe, Asia or Africa, in Mohammedan or Christian countries, have I seen the like of this old town of Edinburg. Some twenty years ago Guthrie left a

comfortable country parish to become a missionary in Cowgate. He says, that in beginning his work "it was more common to find families without Bibles than with them. Such was the utterly irreligious state, into which they had sunk, that of the first one hundred and fifty persons I visited, not more than five, including Roman Catholics as well as Protestants, were in the habit of attending any place of worship—the more shame to those who did, and had left them to perish in their sins. I remember a whole day spent in going from house to house, or rather from room to room; each room usually housing one, and sometimes two families, and being reminded by the only Bible I saw of the words of Whitefield: "I could write damnation in the dust which covers your Bible."

"The room I speak of was occupied by an "under woman," as in Edinburg they call those weird-looking creatures, who prowl about the streets, late at night, or at early morn, raking among the dust heaps for cinders which they sell, for potatoes and bits of meat which they eat, with the chance of occasionally lighting on a gold ring or silver spoon. I found her literally sitting "in dust and ashes;" floor, bed, tables, chairs, all else coated grey with them. She might have been fasting, but it was not from sin; for on rising to receive me when I introduced myself as the minister of the parish, she had great difficulty to keep her equilibrium. Though remembering the proverb about casting pearls, I could not but hint at her habits. This at once set her up. She declared herself to be a very religious woman; and seeing me making for the door insisted on my remaining to be convinced of that. Staggering across the room she

mounted a chair, from which I every moment expected to see her tumble headlong on the floor, to thrust her arm to the back of a cupboard and drag out a Bible! This she shook in my face, and flourished over my head, sending out a cloud of dust from its rustling leaves. This Bible in the hands of a virago was the only one I had seen that day; and was it not sad to think, that to any part of a city, full of churches, these words could be so justly applied, "Darkness covereth the earth, and gross darkness the people?"

He says the tenants of the dirty hovels "were lying over the sills of windows innocent of glass, or stuffed with old hats and dirty rags; others, coarse-looking women, with squalid children in their arms, or at their feet, stood in groups at the close-mouths—here, with empty laughter, chaffing any passing acquaintance—there screaming each other down in a drunken brawl, or standing sullen and silent, with hunger and ill-usage in their saddened looks."

"My country parish had only one public house, and I had come to one where tippling abounded, and the owners of dram-shops grew like toadstools on the public ruin; with one thousand inhabitants, my country parish had but one man who could not read, and I had come to one with hundreds who did not know a letter. My country parish was not disgraced by one drunken woman, and I had come to one where women drank, and scores of mothers starved their infants to feed their vices; there one might see a darned, but not a ragged coat, here backs were hung with rags, and the naked, red, cracked, ulcered feet of the little shivering creatures trode the icy streets; there but one did not attend church, here but

five in the first one hundred and fifty whom I visited; there I found not a house without at least one Bible, here many had neither a Bible on the shelf, nor a bedstead on the floor."

One man he met, sober among drunkards, decent among the depraved. His threadbare dress was always well brushed; his long white hair nicely combed. He prayed, and never missed church, and bore with meek resignation the outrages of a drunken wife. "To prevent her from selling his Sunday dress for whiskey, he had to hand it over to a kind neighbor for safe keeping. His house contained hardly a stick of furniture. The walls were foul with dust and hung with cobwebs. The air in it was close and stifling. In one corner I found a heap of straw, on which lay his drunken wife with no covering but her ragged clothes—drunk and dying—insensible to anything I could tell of Him who pities the worst of sinners, and can save to the utmost. The death-rattle was in her throat; she was hurrying away drunk, to the judgment!"

Such was the Cowgate of Edinburg, twenty years ago. It may have undergone some improvement since; yet this is not very perceptible. The streets on week-days are perfectly hideous. On Sunday, Cowgate seems to try in a measure to be put on its good behaviour. The contrast between the old and new Edinburg impresses the mind with strange emotions. The one a model Christian community, intelligent, orderly, pious, Sabbath-keeping; the other ignorant, besotted to the lowest degree; both side by side with only the narrow valley to divide them. How is this, that Presbyterianism in Scotland annually gives millions for Home and Foreign

Missions, and prosecutes its work with great success, and here has been a stronghold of Satan in its chief city, for successive generations, which it will not or can not break down?

Beautiful for situation is this city. Unlike London, Paris, and many other large cities, you can see the lovely country from the town. On the hills around it are perched castles and monuments, which meet the eye, and give one a pleasing outlook from its streets.

CHAPTER III.

MELROSE ABBEY. ABBOTTSFORD. LOCH KATRINE. LOCH LOMOND. GLASGOW.

The frequent complaints of tourists had led me to approach the British sky and climate with suspicion, but I was not prepared to be so completely taken in. It is a weakness of open-hearted, inexperienced natures to receive the professions of others with credulous sincerity. But experience is a skillful teacher. Dame Nature here plays the coquette most completely. She is so variable and fickle, so disposed to trifle with your sincerity, that it is hard to know when she is in earnest. She will meet your approaches with the smiles and blandishments of pleasant sunshine, only to repulse you with a shiver or a shower. Perhaps I have met her in an unpleasant mood, but I have seen and felt heat and cold, cloudy and clear, rain and sunshine, fruitful and barren weather in the course of one hour. The sky does not look dark and lowering when it rains, but pretends all the while to make an effort to clear up. The rays of the sun penetrate the clouds like a thin gauze of mist, so that even the most undisguised rain does not look so very rainy. Sometimes the clouds dividing the clear blue sky overhead, assure you that this time there can be no possible deception. But scarcely have they lured you beyond the reach of roofs and umbrellas, before they will pour down, without any preliminary notice, an extempo-

rancous shower that will send you home, repenting your credulity most bitterly. Sometimes the rain-drops even twinkle in a cloudless sky, as a smile twinkles through a tear trembling on a maiden's cheek. So that with all my mortifying situations, I would not willingly have forgone the pleasure it afforded me. For a thing may be physically uncomfortable, while it is æsthetically pleasant.

It was one of those rainy mornings on which no one could mistake the prospects of the weather, that I started for Melrose Abbey and Abbottsford, the former thirty-seven miles from Edinburg, the latter forty. Having fully made up my mind to spend part of the day in the rain, I was not disappointed. Melrose Abbey is supposed to have been built by Robert the Bruce, in the 12th century. It was successsively injured and rebuilt again during the Scottish wars, and the misdirected zeal of the Reformation destroyed a great part of it. Cromwell and his army passed along here and made a target of it for their amusement, the marks of whose work are still visible. Though in ruins, it still remains a magnificent specimen of mediæval art, and the finest relic of Gothic architecture in Scotland. Originally it was about four hundred feet in length, but one hundred feet of it have been razed to the earth by war and Vandalism. The nave of the building has been entirely destroyed. There is a yard beside it where the monks were in the habit of taking exercise; and along the wall there are still stone benches where they used to study in the open air. It contains a large number of stone busts and statues of eminent saints. Some of these are placed along its massive walls, supporting huge heavy pillars, signifi-

cant symbols of the position of Christians in the spiritual temple of Christ. Surmounting the pillars and along the ceiling are sculptured flowers. I noticed one of them, surmounting a statue of the Virgin Mary, within whose opening petals a jackdaw had made his dreary domicil. At present these birds are the sole occupants of this remarkable edifice, from whose history poetry and romance have so largely borrowed. A number of the Scottish nobility are buried within its walls, and the grave of the wizard, a prominent character in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," was pointed out to me.

From here I went a-foot to Abbottsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott. Though raining, it was a delightful walk. The road winds through a narrow glen of fertile farms, verdant with all the freshness of early vegetation. Abbottsford is situated at the winding base of a hill. The side from which I approached it, conceals the buildings until one is almost at the entrance. On one side is a meadow bounded by the river Tweed, on the other a large hill, dotted with fields and woodland, all belonging to the Abbottsford farm. The scenery all around is just such as a poet would be likely to choose to kindle and fan his inspirations. The different rooms are filled with most curious and rare specimens of antiquity; swords, armor, and weapons of knights and ancient warriors—a lamp from the Temple of Minerva at Athens, supposed to be 3,000 years old. The clothes of Sir Walter are carefully laid in a case; his blue coat with yellow buttons, and his white hat, just as Washington Irving described them after his visit to Abbottsford, and which are doubtless the same he

then wore. His hat is after the fashion of the fur summer hats worn in America a few years ago.

Wishing to reach the cars by a nearer route, I did not return to Melrose, but took a different course. I had not proceeded far until the Tweed interposed. Whatever the poetic advantages of bathing in such a classic stream might be, I feared that the experiment would unfit me to enjoy the sentiment, especially as my clothes, dripping with rain, did not increase the desire for a hydropathic operation just at that time. Morever, I remembered the adventure of Bayard Taylor, who, like myself, being unable to find a boat, waded the Tweed, where his companion came well nigh making a submarine passage or perish in the attempt. At all events, I have made it a habit not to meddle with things too deep for me; so I wandered up and down the famous Tweed for several miles, until I finally spied in the distance, on the opposite side, a ferryman and his boat, who soon relieved me from my shivering suspense. He invited me into his lowly cottage, and introduced me to his "gnid wife" as "the tallest American he had ever seen." Many an American has he rowed across the Tweed, but they all had been men small in stature. It occurred to me as somewhat amusing that whilst I was making a pilgrimage to noted shrines, and endured all the perplexities of sight-seeing, I could furnish a man, living within sight of Abbottsford, with a sight whose like he had never seen. The kind lady gave me a seat beside her humble hearth; and whilst she entertained me with a jug of milk and a piece of bread—a luxury that could only be appreciated after walking half a day through a cold rain—I tried to entertain her by

answering many curious questions about America. He requested me to tell American travelers, and I do proclaim it here, and now, to all whom it may concern, that on and after the first day of May, this place will be made a railway station, so that all who wish to visit Abbottsford, can alight at the Abbottsford ferry, within sight of it. My friend, the ferryman, will row them across the Tweed, and his ladie will give them a resting place at her hearth and a glass of milk, if they desire it.

After another day spent in Edinburg, I set out for the Highlands. For once I had a clear, pleasant spring day, and I felt sure it would hold out so. It seemed to me I had never passed through more delightful rural scenery, which contrasted painfully with the drudgery of a number of women in the fields hauling and spreading manure. I got a glimpse of Linlithgow Palace as we passed along, where Queen Mary was born. Her father, James V., was at the palace of Falkland at the time, suffering from an injury he had received in a recent battle. When he was told the news of Mary's birth, he said: "It (the crown) came with a lass (girl) and will go with a lass," and then turned his face to the wall and soon after died broken-hearted. We soon after reached Falkirk, where Wallace fought his memorable battle in 1298. Next we reached Stirling Castle, where James V. and Mary were crowned. Here are preserved the pulpit and the Communion table of John Knox. The country clustering around Falkirk, was the principal battle field of Wallace and Bruce. Its soil is rich with the blood of heroes and martyrs, and was the scene of freedom's early trials and triumphs.

At Stirling, after taking a passing view of Stirling

Castle, I turned north, through the Highlands for the Lakes. It is a principle taught by all sound philosophy, that we increase our happiness as we reduce our wants; and so I found it. I left home with a light hand-bag, containing only a number of the most necessary articles of apparel. I find now that I do not need even this small wardrobe, and seriously meditate the donation of some of it to those who have still less. It is gratifying to an American's habits of republican independence, that he can go wherever he listeth, without being dependent on cars, cabs or porters. So was it to me. At Stirling, I hung the luggage on a staff, flung it over my shoulders, and sallied off for the Highlands with a nimble step. It was the first of May, on which young men and maidens go a-Maying in America. And many a May-flower greeted me along the heathes and hedges by the wayside. It worked admirably until my feet became sore, and at the end of twelve miles my zeal for walking had measurably abated. I limped over the last mile with insupportable tribulation, my feet burning as if I were stepping on coals of fire. I sat me by the way side, trying to invent a plan of escape from my pedestrian defeat. The fact is, I had entered upon this expedition somewhat rashly. I overrated my powers of endurance; and now three miles from the nearest hotel, it was a problem of great moment to me, just there and then, how to reach it. Neither lodging nor boarding could be had short of that. I applied for a morsel at a little hut, but the poor woman said they had nothing for themselves. Here, then, I had reached the first trial that was beyond the range of my ordinary experience. Whilst pondering with philosophic composure over my

fate, a poor carter came along with a most sorry-looking horse, tottering under a large load of coal. I applied for a passage to the next town, to which he readily consented. It was hard to submit to such a seat, but making a virtue of necessity, I mounted the cart, and was soon on my way again to Callander. Never had I attracted more attention since I landed in Great Britain. Men paused at their toil, women and children ran to the door and stared at me with astonishment. Many curious questions had the carter to answer respecting his extraordinary passenger. For my apparel showed that I had seen better days. I could not help but think of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, and our half-starved horse was a worthy representative of Rosinante, whilst my guide treated me with as much ceremony and deference as ever Sancho Panza did his valiant master. These little adventures form episodes in a man's experience, more pleasant to remember than to endure.

A good night's rest restored my usual vigor, and early next morning I was approaching the classic Loch Katrine. I wound my way leisurely through the gorge, where the gallant steed of Fitz James stumbled as his rider pursued in eager chase the nimble stag, fell over a rock and was killed. Right here I had the good fortune to chase a deer, which leaped over the crags and cliffs, and then stopped a while to take a view of his pursuer. A fleet horse might have enabled me to realize the poet's dream. I hired two men who rowed me to the upper end of Loch Katrine, a distance of ten miles. Here, then, I am at length floating on the crystal lake, over which the lovely Ellen Douglas steered her skipping bark,

Loch Katrine is from ten to twelve miles in length, four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and in some parts five hundred feet deep. I drank copious draughts of its clear, fresh water, which acted as a stimulant to reverie and sentiment. By the way, the Vandal hand of progress is about diverting its sweet waters to the profane purposes of washing and cooking. The city of Glasgow is constructing an acqueduct through mountains, moors and glens, for upwards of thirty miles, to draw from it a supply of fresh water for its inhabitants. We soon reached "Ellen's Isle," the lovely abode of the "Lady of the Lake." It looks like a colored diamond set in crystal, an enchanting little spot, a veritable Isle of Beauty. The lake is set within the enamel of towering, rugged mountains, as if to shelter this oasis from the polluting breath of the world's moral desert. On the opposite side of the island is the spot where Fitz James wandered to the craggy banks of Loch Katrine, when he had lost his way. In his forlorn solitude he blew his bugle, saying—

> "I am alone, my bugle strain
> May call some straggler of the train."

Ellen heard his plaintive notes, and in her little skiff soon reached the shore whence the sound proceeded. The youth concealed himself in the thicket, while he viewed through the branches the lovely maiden. While her face glowed with the lustre of every ennobling virtue—

> "One only passion unrevealed
> With maiden pride the maid concealed,
> Yet not less purely felt the flame—
> O! need I tell that passion's name."

This island is a monument to the innocence and chastity of pure affection, and on this account is a hallowed shrine around which the pilgrim loves to linger. Her hand would not belie her heart. For she boldly refused the hand of Roderick Dhu :

> "Rather through realms beyond the sea,
> Seeking the world's cold charity—
> Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word
> And ne'er the name of Douglas heard—
> An outcast pilgrim will I rove
> Than wed the man I cannot love."

We passed near the birth-place of Rob Roy, the noted freebooter. Near it stands a little dwelling, in which one of my rowers boasted to have lived for many years. Perhaps he was a descendant of the original McGregor clan.

Leaving Loch Katrine, I set out on foot for Loch Lomond, a distance of five miles. I was agreeably disappointed in finding such a pleasant road through this rough, untraveled country. As I marched along leisurely, wondering whether I was near the lake, I suddenly found myself standing on the summit of the mountain skirting its eastern border, while the silvery lake was spread out far below, like a sheet of spotless white. When Wallace and his band were on their way to storm Dumbarton Castle, he led them on the brow of this hill, and pointing to these spires of Nature rising heavenward, exclaimed : "Who would not fight for such a country?"

Here I took the steamer for the lower end of the lake, a distance of some twenty miles. Amid the multitude of mountains clustering around these lakes, the lofty peaks of Ben Lomond and Ben Moor are always

seen towering high above the rest. The one is 3,400 and the other 3,600 feet above the level of the sea. At this time their tops were still wrapped in a sheet of snow. They stand among the rest like mighty chiefs among their clans—all are brave, but they the bravest. Each has a tale to tell of some battles fought, some victory won. Every one, both great and small, has been decorated by the drapery of poetry and romance. These mountains have done more for Scottish freedom than any other natural cause. They are the nursery of a hardy independence, and foster generous and noble sentiments. Here the heroes of Albion were taught the alphabet of freedom. Here in these *High*-lands, nature's hieroglyphics of Freedom, where warlike clans rushed together in dire and deadly conflict—here, where these battlements of nature are but the symbolical mementoes of the earnest struggles of brave hearts—here Scotia has trained her brave men and her bards.

Seeking shelter from the chilling breeze behind a warm chimney on the deck of the steamer, sailing down Loch Lomond, I fell into a conversation with an intelligent young German. He had acted a leading part in the Revolution of 1848, and was now exiled from his fatherland. He was superintendent of certain iron works in Scotland, but chafed with resentful impatience beneath the burden of his galling banishment. A bright-eyed intelligent daughter of 8 years stood by his side. He railed bitterly against the kings and rulers of Europe, and against the clergy, whom he denounced as the servile tools of tyrants. Ministers of the Gospel he called "the police of kings, without whose help kingcraft would soon have to perish." He avowed himself

an unbeliever in the inspiration of the Bible, a hater of the Church and the of Ministry. "What might be your profession?" he at length inquired. "Mine is the profession which you hate and cry out against." He was too much of a gentleman not to feel my rebuke, and with embarrassment repeatedly asked my pardon. "I too have been differently raised," he continued. "While a student at the University I lost my faith. My wife believes as you do, and she is a good and a happy woman."

In railing against the Bible and the Christian religion, he sometimes misquoted Scripture, when the little girl would gently correct him by saying: "No, papa, the verse reads thus," and then she would repeat it correctly from memory. We stopped at the same hotel in Glasgow, and ate our dinner together at the same table. As we sat down the dear child cast a glance at her father, and when he nodded to her, she folded her little hands and prayed a sweet little German table prayer, thanking God for our meal, and praying him to bless it, just as she was in the habit of doing at home. After dinner I expressed my pleasant surprise at this touching act of devotion performed at his request. He replied: "Her good mother has taught her that. I wish her to believe and do as her mother does. They both are happier than I am." He sighed to get back to his native land, and said he could bear his exile more cheerfully if he were only permitted to visit his aged parents once more before they died. They were both at the verge of the grave, and he longed to receive their dying blessing before they fall asleep.

Glasgow is much larger than Edinburg, and more

influential in commerce and manufactures. Its inhabitants are less strict in observing Sunday than the Edinburgers. In the morning I worshipped in an Episcopal church, in which two clergymen officiated. One preached on Ecclesiastes v. 5, 6. His theme was: Vows made in adversity should be paid in prosperity, and without delay. It was a thanksgiving service, on the day appointed by the Queen of England, as a day of thanksgiving throughout her realm. The congregation was apparently devout. The Lord's Prayer was repeated four times during this one service: a repetition whose frequency must weaken the devotional force of even the best of prayers. In the afternoon I worshipped in one of the Free churches, where an elderly gentleman preached an edifying sermon on the baptism of Christ. In the evening I attended service in a Congregational church, and heard a sermon on Luke xvi. 31, by the best-looking and poorest preacher I found in Scotland.

A very worldly city this Glasgow seems to be, far less given to the cultivation of literature and religion than Edinburg. Here the Sunday current on the streets is easily stemmed by non-church-goers. The churches are far less crowded, and the congregations seem to be less attentive and devout.

A Sunday in Scotland gives one much to think about. As a rule, it is strictly and sacredly observed in town and country. The churches are comfortable, but very plain structures, without the least architectural ornament. Usually all the interior wood-work is painted white. The windows are of clear unstained glass. The Scotch have not yet learned to see through "the dim religious light" of more fashionable churches. Nor choir,

nor organ is allowed in connection with their worship. Any kind of instrumental music in the church is considered a "relic of popery" and a profanation of God's house. The chorister always raises the tune. He takes the place of choir and organ. As a rule, so far as I noticed, he is a man of most unmusical voice. But with such congregational singing it is easy to lead in this part of the service. His place is always near the pulpit; usually he has a small pulpit of his own, in front of or aside of that of the preacher. His appearance, with robe and neckband, is quite clerical. During singing he always stands, while the congregation sits.

The Presbyterians of England do not tolerate instrumental music in churches. At a meeting of a Presbyterian Synod in Liverpool I witnessed a warm and interesting discussion on the subject of instrumental music in connection with public worship. One gentleman remarked that if they used instrumental helps in praise, he did not see why they should not also use them in prayer. He entreated his brethren not to put on the Babylonish garments, against which their forefathers fought so stoutly. Another one held that with the introduction of musical instruments in worship came the Papal corruptions. One saw their legal sanction and use in the Old Testament worship, and could see nothing in the New to forbid the same. After a lengthy discussion the Synod voted by a large majority, "that the introduction of instrumental music in public worship is not approved by this Church, and enjoined all Presbyteries to take measures that no such innovations are introduced in any of the congregations within their bounds, but to take steps, so far as practicable, to en-

courage and cultivate the harmonious exercise of vocal music." The result of this vote was attended with loud cheers and hisses.

All the people about a Scotch kirk must demean themselves decorously. From the pastor to the sexton, all the officers must be men of godly life and habits. Dr. John Brown gives an interesting sketch of the old sexton of his father's church, whom he calls "Jeems, the Door-keeper." He was a weaver by trade; a man of odd mould, in body and mind, but heroically pious, as well as tyrannically strict in keeping the door of God's house. One day two strangers came to church, and asked "Jeems" for seats. Motioning them to follow, he walked to the farthest corner to get them a seat; meanwhile they had found a seat near the door, which he did not discover until he had reached the pew he intended to give them. "His nose and eye fell, or seemed to fall, on the two culprits." Proceeding to their pew, he seized and pulled them out instantly, hurrying them through the aisle to their appointed place. He *snibbed* them slowly in, and gave them a parting look they were not likely to misunderstand or forget.

One time he passed the collection plate around, when a stingy worshipper put a crown instead of a penny on it by mistake. Seeing the white piece of money as it dropped out of his hands, he asked "Jeems" to hand it back to him. "In once in forever," exclaimed the sturdy sexton. "Weel, weel" (well, well), growled the man, "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said Jeems, "ye'll get credit only for a penny!"

Brown says he was sensitive to fierceness for the honor of his church and minister, and to his too often worthless neighbors he was a living epistle.

"He dwelt at the head of Big Lochend's Close in the Canongate, at the top of a long stair—ninety-six steps, as I well knew—where he had dwelt all by himself for five-and-thirty years, and where in the midst of all sorts of flittings and changes, not a day opened or closed without the well-known sound of 'Jeems' at his prayers,—his 'exercise,'—at 'the Books.' His clear, fearless, honest voice in psalm or chapter, and strong prayer came sounding through that wide 'land,' like that of one crying in the wilderness."

When all alone, without wife or child, he never failed to have what he, with a grave smile, called *family* worship. All by himself he sang his psalms, gave out or chanted the lines, having a different tune for each day, seven tunes for each week; only seven in all, and no more. Seeing Brown's surprise at this, he said: "You see, John, we (he and his wife) began in that way." And so after his wife had gone to heaven, he kept on as they had begun. On Tuesday, the day his wife and child died, he always sang more verses than on any other day.

Brown says he often breakfasted with Jeems. He made capital porridge, for he was his own cook. "And I wish I could get such buttermilk, or at least have such a relish for it as in those days." His chapters were long, and his prayers short, very scriptural, and by no means stereotyped, and wonderfully real, immediate, as if he was near Him whom he addressed. Any one hearing the sound, and not the words, would say, "That man is speaking to some one who is with him,—who is present,"—as he often said to me, "There's nae gude dune, John, till ye get to *close grups*." (There is

no good done till ye get to close grips). Jeems is away —gone over to the majority; and I hope I may never forget to be grateful to the dear and queer old man."

One can well discern the evidences of a good home training in these Scotch congregations. The children and servants are taught their Catechism at home. Family religion forms an essential part of a Scotch Presbyterian household. Thus the people, the common people are taught their Catechism, Bible, and Psalm Book. These form a good foundation. In Scotland, servant girls are said to be versed in the ordinary topics of theology. And the people are all athirst for more biblical knowledge. Hence the rustling of Bible leaves when the text or a proof passage is cited. All have a Bible and Psalm Book before them in the pew.

All the people, old and young, rich and poor, rise up during prayer; and that too, where the prayer is not unfrequently from fifteen to twenty minutes long. How many prominent Presbyterian congregations, in our larger American cities, can say as much for themselves?

The Scotch pulpit is noted for its learning. It is brim full of theology. Usually the sermons are elaborate, luminous, and finished to a fault. They are crammed with theological seed; but it is sown so densely that it requires an extraordinary fertile soil to furnish it with the elements of growth; and even where these are at hand, it is in danger of choking to death. Some preachers have all sound and little sense; all thunder and no lightning. The Scotch are the reverse; all lightning and little thunder. Chalmers had both; so has Guthrie. Both are needed; the lightning to enlighten and purify the air, and the thunder to shake the

earth. In Scotland, with the peculiar religious education and temperament of the people, the injurious effects of it are not so great. For the bulk of American congregations, such preaching would be like the pattering of rain on a rock, like the sowing of good seed by the wayside.

The Scotch lay great stress on so-called simplicity in worship. They have a righteous antipathy to forms of devotion—save their version of the Psalms. In their extreme opposition to liturgical forms, they have themselves become formalists. In their contending against religious ceremonies, they have acquired ceremonial habits. They have become formally informal, ceremoniously unceremonious. Very able their prayers are, but painfully lacking devotional unction. Often they present in their prayers intrusive expositions of precious truths, definitions of the attributes and decrees of God, to which every person *listens* with laborious attention. Under such prayers the mind is feasted, while the heart is famished. The wrestlings and yearnings of burdened contrite hearts find no outlet through them. Unction in worship is an essential part of religion. Its ointment opens the pores of the heart, gives vent to penitence and praise, and enables it to absorb the pure, life-giving atmosphere of God's gracious presence. In prayer the heart demands a hearing.

The Scotch are a warm-hearted, hospitable people; and their clergy, whilst they cling tenaciously to their religious peculiarities, are liberal-minded towards Christians of other Churches. A prominent Edinburg clergyman urged me to preach for him, showing the catholic spirit which pervades him. They are frank and ardent

in their intercourse with strangers. After spending an evening with a well-known Edinburg Publisher, he cordially grasped my hand twice in parting, and as I turned away from his door, he shouted a third and final Good Night after me. After a clergyman and his wife had shaken hands twice in leaving me, they returned to the parlor to repeat the pleasing greeting the third time. These are little, yet pleasing traits of Scotch character; child-like outgushings of their warm genial hearts. God bless these earnest Scotch Christians, and speedily enable them to disenthral and Christianize the old Cowgate of Edinburg.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BIRTH-PLACE AND HOME OF ROBERT BURNS. BELFAST. THE GIANT'S CAUSWAY. SWEET AUBURN.

After spending a few days at Glasgow, I left for the birth-place of Burns. Reaching Ayr, I accidentally happened to dine with an old lady who is a second cousin of the "Ayrshire Ploughman." His monument and birth-place are about three miles from town. The latter is a small straw-covered cottage, which at present is devoted to the sale of liquor, a beverage in which poor Burns indulged too freely himself. I rested awhile in the cottage, and saw the recess in the wall in which he was born. Here the budding mind of the boy Burns received its first impressions, where he lived until he was nine years of age. Proceeding a short distance, I reached "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," whose roofless walls stand in dreary loneliness amid the dust of past generations, the old bell still perched in its accustomed place on the point of the gable. Close by is the monument erected to Burns, in the heart of a garden, beautifully ornamented with evergreens and terraces of flowers, that spread a pleasant fragrance round. In the monument are still preserved the two Bibles, which Burns and his "Mary" gave each other at their last parting, as the solemn pledges of their undying affection. Each has inscribed on a blank leaf an appropriate scripture

passage, to remind them of the sacredness of their vows, mutually pledged on the banks of the Ayr. They met no more, and poor Burns poured out his bleeding heart in his "Address to Mary in Heaven," one of the most touching little poems that ever flowed from a mortal pen.

I ascended a flight of stairs, where I had a delightful view. All around me was spread a scene of fields, trees and flowers, and the "Bonnie Doon" rippling carelessly along its base, a prospect that seemed to forbid the intrusion of sadness. Yet I felt sad. Burns was poor. His fine sensibilities often bled from wounds inflicted by poverty and neglect. He was at times reduced to the most uncomfortable straights, and was glad to escape from these by the office of Excisemen. He became gauger, and for the pittance of a meagre living, served his country as a hunter of brandy smugglers, a fatal privilege to plunge into greater dissipation. Now that he has gone where he can no longer enjoy the bread that perisheth, and the reward due his genius, there is none too great to do him honor. The most magnificent monuments are erected, the fiftieth part of whose cost would have "stored his pantry," and removed from his heart the corroding worm of care.

On a visit to Edinburg, Burns found the grave of Ferguson, the poet, still unmarked by a monument. Poor as he was, he erected an humble tombstone to his "brother in misfortune." When, a few years ago, a critic in one of the Reviews noticed a visit of Queen Victoria to Edinburg, his imagination called up the shades of Burns and Ferguson to witness the scene. Standing on Calton Hill, where Burns has a monument,

and opposite which is the old grave-yard where poor Ferguson lies, they viewed with poetic composure the pomp and pageant of royalty. And it came to pass, as they turned away from this, with Burn's monument and Ferguson's humble gravestone in view, they spoke of their past and present fortunes and misfortunes. Burns could point to his piles of marble reared by Posterity, to which Ferguson replied, "Rather far let me have yon humble stone, which the hand and heart of Genius raised, than the proudest monuments of an interested and unsympathizing Posterity." Burns himself wrote the following lines under a portrait of Ferguson:

> "Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleased
> And yet can starve the author of the pleasure."

And afterwards asks:

> "Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
> Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasure?"

Descending from the monument, I soon strolled along the—

> "Banks an' braes 'o bonnie Doon,"

which led me to "the key-stane o' the bridge," where Tam O'Shanter's mare lost her tail. Tam happened to get on a spree one night in the town of Ayr, as his habit was, and belated himself, so that he had to go home through a thunder storm. The lightning making night more hideous, stirred up the guilty fears of his bad heart. At midnight he started for home, "well mounted on the gray mare Meg." After he had passed the bridge, she suddenly stopped, and lo! Tam saw ghosts and spectres grim and ghastly. There is a saying among the common people that evil spirits have no

power to follow a person beyond the middle of the next stream. So he wheeled his mare around and made for the keystone of the old bridge, with the whole train of furies after him. Just as the mare approached this stone, hard pressed by these unearthly hob-gobblins—

> "One spring brought off her master hale
> But left beyond her own gray tail."

A short distance down the Doon is the new bridge, on which I stood a long while watching the rippling waves that played down the stream. Then I rambled far down a stream along a road running parallel with it at a short distance. All along it was overhung with a bower, formed by venerable trees. It was about sunset. On one side sheep were grazing and bleating, on the other the Doon winded along, its little waterfalls muttering pleasant sounds; above and around were birds warbling their vesper hymns. Seldom have I tasted such unmixed pleasure, as when I roved through this peaceful solitude in undisturbed meditation. It reminds me vividly of my native Conestoga. I passed a little cottage, the abode of an elderly laboring man. Had it been Saturday evening, I think I would have entered to get an illustration of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." And I passed a rosy-cheeked maiden, which I thought must bear a close resemblance to the "Highland Mary." On my return I entered the old grave-yard in which the church of Alloway stands, which was said to be haunted. It was just about twilight, "the true witching time, when spirits hold their wonted walk." I peeped through the iron doors, but all was silent as death. Having no taste for superstition, my thoughts soon turned to graver themes. The yard is enclosed within an old ivy-covered

wall. At the entrance is the grave of Burns' father, "the friend of man, to vice alone a foe." I had a desire to spend the night amid such hallowed scenes at the Burns Hotel, but there was no room in the inn. Now, then—

> "Bonny Doon, so sweet at twilight,
> Fare thee well, before I gang."

This will end my tour in Scotland. Would that the end were not yet. Scotia is a lovely land. I love her history and heroes, her poets and her peasants, her mountains and her moors. Should I live to return to my native land, I will read her bards with greater pleasure, and try to be a better man for having visited the scenery which their genius has embellished and the blood of heroes enriched. In the meanwhile a fond adieu to the—

> "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountains and the flood."

I took the steamer across the Irish Channel to Belfast, which swung me into a fit of sea-sickness again. It was soon over, but—whew! Commend me to the solid earth. Horace somewhere asks whether a man could ever be brave after he had endured the lash with his hands tied on his back, expecting every moment to be the last. I wonder whether Horace had ever been sea-sick; for no calamity can inflict a more cowardly spirit on a man.

The following morning I went to the northern coast of Ireland to visit the Giant's Causeway. Procuring a guide, I descended to the base of the cliffs, from three to four hundred feet high. I drank of the water gurg-

ling out at the Giant's Well, pure and fresh. The guide pointed out distinct columns which seemed to have been melted into a mass, from which some geologists ascribe its formation to the action of fire. In some places the columns precisely resemble a large petrified honeycomb. They have from four to nine sides, and these again bounded by the sides of so many other columns. Sometimes one column is walled in by the sides of nine others. They are so compactly blocked together that some of the joints are impervious to water. The columns above the surface are from ten to forty feet in height, and perhaps a foot in diameter. They are all perpendicular, except one cluster imbedded in a solid rock, called the Giant's Cannon, because they lie horizontally and look like cannon aimed at the sea. How came these to fall over? The columns are all formed by blocks from six inches and upwards in length. Their joints appear in irregular cracks along the outer surface, but within this narrow crust, each block has a smoothly-polished convex and concave top and base, always one of each, and these lie so tightly in their sockets that no breath of air can penetrate them. A short distance from the base is the circular row of columns, with both ends laid in solid rock, called the Giant's Organ, from their resemblance to organ-pipes, and on the top of a tall cliff, projecting into the sea, is a piece of rock called the Giant's Grandmother. It looks like a trembling old lady suddenly petrified while sitting at her work, and reminds one of Lot's wife.

This is a stupendous geological mystery. These small blocks with their smooth concave and convex bases, and regular yet diversified sides; and these form-

ing symmetrical columns, morticed together into a columnar pile, and this again supporting a solid mass of rock, on which a smaller series of columns rest, as if nature were endeavoring to make all these columns converge in a Gothic spire pointing to the Great Architect, all these are phenomena that fill the beholder with amazing wonder. But what laws of nature, what agents of God, assisted in their erection, and laid these blocks in their places, whether flood, or fire, or both, this still remains a matter of doubt and conjecture.

"Near yonder corpse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild—
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear;
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place."

Thus wrote Oliver Goldsmith about his father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, a pastor in an Irish Village, one hundred years ago. The name of the Village is Lissoy. All that remains of

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,"

consists of some mouldering walls, amid a few humble cottages, about a hundred miles west of Dublin, Ireland. Few who read Godsmith's "Deserted Village," and his charming picture of the life and labors of a village pastor in Ireland, but what cherish the fond wish of visiting such a scene of peace and pious pleasure. For in an Irish parish and pastor, we get a glimpse of the social and religious life of Ireland.

Let us to sweet Auburn. The chief part of the road I travel by rail. Then walk twelve miles to Ballyma-

hon, a dirty village. This proved a long and pleasing walk, through one of the most charming districts of the "Emerald Isle." That is to say, nature as God has made it, is charming. The soil is naturally very fertile. The color of the grass, grain and foliage, has a peculiar freshness one rarely finds elsewhere. The birds and beasts of the field seem happy, according to their animal capacity. Farms are cut up into small tracts. The farm-houses in size and arrangement, are inferior to our American railroad shanties. The many that I passed, standing by the wayside, are so poorly constructed, that kind-hearted American people would hesitate to house their cattle therein in winter time.

Seeing the door of one open, I took the liberty of viewing the interior. It had the bare earth for its floor; on the unplastered walls hung pots and kettles, pants and petticoats. A few small windows admitted scarcely light enough to see the smaller articles of furniture. The lower story was all in one apartment, and that very small. A few pigs and chickens were hunting for crumbs inside the door, not half as dirty as the children keeping them company. The ceiling would scarcely have allowed me to stand erect. Along the wall, near the door, a ladder with some six or eight rounds, answered the part of a stairway, leading to the dark sleeping place under the low straw roof. This is an average tenant house on an Irish farm. As for barns, one seldom sees the resemblance of one. The few cattle must weather the cold blasts of winter as best they can, with but little shelter. Nineteen out of twenty of the farmers are renters, renting from third and fourth parties, each of whom claims his profits, leaving the poor

tenant nothing for his labor; sometimes nothing but milk and potatoes for his food. He can not afford to fertilize the land, and tries to extort from it all he can to secure his meagre living. In spite of this impoverishing system, Ireland retains marks of unequalled loveliness.

Traveling afoot gives one a healthy appetite. So I found it here, without the means of satisfying it. Hunger increased my fatigue, until miles seemed to stretch out to three times their ordinary length. The fare of these so-called farm-houses I could not enjoy. Bread taken from such a larder, it would require a greater extremity of hunger to relish. At a post station, consisting of a small cluster of huts, I fortunately got a piece of bread and cheese at a grocery.

At Ballymahon, a small inn gave me rest and refreshment. A frank-hearted and rotund priest was my messmate. Although ordinary bread and butter, and a few boiled eggs made up the meal, rarely have I enjoyed a feast with sweeter relish. My friend, the intelligent parish priest, gave me interesting information concerning the religion and people of Ireland. After dinner he happened to pass along the street, possibly to attend to his parish duties. He had not gone a hundred yards when a crowd of beggars, ragged men, women and children, surrounded him, each extending the hand, all "crying for help." "Plase your riverence, give a poor auld widow a penny, for the love of God." "Yeer hauliness jist a penny for bread, I am so hungry." "Dear father, help me, and I will pray the hauly vargin for you when I am dying, that God may be your friend and heaven your home." So the crowd whined and lamented around the patient priest, dogging his

steps as he tried to pass along the street. At first he put his hand into his pocket, dealing out a penny to one here and there, which made the disappointed ones more clamorous. Some even chided him for being so slow to relieve them. I could scarcely blame him for bidding the crowd, with the wave of his hand, to open the way for him to go after his business. For what purse of priest, or parson could endure such a demand long?

As both of us were going the same way, I joined my intelligent friend in a ride on a rickety cab. After an hour's journey we parted, he for Aithlone, and I for "Sweet Auburn."

All that remains of it are a few dilapidated walls. The few huts in the vicinity are of more modern origin. About thirty yards from the road are the gloomy, roofless relics of "the village preacher's modest mansion." Here Goldsmith's brother lived, of whom we have such a glowing description in the "Deserted Village." In front of it, "still many a garden flower grows wild"—a few of which I plucked to send across the Atlantic, freighted with good wishes for my friends.

"The decent church that topt the neighboring hill"

is still seen from the old parsonage, several miles off on the distant hill top. It was remodelled fifteen years ago, and is still devoted to its original sacred purpose. A shorter distance, in the same direction, is "the never-failing brook." "The busy mill is busy no longer. The old wheel has become insensible to the water dripping on its paddles. The building bears its age very well, a thatched stone edifice that promises to survive all its former contemporaries. About an eighth of a mile from

the parsonage, over a small hill, is "The three jolly pigeons,"

> "The house where nut-brown draughts inspired."

Every thing is gone except the mouldering walls. None of its original ornaments remain, except "the hearth," on whose mantle broken tea-cups are ranged and "wisely kept for show." The "whitewashed wall" has been soiled by time and rain. Opposite from this, a vacant spot is shown where stood "the hawthorn bush." One can easily discover the vestiges of faded beauty in this once lovely plain. But a shade of sadness has settled upon it. Its glades confess the tyrant's power. Its forlorn desolation is a sad monument of the tyranny of the land owners of Ireland.

> "Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen
> And desolation saddens all the green,
> One only master grasps the whole domain
> And half a tillage stints the smiling plain."

I rambled through this melancholy solitude until evening's close, when I sat down on the mouldering wall to listen to "the village murmur." Though there were only a few straggling peasant huts near me, it was at an hour when the life of Nature was still astir. The geese gabbled, the dogs barked, the cattle lowed, the children whooped and shouted, so that with the help of my imagination, I could easily picture to myself the scene of sweet confusion in Auburn's palmiest days. Goldsmith used to say that he had received nothing from Ireland but his blunders and his brogue. He should have given her credit for furnishing the occasion and spot of the "Deserted Village."

I greatly fear that poor Oliver Goldsmith, instead of giving us his godly father and his parish as they really were, allowed his imagination to create an ideal pastor and his people. To say the least, we must make due allowance for "poetic license" and for the pardonable infirmity of filial partiality. A godly man Charles Goldsmith doubtless was, happy and contented, and in favor with God and man.

He says of him:

"My father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the church. His education was alone his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave them, they returned him an equivalent in praise; and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of his army, influenced my father at the head of his table. He told the story of the ivy tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the sedan-chair, was sure to set the table in a roar. Thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave; he loved all the world, and he fancied all the world loved him.

"As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the very extent of it; he had no intention of leaving his children money, for that was dross; he resolved they should have learning; for learning he used to observe, was better than silver or gold. For this purpose he undertook to instruct us himself, and took as much care to form our morals as to improve our understanding. We

were told that universal benevolence was what first cemented society; we were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own; to regard the human face divine with affection and esteem; he wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightet impulse made either by real or fictitious distress. In a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands before we were taught the necessary qualifications of getting a farthing." Of his brother Charles he says:

"At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile, a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven."

Truly a model pastor. His virtues would suit the present age no less than his; some of his joking ways, perhaps not so well. Not that in the proper place a clerical joke is sinful; but in pastor or layman, the reins of a joker's genius should be held with a firm and cautious hand.

But how could the dear pastor keep open house all the year round with forty pounds (less than $250) a year? For the "vagrant train," "the long remembered beggar," "the ruined spendthrift," and "the broken soldier," were alike his guests. Around this modest village mansion lay the parish farm of seventy acres.

The produce of this made the forty pounds go a great ways, at a time when living was cheap. In sooth it is a pleasing picture of the sunny side of the pastor's life; of one who loved and was beloved of all; who having but little, was passing rich; though poor, could practice the most agreeable hospitality to those most needing and most capable of appreciating it; who gave alike to toper, spendthrift or deserving pauper—

> "Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
> And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
> Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
> His pity gave ere charity began.
> Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
> And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side."

At eventide I leisurely strolled back to Ballymahon, a distance of five miles. On my way I fell in with a group of field laborers. Many a question had they to ask of me, and I as many of them. What their earnings, who their landlords, what their profits and prospects were—these and other questions I plied them with. As we went on, others, men, women and children, came out of the small fields along the wayside, bringing their rakes, hoes and scythes with them. They all went the same way with myself. In a short time, I saw motley processions of working people scattered over a mile, merrily chatting. Stiff-jointed old laborers limping along, contentedly whiffing their white clay-pipes, now and then one handing his pipe to me to indulge in a few whiffs; young men and maidens grouping together and filling the air with merry laughter and boisterous fun. "Whither are all these people going?" I inquired. "To rosaries," was the reply. "Where is that?" "In the church, a few miles from here." "And you too are

going there?" they asked. Evading their well-meant question, I learned that these Irish country people close every day in their church. At a certain time in the evening they stop working, and at once repair to their sanctuary, to praise God for the blessings of the day, and pray for His preserving care during the night. Some thus walk from three to six miles every evening, after their day's work, to worship God together. At length we reached the church, standing by the wayside in the country. Quite a pile of farming tools was already standing aside of the church door. Others emerged from the lanes and roads of the surrounding country, and added their implements to the general pile, until the front yard of the sanctuary looked, from a short distance, like the headquarters of a military detachment, which had stacked arms against the outside wall. It was a very plain country church, but to these simple-hearted rustics a very sacred place. Men and boys all entered the door with hat in hand.

This walking to the house of God with a congregation of field laborers in Ireland, reminded me of the resistless streams of church-goers on the streets of Edinburg on Sunday. Here, however, I was borne to church by a week-day current. To me all the more pleasant for happening on every day of the week, instead of being confined to Sunday. Indeed, with all the superstition and degradation of Irish Catholics, there is much that we Protestants might learn from them. Among other things, the lesson promptly and regularly to worship God in the sanctuary on week-days. Think of tired working people walking five miles to church every evening. True, it may be only a habit; but then

it is a very good habit, which all professing Christians would do well to cultivate. While Protestant churches are not open every day of the year, they are open on many week-day evenings. Yet how few, comparatively, resort thither at such times.

In traveling afoot in Catholic countries, I would often pass a wayside church, whose doors were open all day long. At many a church door, I saw the stiff and dirty little knapsack of the wandering beggar, whose owner devoutly spent a few moments on his knees within, praying to the God of the poor. Protestant though I was, I too at times laid my cane and little traveling pouch aside the door of the plain country church, and spent a brief season in the sacred inclosure, in meditation and prayer, according to the way I had been taught. To my mind, there is something very pleasing in the wayside country churches, whose open doors, all day long, invite every passing pilgrim to enter, and while he rests his weary limbs, worship his God and Redeemer.

Longfellow gives a beautiful description of the Vesper or evening prayers in a Spanish town. Many Catholic villages in Northern Europe present a similar evening scene.

"Just as the evening twilight commences, the bell tolls to pray. In a moment, throughout the crowded city, the hum of business is hushed; the thronged streets are still; the gay multitudes that crowd the public walks stand motionless; the angry dispute ceases; the laugh of merriment dies away; life seems for a moment to be arrested in its career, and to stand still. The multitude uncover their heads, and, with the sign of the

cross, whisper their evening prayer to the Virgin. Then the bells ring a merrier peal; the crowds move again in the streets, and the rush and turmoil of business recommence. I have always listened with feelings of solemn pleasure to the bell that sounded forth the Ave Maria. As it announced the close of day, it seemed also to call the soul from its worldly occupations to repose and devotion. There is something beautiful in thus measuring the march of time. The hour, too, naturally brings the heart into unison with the feelings and sentiments of devotion. The close of the day, the shadows of evening, the calm of twilight, inspire a feeling of tranquility: and though I may differ from the Catholic in regard to the object of his supplication, yet it seems to me a beautiful and appropriate solemnity, that, at the close of each daily epoch of life—which, if it have not been fruitful in incidents to ourselves, has, neverthless, been so to many of the great human family,—the voice of a whole people, and of the whole world, should go up to heaven in praise, and supplication and thankfulness.

I need not tell my readers, that in praising this general habit of daily evening devotions in Catholic countries, I do not thereby approve of their worshipping the Virgin Mary. Only the good and true in their services do I approve of and commend. There is a "shady side," too, to the picture of Ireland's country life and religion. Were I to describe the "Irish Wakes," and Sunday afternoon frolics, I should have to portray bloody faces, black eyes, and bandaged limbs, and other fruits of Irish follies.

Can there be any strong home ties, any warm home affections in such miserable famine infested hovels?

Indeed, few nations can boast of homes with warmer hearts, than those of Ireland. Thanks to the oppressive policy of the British Government, a large proportion of Ireland's sturdiest children are forced to seek homes in America. Many a village retains scarcely half its former population. Yet few can part from their native Erin without a pang.

> "Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call
> The smiling, long-frequented village fall?
> Beheld the duteous son, the sire, decay'd
> The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
> Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
> To traverse climes beyond the Western main."

Approaching Belfast, the train stopped at the station of a small country village. A young man, attended to the station by his mother, sisters and comrades, stood on the platform, awaiting the arrival of the cars, which were to bear him away from dear ones towards America. His unattractive home lay a short distance from here. He and his comrades were perceptibly heated with whisky, and tried to silence the grief of parting, with shouts of drunken mirth. I can still see the poor old mother throw her arms around his neck, covering his face with kisses, and weeping as if her heart would break. Mother and sisters in turn embraced the boy, then tried to turn away, with shrieks of grief. When the train gave the signal for starting, they again rushed on the platform of the car, re-embraced and kissed, and pressed him to their hearts, then clasping and wringing their hands in pitiful agony, until the conductor by force closed the door, and bade them get off the car.

Many were the country comrades who escorted him

to the train — hale and sturdy-looking fellows. Strong drink had made them insensible to the proprieties of the sad occasion. In wild, boisterous confusion, they crowded around him, each reaching for a parting grasp. As the cars began to move, they shouted him a last farewell with uncovered heads, whilst his mother and sisters threw up their clasped hands as if to hold back the cruel train that tore him from their loving embrace.

All this while the youth, though blushing from liquor or filial love, shed not a tear. He shouted a last adieu to "mamma" and his sisters. Then, as the train sped him away towards the setting sun, he leaned back in his seat, and with his sleeve wiped away the tears rapidly rolling over his flushed cheeks.

They little thought that a lonely stranger, far from his dear home "beyond the western main," was watching them with a tender heart and moist eyes, thinking of his dear father offering his nightly prayers for his far absent son, and of his mother gone to the "sweet home" in heaven. This parting scene of an humble Irish peasant family, gave me much to think about. Perhaps he was the only stay of his aged mother in this poverty-ridden country, and the pride of his loving sisters. And now, to give him up—perhaps forever! How lonely and forsaken their little hut will seem! Who will till their small farm, and help them to pay their high rent, and supply them with their wonted food and raiment? Perhaps he solemnly promised to save his first earnings in America to bring them, too, to his new home. Possibly, this hope of meeting again partly soothes the grief of parting.

CHAPTER V.

DUBLIN. DR. NEWMAN. IRELAND AND THE IRISH. BIRMINGHAM.

Dublin is the chief city of Ireland, with 300,000 inhabitants. Like Edinburg, it is comprised of an old and a new town. The new part is regularly and substantially built. It is mainly inhabited by persons of respectability and wealth. The streets and dwellings possess an air of neatness and comfort. The old town is the abode of poverty; its houses are wretched tenements, brimful of filth and running over. Their tenants dirty and degraded, presenting as striking a contrast to new Dublin as the Cowgate does to the new town of Edinburg. Poor as they are, there are few houses where you do not find the purse, pipe and bottle. Of course, the first is almost always empty; the others never.

Dublin is a Catholic city. To see its church-going population, you must attend the Catholic Church. It was on Whitsunday morning, as I wended my way to the Church of the University of Ireland, where High Mass was celebrated. Rev. Father Gaffey preached a sermon on Acts ii. 2-4. It was a practical and extemporaneous sermon, containing much that was edifying, and little that would have been offensive to the most fastidious Protestant taste. The music was charming; especially the praising part of the service; reminding

one of thousands of birds in a grove on a spring morning, skipping cheerily from limb to limb, warbling their grateful melodies in sweet confusion to their common Father.

The congregation was mainly composed of the most respectable and intelligent people of Dublin. During some parts of the service, all seemed solemnly impressed. During others, many were perceptibly undevout, carelessly lipping rapidly over their prayers, their eyes meanwhile roving over the congregation and the church. I could not resist the impression that, after a certain part in the service, the chief aim of many was mechanically to get over the largest number of prayers in the shortest time.

The celebrated Dr. Newman, once a very prominent and learned minister in the Church of England, presides over this University. He sat on a chair opposite the pulpit. He is old and looks care-worn. His whole bearing is like that of an earnest man, bowed down beneath the burden of eventful years. For his outward appearance he seems to have very little concern. His furrowed features bear the impress of severe soul conflicts. In walking he stoops and leans forward, and steps as if it caused him a perceptible effort to move a limb. He looks as artless as a child; and more like one of the scholastics of the early Church than a Catholic Theologian of the Nineteenth Century; more profound rather than learned, more disposed to grapple with one idea than with many. In the whole-souled fervor with which he joined in the service of this morning, one could not detect the slighest shade of his earlier Protestant training.

In the evening I worshipped in an Episcopal Church. A clergyman preached on the cleansing of Naaman, the Leper. The large church was not half filled. The people seemed devout, and the services were solemn, and the sermon was not as instructive and edifying as the one I had heard in the morning.

The Dublin Sunday might be materially improved. Business is not wholly suspended. Many of the groceries and confectioneries were open. The streets swarm with ragged beggars. Despite the many asylums, hospitals, and other charitable institutions of the city, trains of whining mendicants escort you along the street, and beg you for the sake of the "hauly vargin," or a list of saints to have pity on them. Around church doors, too, they congregate to ply their sad art, to get bread.

The Irish are of a sanguine temperament, sometimes impulsively so, but capable of the noblest generosity. They have not the exclusiveness of the English, nor the calculating intellectualism of the Scotch. They have more heart than the one, and less ingenuity than the other. All that an Irishman does, says and writes, be it good or evil, comes glowing from the heart. Their orators are the most eloquent, because their hearts are in their orations. Shakespeare and Johnson address the heart through the intellect. Goldsmith and Moore address the intellect through the heart. The former we admire and revere, the latter we love. Their friendship is ardent, their likes and dislikes passionate and intense.

There is a shocking amount of social depravity, but it is confined entirely to the lower classes. The amount and degradation of pauperism is incredible. Even in

this large city of Dublin, where there are many asylums and charitable institutions, trains of ragged, whining beggars will escort you along the street, with the most pitiful entreaties for help. And on Sunday they will run after you going to church, and beg, for God's sake, to help them to a morsel of bread. These, indeed, form a very hot bed of vileness and filth.

I traveled through the interior of Ireland to get a glimpse of country life and manners. In America farmers belong to the middle and most comfortable class of society. Here they are the lowest, and often the most uncomfortable. In America "the peasantry is their country's pride," here their country's shame. The farmers of Ireland, by a long and systematic oppression, have been reduced to a state of vassalage which is an outrage on humanity, and a shame to a civilized country. They enjoy but the shadow of freedom. All the land in Ireland is owned by the gentry in large tracts. The cultivators of the soil are not its owners and never can be. They can never hope to own any land or home. You can travel over whole counties, and not find a single farmer that owns a foot of ground, or a spot large enough to cover his body, outside of the public graveyard.

Some men own from ten to fifteen square miles, cut up into small farms, so as to get as large rents as possible. And what dwelling places! Scarcely one house in fifty seems fit for a human habitation. Little, low, thatched hovels; house, stable and sty under one roof, and so near alike in filth and arrangement, that you can only distinguish them by the posture and physiognomy of their inmates. In some apartments I found pigs and

fowl, and gave them credit for all the arrangements, until I discovered a few plates stuck up against the wall. They have been trained to squalid mental habits, and are often insensible to the degradation of their lot. Ask them about their condition, and they will call it right well, by which they mean that they can pay their rent without starving. Thus live the Irish farmers. Here on these little patches, men and women dig and delve, late and early, from childhood to old age, to eke out a pitiful existence. They lease their farms for a certain period at the highest possible rates. Should the crops fail, their little all must go for the rent, and they be turned out in the bargain. Our American country towns are usually inhabited by persons of industrious habits, and who make a comfortable living. They have at least what life requires, if they have no more. Here the country villages teem with paupers. I have seen towns on some of these estates, numbering from 800 to 1000 inhabitants, where not a mortal had a home of his own. All is owned by the proprietor of the estate, who sometimes will let whole streets to speculators, who have the privilege of practicing cruel extortion in sub-letting to renters. These land monopolies are a curse to any country, and the United States acts wisely in guarding against them in the settling of her new territory. Some of these date their origin from the early conquests of Ireland. Others from the times of Cromwell. The estates are never divided. Recently some of them have become encumbered, and before they could be sold, a special permission was required from Parliament. The laws of England require the oldest son to fall sole heir to his father's estate, to keep it together,

and thus perpetuate the power of the gentry and the misery of their tenants.

Recently a case occurred which illustrates this white-washed system of slavery. A wealthy gentleman purchased an estate, giving employment to 1500 tenants, and a scanty living to 2500 souls. They and their fathers had been born and raised on the estates. They had struggled nobly and manfully to get their humble fare and pay their rents, but never anything more. The new landlord concluded to turn his farms into grass, and hence had no more need for all his tenants. Had he not a right to dismiss his workmen? He did so. Tenantries are crowded. They had nothing for the morrow. Whither should they go? As a last resort, they appealed to Parliament, stating that their banishment from the estate would expose them to inevitable starvation. Their case is still pending, and time will show whether England has power to save them from ruin.

The selfishness of feudal times, and the greed of a commercial community, have not relaxed and modified as fast as the progress of the people have demanded. Some of these evils are as follows: First, The concentration of nearly all the lands of the two islands in the hands of a few men, and the impossibility of the great body of the people owning any land or a home of their own. Nearly all the west end of London is owned by the Marquis of Westminster, whose income is said to be one million of pounds. The fee of nearly all the old city of London is held by the Duke of Bedford. These two men have most of the people of London as tenants. The same thing is true of Scotland.

The Duke of Argyle owns about forty square miles of the land of Scotland, and his domains extend from the Atlantic to the North Sea. Lord Kenmare owns the whole city of Killarney, and the whole township around it. None of these great proprietors will sell, and the law protects them. Land in London around the Bank of England, which corresponds to our lots in Wall street, New York, is worth thirty pounds a square foot, or $350,000 for a lot of 25 feet by 100.

To some minds, and even to some of these poor tenants, there is something imposing in these large estates. These lords of millions make a grand display, and have power to train their laborers into the most servile, cringing submission and homage. But their splendor has been extracted from the squalid misery of their tenants, and their immense possessions are but

"A blasted mass of rank, unwieldly woe."

Kind nature has been liberal in her gifts to Ireland. It abounds in large arable plains that furnish most enchanting landscapes. But the rod of oppression has palsied her munificent hand and covered these lovely vales with a stinted growth. Yet, withal, it looks lovely; still it remains pre-eminently "the Emerald Isle." While trembling under the blows of oppression, nature smiles with cheerful verdure, but man looks sad. Ireland

"Blooms——a garden and a grave."

Pauperism in Ireland is the result of a combination of causes. It is often ascribed to the moral and social influence of Romanism, which, to a certain extent, may be true. But the tyranny of a Protestant government

has done fully as much. There is far more pauperism, proportionally, among Roman Catholics than Protestants. In their hospitals and alms-houses, Catholics have more than a hundred to one. It is said that nine-tenths of Irish paupers in America are Roman Catholics. You seldom meet a Protestant Irishman in America. They are more industrious and thrifty, and can manage to live and remain at home But whole ship loads of Catholic paupers are sent to America; many of them are sent over by the proprietors to escape from pauper taxes. Now English Political Economists tell us, that persons void of manly independence and a decent self-respect, are not fit to own a house or patch of ground. First train them for it, without giving them the chance. Just as if you would tell a man not to go near the water until he can swim. And with this semblance of an excuse, the farming population of Ireland have been kept at bay for generations, and forced into a sort of rural pauperism, which, though a little more respectable, is not a whit more comfortable than pauperism in general.

I have been surprised to find so large a proportion of Protestants in Ireland. In the North of Ireland, Protestants and Catholics are pretty equally divided. In other parts, about three-fourths of the population are Catholics. Both seem warmly attached to their respective Creeds.

Birmingham is the most extensive manufacturing town in England, situated nearly in its centre. For centuries it has been a place of note, where all manner of goods and metallic ware were prodnced. It has two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. A busy,

clattering, stirring population it has. Even under a clear sky, the smoke of its numerous tall chimneys, often veils the cheerful light of the sun. I reached Birmingham late at night. Stepping off the train, I found neither cab nor police officer to direct me to a hotel. The night was dark and rainy. I felt sadly forsaken, as I trudged through one of the principal streets, folding a cloak closely around my person. It was wholly deserted and silent as the grave. Who knows whither it will lead me? At length I spied some one through the dim light of the street lamps; dressed in black, seeming to be a female, most likely a street robber. The figure hailed me, and crossing the street towards me, asked permission to be sheltered by my cloak. To which I of course, sternly objected, meanwhile laying firm hold of my cane, with the determination that be it man, ghost or satan, I would, in case of necessity, for once use an arm of flesh to reform the wicked. Scarcely had I escaped from this ill-designing street prowler, before I was accosted by a second and third one. How thankfully I at length entered a very comfortable hotel.

Like the most manufacturing cities, Birmingham has a class of very industrious people, and another class of idlers and street loungers. These congregate wherever there is anything to excite or amuse. A street showman, or sort of a mountebank behind a curtained box, amused crowds of dirty men, women and children, from the top of which he made a rooster entertain his audience. Monkeys, minstrels and organ-grinders, seem to be liberally patronized here.

By Sunday morning the showmen had disappeared. The streets were quiet. Towards the middle of the

forenoon, streams of neatly clad, orderly people crowded the pavements. I attended worship in an Episcopal Church, where a Rev. Mr. Miller preached a much more pointed and practical sermon than one ordinarily hears of Anglican ministers. His theme was "The dispersion and destiny of the Jews." The congregation was large and devout, but almost entirely composed of the higher classes. Therein lies the great weakness of the Church of England. She does not, or perhaps cannot, preach the Gospel to the poor. Were it not for the Dissenting Churches of England, those who are not connected with the State Church, her laboring classes would be almost wholly neglected. At this time, one of the most earnest and influential ministers among the latter, was John Angell James, of Birmingham. To my regret, he was absent from the city.

In the evening I attended services at a so-called church, or chapel, presided over by George Dawson, Esq. He seemed to be the chief of a tribe of Birmingham Mammon worshippers, whom he entertained on Sundays with spicy lectures. He and his followers would have nothing to do with the Church of Christ, as a body of believers, preferring that every man should be his own Church, and his own Saviour, too. They met in a large plain building, with a platform instead of a pulpit. Dawson was a man of no mean presence, in citizen's dress and citizen's beard.

His finely trimmed black moustache, and flowing bushy beard, gave his face quite a classical caste. The chapel was large, and crowded with attentive hearers. I was surprised that a man of such impudent unbelief, should allow any singing and praying in his presence.

But he did pray; to be sure, it sounded somewhat as if he talked to his equal, on a subject about which he claimed the right to hold his own opinion. The singing, apart from the miserable sentiment of the hymns, was excellent, the large congregation joining in song to an extent that is rarely found in England.

Dawson is doubtless a very scholarly gentleman—a man possessed of great talents and of a corrupt theology. He has a fine voice, and knows how to use it; remarkably self-possessed; makes use of plain Saxon, eschewing "words of learned length and thundering sound," such as are too often used in more orthodox pulpits. He is a sort of an ecclesiastical Ishmaëlite, waging war on all forms of biblical belief; indeed, seemingly delighting in nothing so much as in a fight. And yet evidently not without a kind and tender heart.

His lecture this evening was on the introduction of Christianity into England by Augustine. Not a sermon, but a lecture. With Dawson a text from history is as good as one from the Bible. It was a bold and spicy discourse. He showed that Christianity was first brought among the Saxons in England by the Pope. That it was unhistorical for the Church of England to torture her succession, if such she have, through any channel but that of the Catholic Church. He says that the Monasteries and Monks have been the promoters and preservers of learning; that the priests have been the mediators between the rich and the poor, humbling the proud and exalting the low; that Papal errors have originated in truth; and that the Popes have been among the worst men that ever lived. He treats Protestants and Papists with equal fairness and equal fury; treats

them as the anatomist treats his subject, dissecting the parts for the instruction rather than edification of his hearers. He alleges that in the Roman and Protestant Churches, Priestcraft and Kingcraft have usurped dominion, and now he shouts: "At them, ye men of Dawson!"

This man is brimful of learning, and understands how to use it. He leads his hearers through the fields of poetry, philosophy and history, and plucks from them choicest flowers at will. He uses poets and prophets, history and the bible, Homer and Herodotus, Plato and Paul, Socrates and Christ, as well as all Martyrs and Confessors, as sources of information—to him all equally reliable. His lecture bristled with sarcasm; was full of faith and levity, of ridicule and religious earnestness. Withal, Dawson, with his twelve or fifteen hundred Birmingham followers, gave me much to think about. Alas! he entertains and amuses them, but strips them of every vestige of faith, if such they still have. No saint or sinner can such a mind lead to the lamb of God. He serves his disciples as Theodore Parker served his. One day an intelligent lady admirer of Parker remarked to him, weeping: "O Mr. Parker, you have taken away my Lord, and I know not where you have laid Him." And Parker could give her no comfort. Neither could Dawson have given her any.

CHAPTER VI.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON. OXFORD. LONDON. ST. PAUL'S. WESTMINSTER ABBEY. EXETER HALL. DR. CUMMING. BAPTIST NOEL. SPURGEON.

Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place and early home of Shakespeare, is one of the most frequented shrines of England. It is a market town of Warwickshire, 96 miles northwest of London. With a population of scarcely 3500, but for its connection with the early history of Shakespeare it would be little known outside of its own shire. The land around it is fertile and well improved. It has a history of more than a thousand years, and in all that time its most glorious event was the birth of a child in an humble family, which was christened as William Shakespeare. After partaking of a meal at an unpretending inn, I leisurely strolled through the plain and poorly-improved streets, engaging in a conversation with a townsman here and there. They all complain of dull times, yet pride themselves in living in the birth-place of the great dramatist. The town has no manufactures to stimulate trade, and its inhabitants say that if it were not for Shakespeare and the farmers they could not live.

The house in which Shakspeare was born is the chief attraction for tourists. It stands on Henley street, the principal street of the place. It is a plain, two-story

building, whose style oddly contrast with that of the more modern houses around it. Its several apartments are preserved, as far as possible, in the same condition in which they were in the poet's lifetime. The small chamber in which he was born receives the most attention. Its walls are thickly covered with the autographs of visitors, among which are the names of poets, philosophers, princes, and rulers of the earth. In its best days it must have been a plain, substantial village dwelling. As there was danger of its crumbling into ruins e'er long, it has recently been bought for the English nation for $20,000, and funds have been raised to keep it in repair.

At the lower edge of the town, on the bank of the Avon, is the old church, under whose interior pavement lies the dust of Shakespeare. It is a large cruciform building, and well preserved and repaired. But for the well-known inscription on a horizontal stone covering his grave, blessing the man who spares, and cursing him who disturbs his bones, his remains would long since have been removed to Westminster Abbey. I strolled through the grounds around the church, and along the shaded banks of the river, dreamily musing over the once familiar haunts of William Shakespeare's boyhood. He never forgot or ceased to hold in kindly remembrance his native place. After he had a European fame he bought a fine mansion here, then and thereafter known as "the great house." It is said to have been the largest house in the town. Through all his literary triumphs his memory fondly turned hither. After repeatedly donating gifts for the benefit of Stratford, he finally bequeathed to it his sacred dust, which makes

it one of the few shrines around which gather the literary pilgrims of all nations.

I approached Oxford with peculiar feelings of delight, for who would not rejoice in the prospect of getting but a glimpse of one of the most famous seats of learning in the world. I expected to find the University buildings all grouped together in one place, after the American fashion; but instead of this, I found the twenty colleges of which it is composed scattered over different parts of the city. The buildings compared with ours, are models of architectural beauty. The different styles are in themselves subjects of study, which the students can investigate at their leisure. Their libraries are very extensive. The Bodleian library alone contains half a million of volumes and manuscripts, a catacomb of the minds of a noble army, with "many a quaint and curious volume of old and half-forgotten lore." The parks belonging to the different colleges afford most delightful promenades. Hundreds of acres with walks through bowers of veteran beech and elm, whose overtopping branches form a pleasant canopy, vocal with the songs of merry birds, furnish refreshing places of retirement. These are intersected by streams of water, where professors and pupils

"With patient angle troll the finny deep."

I strolled over "Addison's walk" along the banks of a lovely stream, where the humorous good-natured "Spectator" was wont to beguile his leisure hours. Nature and art combine to lend to this institution charms that I have never met with anywhere else. Their rooms, refectories, and halls, are not calculated to drill the student into a gloomy task-bearing mood. Amid these

surroundings of the beautiful, their minds inhale a refining atmosphere. Their botanical garden contains a vast collection of plants, from the burning sands of the South to the clime of the frozen North. Many of the flowers were just peeping into bloom, and presented a scene of surpassing beauty. These Oxonians have never fallen into the baneful error of an unnatural, ascetic system of education. In some of our American colleges the students are trained to abstract themselves from the cheerful atmosphere of Nature, to inure themselves to habits of morose, undisturbed study, within walls and cells of gloomy prisons. They may be urged, but often urged in vain, to recreate by walking in the open air, where nothing but dusty, noisy streets and bleak pavements await them. The difference in the effect is manifest. Students here do not appear like pale, sickly plants shut out from sunlight. Their features glow with the cheerful flush of health. Their minds seem to have a vigorous, unhampered play in the cheerful, joyous tenements of sound bodies.

Oxford has some dark features in her background, and what ancient institution has not? The nursery of philosophers, statesmen and poets, she has had her martyrs and murders too. In passing through her different colleges I was frequently reminded of the tragic scenes that have been enacted there. Here were exhibited the virtues and weaknesses of religious zeal, repentings and recantings, men trying to shape their religion to suit the court, and in the end, doomed to shape it wrong; one day acting mutually in favor of a cause, the next condemning one another to a stake or scaffold for doing it. A statue and pompous epitaph of

Cardinal Wolsey, a monument to Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer, near the spot where they were burned, and the pulpit in which they first preached; aye, these provoked painful reflections, but,

"Let the dead past bury its dead."

I had a view of the noted Dr. Pusey, of Tractarian memory. Though 60 years of age, he retains all the buoyancy of a man in middle life, and his features have not the slightest indication of that severe mental and moral conflict, which one would suppose him to have passed through. A person would not infer that his name had become a badge of theological odium throughout the Protestant world. Next to Pope Pius IX, there is not a man living who has been made a more prominent target for the artillery of Protestantism. And yet, no cloud or powder-smoke has settled on his brow, no scar of care lingers on his face.

Although his name has been most prominently identified with the Tractarian movement, I think he has received far more credit, or discredit, than he deserves. He was by no means the originator nor the instigator, and not even the occasion of the party that bears his name. He simply stood god-father at its christening. He is only the flag-staff of his party. He did not reach his present position through the conflicts and struggles of a Reformer, or a Deformer, as you please, but was drifted there by the tendencies and current around him. The fault lies in the current in which he moved. Puseyism is a legitimate link of the Anglican Church itself. Dr. Pusey was only *one* of the workmen that assisted in giving it outward shape and form. The link was made on an Anglican anvil, with

Anglican tools, of Anglican material, by Anglican men, and that it is destined to become the "middle ring" of the Anglican Church, is at least a possible, if not a probable, issue. Tractarianism is only a development of principles that had existed in germ in the Anglican Church, and whither it tends is clearly shown by the history of some of its prominent champions, who have drifted into the harbor of Romanism. Unless the remaining Tractarians will have power to *en*velope much of what they have *de*veloped, it will be morally and logically impossible for them consistently to avoid the destination which some of their brethren have reached.

The friction between the high and low church party is at times extremely violent. Recently the Bishop of Oxford attempted to officiate in one of the chapels of this city, where he was assailed with the most abusive language, cries of the crowd telling him to make papists at home. The excitement at length became so intense that he was obliged to retire. I think there is much more vitality in the dissenting bodies than in the Church of England. She is unequally yoked with a companion that is a constant impediment to her progress and prosperity. Her servile dependence upon the Court, and the corrupt influence of patronage and place, hinder the cultivation of a vigorous personal activity. She is hung all around with dead weights that drag her to the earth. She is entangled in the meshes of political intrigue, and must dance as the Parliament pipes. Parliament and the press are at present discussing this point with great freedom. It is averred that doting, imbecile Bishops are retained in their places, when they should either be superannuated or supplanted; that in

many instances, the Bishoprics are filled by the most incompetent persons; which is doubtless true. I heard three sermons in one day, and the poorest in diction and delivery was in St. Paul's, before the judges, dignitaries and mitred heads of the realm. The Church of England has much to admire and deplore. Her large charity schools are doing a blessed work among the poor, and her immense wealth could do much more. There is much of the devotional element in her services, and much that ends in mere pomp and gaudy display. In St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey everything smacks of the Court. Their singing and praying is *performed* with the precision of the opera. And so with most of the Cathedral services. Their form of church service, though possessing excellence, seems to lack variety. To use the same forms for week-days and Sundays, from year to year, before the same congregation, cultivates the habit, but tires the devotion of true worship; at least so I have found it; but perhaps I have not had the right kind of training to appreciate it. It would be a blessing for the Church of England, if she could procure a divorce from her unsuitable companion, for their tastes, dispositions and inclinations certainly should, and I hope they do, differ essentially. I doubt whether God has ever joined them, and therefore it could be no very criminal act to put them asunder; and I am sure it would add to the comfort and happiness of both parties. Their union is on the ground of policy, and not of affection.

London is the largest city in the world. In no other one place on the face of the earth, are there four millions of human beings hived together. Like a muni-

cipal Lambert, it is an overgrown city, the diseases and corruptions of whose corpulent body seem beyond the reach of a remedy.

It was a charming Sunday morning. Well now, after careful reflection, I remember that its beginning was after all not so pleasant. The London sky is treacherous. Often when it seems the fairest it is the foulest. The clearest sky can improvise a shower in five minutes. There are few rainless days in the year in this city. On the fairest morning you see Londoners leave home with an umbrella. Foolish people, you think, as you complacently walk the streets without yours. Ere long your dripping garments remind you, that of the two you are the less wise. What with us would be an ordinary morning fog, will there give you a thorough soaking. Emerson says of the London climate: "In a fine day, you are looking up a chimney, in a foul day, down one."

Alas, that I must endure a rainy London Sunday, I thought in the morning. For a while the fickle sky became charming, just long enough to entice the strangers in the city into the streets, to give them a refreshing bath. Despite this deceitful climate the Londoners spend a great part of Sunday out of doors. The sidewalks of the principal thoroughfares—Cheapside, Picadilly, Fleet street, the Strand, Oxford street, &c., are crowded with people of all ranks and conditions. Crowds stream towards the large Parks, around the edge of the city. Laboring people with their families, who are confined to their shops and hovels on week-days, seek the shade trees and grass-bordered walks of Hyde or Regent's Park. Into the darker places of London—

the neglected lanes and alleys of the degraded—I did not venture. The reports of others tell us that hundreds of thousands of poorer Londoners lead a worse than Pagan life.

I am living in King street, near the famous Guild Hall—near St. Paul's, too. To St. Paul's we will go. What a grand Christian Temple this is; five hundred feet long, one hundred feet wide, with a dome surmounting the centre, whose cross is four hundred and four feet above the pavement in the street. Almost two hundred years ago the first stone for the erection of the present building was laid—for there was a Cathedral here before. Its celebrated architect, Sir Christopher Wren, was thirty-five years in building it. It cost over $3,700,000. The great builder lies buried in a cell of the Cathedral. A black marble slab marks his place of rest, with the inscription: "*If you seek his monument, look arouud you.*" That is to say, St. Paul's Cathedral, which his genius planned and built, is his monument. And a nobler one few mortals have ever had. On this black marble slab I read this lesson, too, that every one must build his own monument, if it is to publish anything about him worth remembering. A Christian's noblest and most enduring monument is a noble, useful, and pure life.

Strange, that such a world-renowned Cathedral should be hedged in by short, narrow, crooked streets. The massive walls look quite dark, almost black, from age. People say, it is no wonder, since it was built by taxing the coal brought to London. We will step in. You see how the floor, columns, roof—all are carved out of stone. Room there is here, as much as ten large

churches ordinarily furnish. From ten to fifteen thousand people could find standing room here. Rows of thick, lofty columns support the roof. Along the wall hang rare and costly paintings, and statues of some of England's great men look down from many a niche. A dim, dreary light gives it a cheerless aspect.

We faintly hear the voice of some one. Yonder, at the extreme end of the church, the people seem to be engaging in worship. We will join them. There at one end of the building is an apartment, but partly enclosed, as large as an ordinary-sized church, where the usual services of St. Paul are held. It is a church within a church. Along the sides, near the pulpit, are stationary seats, called "stalls." There a few dozen boys, in white robes, are seated. They chant part of the service. Plain seats are occupied by a few hundred people. I, along with a few dozen others, have to stand during the service. The clergyman officiating preaches an earnest sermon; reads it closely. The majority of the congregation are ladies; and evidently very few, if any, of the lower or laboring classes are among them.

Daily religious services are held on week-days, morning and evening; only the usual service of the Book of Common Prayer is read, without a sermon. While this is held at one end of the church, travelers and others walk through the building, and see its sights; chatting freely with one another, without seeming to disturb the worshipers or the worshipers them. Among these high columns and arches the voice of the preacher and of the singers is soon lost. Cathedrals are grand structures; sermons hewn out of stone, preaching to the ages. But for the

preaching of the Gospel, through human speech, they are ill adapted.

It is a pleasant Sunday afternoon; I think we can trust the sky. We will attend worship at Westminster Abbey. We stroll by St. Paul's, through Fleet street. We shall have to take our time through the crowds that throng the sidewalks. Yonder you see an old arch spanning the street. This, with its entire building, is the famous Temple Bar, on which England hung the heads of her rebels, as a terror to evil-doers; the heads of some of her martyrs, too, were exposed here. The Bar is the limit of the old city—the end of Fleet street; beyond this, the street is called The Strand. You see that the stream bearing us along can carry tens of thousands of people through this street in one day. Many look like hard-working people, and some are of noble blood. Would you believe it that yonder gentleman, with iron-gray whiskers, in a plain black suit, is Lord ———, and the lady at his arm, with a plain, neat dress, is his wife, both walking meekly along with the common crowd? Do noble people then look like ordinary mortals? Indeed they do, and none more so. Many have just as good sense as those of more common blood. Indeed, not a few of them, are good Christian people, who would not designedly hurt the feelings of the beggars on the street. Many of these fine coaches rolling along the street bear the families of the nobility. A liveried driver, on the elevated front seat, and two other servants on a high seat in the rear, all dressed in uniform, with tall hats, short breeches, and red, round-bodied, broad-skirted coats, have charge of a few of the titled gentry within. They, too, have many wants and

woes, in common with the servants outside. Toothache hurts them as badly, and when they are hungry good food tastes as sweetly to them as it does to the man that holds the reins. The most of the gayest people you see on the Strand this Sunday afternoon are wealthy shopkeepers, and some that are not wealthy. Among the plainest-looking, and least showy of all the wealthier people seen here, are the noble families. Altogether there is far less extravagance and gaiety in dress seen here than one sees in the principal streets of our American cities.

But where are all these people going to? Nine out of ten are going to Kensington Gardens or Hyde Park, whither many thousand people resort on pleasant Sunday afternoons. Of course, the more earnest Christian people spend part of the day in acts of piety and worship.

But our gadding about after the fashions and follies of London people on the Strand, is very unbecoming on our way to church. Here we are approaching Westminster Abbey, whose walls and finely-chiseled statues and turrets are almost as black as the inner wall of a chimney. You see it is built in the form of a cross. We will enter the cross-beam or south transept. The service has commenced. We will here be near the pulpit, where we can hear the word of God, before its sound is lost among the lofty arches. The minister reads his sermon, written in a finished style. He says nothing new, yet the old truth is ever new. His sentences are all carefully rounded. At least two thousand people are present; all hearing with close attention. Though large, it is a select congregation, composed chiefly of travelers, literary and wealthy people.

Doubtless this clergyman is one of London's great men; for no ordinary man is allowed to officiate in Westminster Abbey. He has sense enough not unduly to parade his scholarship before a worshiping congregation. Very singular it is that he announces the hymns, reads the prayers and Scripture lessons, and his sermon, all in the same tone and modulation of voice. This one finds in the most Church-of-England ministers. They seem to have acquired a certain sing-song monotonous manner of expression, from the reading of their Liturgical services, which they exhibit in all their public ministrations.

St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are used mainly by a certain class of the aristocracy. All large cities have such establishments. The Church of England has more than any other denomination. Emerson says: "Their religion is a quotation, their church a doll. Their Gospel is: 'By taste are ye saved.'" Emerson is an unbeliever, yet in this critique he is not far from the truth. A certain member of the English Parliament declared that he had never seen a poor man in a ragged coat inside of a church. As for the ragged coat, its absence from church might be more to the credit than blame of a religious community, if it supplied its people with better garments. Yet, that the Church of England has lost its hold upon the common people, is acknowledged and deplored by many of her best men. In most of her congregations, you feel that you are among a kid-gloved form of religion, suited only for a very select class of people.

Now that the services in the Abbey are ended, there will be no harm to stroll through this venerable sanctu-

ary. You see, during the services we have been standing in "The Poet's Corner." Here are gathered the busts and dust of many of England's great men. Some are buried beneath this pavement; others have tablets here. Spencer, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Southey, Campbell, Goldsmith, and a host of others are immortalized in this Poet's Corner. Some have epitaphs in English, others in Latin. Johnson wrote Goldsmith's in Latin, saying that he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription. Spencer died "from lack of bread," and was buried here by the then Earl of Essex. Thus after the world has starved the men who give her light and glory, she builds their monuments. Many a British scholar cheerfully endures her persecution and poverty, and toils to the end of life like a Titan, with the inciting hope that he can fight his way into "The Poet's Corner." Like St. Paul's, you see the Abbey has many cell-like chapels along the side of the building, in which reposes the dust of some of England's kings and nobility.

Back of the high altar you see a chapel whose floor is elevated. It is reached by a back stairway. It is called the "Chapel of the Kings." Here Queen Victoria was crowned. Indeed the last twenty-four Sovereigns of England were crowned in this Royal Chapel. Think of the immense labor required to cut such a building out of stone—columns, roof, floor all of stone; a building with more than a dozen smaller churches under its roof.

Now we have seen how and where the learned and wealthy worship God. Where can we find the poor at worship? This evening there is to be a service at

Exeter Hall for the special benefit of poor people. Many earnest Christians see full well that it is hard for the London poor to enter the kingdom of heaven. For the last few days posters and the newspapers have called upon the neglected poor to attend this service, no matter how ragged and dirty their garments. Exeter Hall is a large edifice where all manner of mass meetings are held. The hall is filled with a crowd of people—perhaps three or four thousand. Possibly one-tenth are perceptibly poor—dirty and poorly clad. As these cannot afford to have hymn books, a printed slip is circulated among the congregation, containing eight hymns; and beautiful hymns they are. Such as: "Come let us join our cheerful song;" "All hail the power of Jesus' name;" "Before Jehovah's awful throne;" "When I survey the wondrous cross;" "From all that dwell below the skies." On the large platform the preacher, with several dozen of Christian friends, is seated. He seems to be a middle-aged man, bent on making himself understood. "What think ye of Christ?" is his text, on which he discources in a simple, affectionate way. Here all around us poor, hard-working mechanics are seated, in their greasy working clothes, attentive and devout. How I pity them. They look sad, like men who rarely have any pleasure; to whom the hope of heaven would be a great relief. Alas, Exeter Hall cannot save them. These poor people need sympathizing pastors, plain commodious churches, and Sunday Schools for them and their children.

On another evening I attended a temperance meeting in Exeter Hall. A number of distinguished and able speakers were present. The most effective speech

was delivered by an uneducated sailor. He told the large congregation in his blunt sailor's brogue, how he had been a poor drunken "tar," spending all his earnings for liquor, and leaving his wife and children to suffer want. His family lived in wretchedness, of which he was the cause. And a sense of his sin against them made him take to his cups all the more. At length by the mercy of God, he was enabled to reform. "Do you ask me what I have gained?" he said. "I have gained my true manhood; I feel proud, under God, that I am a kind husband and father. I have a neat little cottage home, all paid for; I can clothe my wife and children tidily, and walk with them to the house of God; instead of my former rags, you see I am decently clad and in my right mind;" holding up a gold watch, he said, "instead of my flask, I have a gold watch in my pocket; I have the dearest wife and children you have ever seen; instead of spending my time in dram-shops, I find an earthly heaven at home. Do you ask what I have gained? I have gained character, faith in Christ, and a hope of heaven; I have become a man, a Christian husband and a father, of whom my children need not blush." This was an effective speech —equal to the best that Lord Shaftsbury has delivered on this platform. Many a poor, tempted brother man had tears in his eyes when the grateful sailor took his seat, and with a sigh, perhaps resolved for a hundredth time, to abandon his cups.

The late Dr. J. W. Alexander says: "I think Baptist Noel's preaching the right thing; just talking over the Word." Alexander is good authority. I must hear a man whose preaching is "the right thing"—

especially as I find from experience how difficult it is to acquire this "right thing."

Noel is the son of an English Nobleman; was for many years a prominent clergyman of the Church of England; at length withdrew and became a Baptist minister; since then, for twenty years he has been pastor of John's Street Chapel, Bedford Row. The Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel he is often called—a double title which combines his civil and clerical standing.

Now for Bedford Row, which I have great difficulty to find. It was Sunday morning, just after the usual morning London shower. After tracing the route on the map, I started. It seemed a great way off, towards the outskirts of the city. Vainly I inquired in neighboring streets for Baptist Noel's Church. People on our side of the Atlantic know more about Noel than those living under the shadow of his church.

Noel is already a man past the meridian of life, very plain in his dress, simple in his style of preaching, and unassuming in his manner; yet withal, showing a certain courtly gentility, which reminds one of his character, when he was the idol of the most aristocratic circles. His text was Isaiah xlix. 16, 17. He showed what weapons had been formed against the Church, such as superstition, ecclesiastical authority, the learning and criticism of biblical skepticism; other weapons, too, he described as existing in the Catholic and Protestant Churches, which have not prospered. He spoke of the slanders of the world against Christians, imputing hypocrisy and rebellion to those who obey God rather than man, and whose pure lives disprove and silence them.

This sermon was a talking over the text rather than an elaborate, clearly divided discourse; just the opposite from what is heard in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. Nothing new or specially striking, but pointed and practical throughout, like a man talking with his coachman, whose every word the coachman can understand.

The very plain, large church was well filled with a plain-looking congregation, having a larger proportion of men than one usually finds in London churches. Noel looks like a very humble and very earnest man. He preached without a manuscript, of course, otherwise he could not have "talked over the Word."

For twenty years Dr. Cumming has been one of the noted London preachers. He is famous as the most audacious Millenarian prophet of modern times. I forget how often he has proclaimed the near approach of the world's end, and still the end is not yet. A man whose published calculations so often turn out fallacious, must have an unconquerable faith in his mathematics. Ordinary men would long since have become disgusted with the tenacious vitality of the world as it is, refusing to end when its doom has been so clearly fixed and defined by figures and facts.

In his own way Cumming is unquestionably a man of mark. What that way precisely is, I have never been able to see. He is a born Scotch Presbyterian, and has long been pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Crown Court, Drury Lane. In the dusk of a Sunday evening I cautiously hunted my way through narrow streets to Cumming's church. Before one of the most unattractive churches which I saw in London a crowd of

one or two hundred people were standing. The doors were guarded. I pushed my way towards one of the entrances. Why can other people enter as they come, and we are kept standing without? They are pew-holders, and we happen to be strangers. When the hour for worship had arrived, the doors were opened, and we were taken to the pews whose owners had not come. The interior of the church is little more attractive than the exterior. Cumming is now about sixty years of age. He wears a black robe, is tall and well built; a man of fine presence, and possessing the elements of a popular preacher. He has a pleasing voice, fluent delivery, uses choice simple language, and preaches without a manuscript. His text from 2 Cor. x. 4, gave him an opportunity to belabor the Church of Rome for her using "carnal weapons." His sermon, delivered in a free and somewhat conversational way, commanded the closest attention of the large congregation. Though ministering in an unusually plain-looking church, at an obscure place, in a narrow street, Cumming never lacks hearers, even the aisles back into the doorways being frequently crowded. Among his worshipers all classes, from the Queen down to London laborers, have been represented. We must hear Spurgeon. He preaches across the Thames, in Surrey Music Hall. Fortunately it is a rainless Sunday morning; for I must stand at least half an hour, among hundreds of people before the church door. Crowds with pew tickets are admitted; we patiently bide our time. At length a cab is cautiously driven through the throng to the door. A number of liveried policemen at once step up to it. An oval-faced, somewhat stout young man, of medium

height, in a plain black dress, steps out and follows the police, who open a way for him through the crowd. How young he looks, a little stooping like a true Englishman, fond of roast beef, plump and well-fed. A few minutes later the church doors open. I happened to be near a door and was pressed through it by a crushing crowd in a most ungraceful and undevout style, and landed on the window sill of one of the galleries, from which I had a view of the greater part of the building. The aisles, stairways, doorways, up to the third gallery, were crowded, and a considerable number were hanging around the outside of the doors and windows.

What brings this multitude of people here? The transient flash of an ambitious theatrical preacher? So I had suspected. But my mind was disabused before I left the building. Spurgeon possesses rare gifts as a pulpit orator. He has a kind face; as closely shaven as that of a Catholic priest; his black hair neatly arranged, yet not betraying an undue use of the brush. In black citizen's dress—Spurgeon abhors a robe. He ascends the pulpit as though unconscious of the immense crowd watching him with a fixed gaze. Every available space in the vast building crowded even up to the pulpit stairs, and in the rear of the pulpit—what a sea of faces. He seems far off from me on his little pulpit. Can I, can the people throughout this building hear him? hear him when those standing become tired and restless? He announces a hymn; his clear voice rings every syllable through the entire building; a voice used in a natural tone, without the least perceptible exertion. A sudden hush ensues. Not a whisper is heard. Among these thousands of people, "roughs" and low-bred, refined and

well-bred, I saw not an instance of undevout demeanor; save the dashing of the crowd pell-mell into the church, when the doors were opened, bearing me before them like a bark amid the broken blocks of ice during a spring freshet. I do not wish to be held responsible for entering a place of worship so undevoutly. So much for riding on the crest of the wave.

The singing was grand. Thousands of voices joining in hymns, with whose words and music they were familiar. Spurgeon understands the power of sacred song. Without this his sermons would lose part of their effect. On a certain occasion some of the congregation failed to join in the hymn. At the end of the first verse, he remarked: "Do you think I am going to be put off with such singing? Nay, verily. Neither will the Lord accept of it. Begin this verse again, and let all help to sing." I need hardly say that his rebuke was followed with a storm of song.

His prayer reminded me of a child begging its mother to forgive a naughty act, knowing that the mother would press it in her arms and bosom, and kiss it. There is no attempt at eloquence, but a simple child-like pleading with God. But little to which all of his congregation could not say amen; a rare thing in free prayers.

His sermon was very simple, abounding in homely and telling illustrations. He is a born actor. His manner and style are perfectly natural; no studied gestures or simpering affectation; no overstrained putting on of piety; no cant; no highly-wrought figures or sentimental bombast, but the earnest direct speech of a soul that is conscious of the solemnity of having charge of

immortal beings. His sermon was perfectly transparent. There was no nibbling at disputed questions of theology, nothing equivocal, not much to excite future reflection and investigation, no points which he left his hearers to analyze or disentangle. The dish had just enough nourishment for the occasion, without giving you a supply for future use. He made me feel that he felt an interest in his hearers—in me. Several times unbidden tears rolled down his cheeks, which he seemed desirous to conceal. Occasionally a simple commonplace sentence seemed to thrill every heart and set rough and dirty day laborers around me to weeping. Here and there a droll way of putting a solemn truth started a smile on many a face. His published sermons give you a poor idea of the man. They look tame on paper. You must hear them preached by himself; through his musical ringing voice; putting yourself in sympathy with him; letting him touch you with his psychological wand; watching the glow of his heart and mind playing on his face, now in smiles through glistening tears, then in frowns.

Who are all these people? Members of Parliament and street-sweepers. The great bulk are laboring people. I saw colliers over whose dusty faces penitent tears left perceptible traces. I don't wonder that this man refuses to visit America or any other place. No man can wish for a more enjoyable place than such a field of usefulness with such a power to cultivate it.

Nations, like individuals, cannot "see themselves as others see them." England has sores which her political physicians cannot heal, diseases which all the unrivalled virtues of her Magna Charta cannot reach. She has

abolished African slavery in her territories, while she gives to her Irish peasantry only the semblance of freedom, and permits petty tyrants to lord it over her most generous and loyal subjects with unrelenting cruelty. With a national debt of a thousand millions of pounds sterling, equal to five times as many dollars, her people must submit to an enormous taxation. Still, Great Britain holds a proud position among the nations of the earth. She is great in her mineral, moral, and intellectual resources; great in her history; great in her present power, and has the prospect of a great and brilliant future.

English country scenery is very pleasing. The fields are enclosed with rank bushy hedges, along which trees are growing in a sort of careless order, imparting to the landscape a grove-like appearance. The merry month of May can make the homeliest country look happy, but England needs not its vernal ornaments; in such a country even bleak December must have its charms. Whilst in Ireland a farmer's life seems the most undesirable, here it is the very picture of independence and comfort. Nearly all the landowners of Ireland live in England. They let their immense farms to speculators, who practice unscrupulous extortion upon the peasants in sub-letting. They give them miserable apologies of dwellings, in which many an American farmer would scruple to pen his cattle. All the rents are sent to the landlords in England, thus draining the money from the country, and subjecting it to a periodical impoverishing process. But in England it is far otherwise. Here the personal appearance of farmers is a reflection of their prosperity—florid, oval, sleek-looking

gentlemen, fac-similes of the English country squires, whose faces speak good wishes to everybody, and whose bodily dimensions are an honor to the soil that supports them. Men that will leave their mark in any crowd. In Ireland farmers have a meagre, woe-be-gone appearance. In England they approach the shape of an egg, the symbol of substance. To be sure, some of them complain of hard times. One whom I met regretted the conduct of American farmers, who glut the British market with their corn. He said he had annually lost a thousand dollars for the last two years. But even this was to his credit, for it requires a farmer of some calibre to endure such a loss.

The English generally look remarkably healthy. Both sexes seem to retain the flush and vigor of health far beyond the meridian of life. Whether this be owing to good habits, good climate, good living, or all these together, I am unable clearly to ascertain. With the sterner sex I think wine and beer are entitled to some of the credit. England is in temperance where the United States were twenty years ago. The bar is the most prominent piece of furniture in all the hotels. You can seldom dine without having glasses aside of your plate, and being asked what kind of liquor you wish to drink. Almost every hotel has a room furnished with tables and pipes, where you can find a group during all hours of the day quaffing their favorite beverage in copious potions. In making friends, especially among commercial and legal gentlemen, a person is constantly confronted by the bottle. The lower classes carry the bottle with them, and in traveling on the cars they would sometimes urge me to "take a

little," with an importunity worthy of a better cause. Drinking here is not only connived at, but approved of by the mass of professing Christians. Withal, I have met but few persons perceptibly drunk, which may be owing to their peculiar manner of drinking.

The diet of the English is generally more simple than ours, and withal more nourishing. They have not such an endless diversity of dishes, and live not so much on frothy, half-baked pastries and desserts. Their climate is more uniform than ours, not subject to such sudden transitions from heat to cold, so trying and often fatal to the human system. Their sky possesses a remarkable facility to rain. Some one has aptly called it a weeping sky. Surely its lachrymal nerves must be very excitable, for it rains often when there is no perceptible cause, and without the slightest preliminary emotions, to the great discomfort of unsuspecting travelers.

Tobacco is used with greater moderation than in this country. Very few chew it. In Scotland and Ireland people snuff most immoderately. I saw a man take a pinch while sitting at the Communion table, and an eminent Scotch divine consulted his box on the pulpit during religious service. The box and pipe are used to stimulate social intercourse. Even among the better classes of Ireland they still pass around the pipe of peace. Sometimes I would meet a group conversing together, when some one would fill his white clay pipe and pass it round, each one taking a whiff in his turn, I among the rest. I found that a few whiffs taken in this manner would open the way for a frank, heartful conversation about their more private and personal joys

and sorrows. In Scotland the box performs the same social office. As Burns has it,

> "The luntin pipe and sneeshin mill
> Are handed round wi' right guid will."

The English are proverbial for their exclusiveness. The Scotch and Irish, on the contrary, are very accessible and sociable. I met with pleasing exceptions, but such are not very numerous. They are non-conductors for the interchange of social sympathies. You can ride with them in the same car for a whole day as you would with so many Egyptian mummies, whose organs of speech had been palsied by the hand of death for 2,000 years. No earthly use to try them. Their social exclusiveness is impregnable. Occasionally you will meet one around whom flows a sort of mysterious dread-inspiring atmosphere, that makes you feel uncomfortable in his presence, and breathe more easily as soon as you get out of it. In walking through the streets of Windsor, I was repeatedly reminded of the characters in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor." I met with Fallstaffs that seemed to correspond precisely with the original "Sir John"—bundles of lustful self-indulgence, bloated, blubbering beer sponges, whom their merry friends of the other sex might easily have rolled into the river. Such characters grow indigenous all over England.

Great Britain, on the whole, seems to be a happily-governed country, Ireland always excepted. The difficulty with all good governments is to keep the golden mean, governing neither too little nor too much, for one is just as bad as the other. Governing power is the ballast of the ship of State; where there is too much

there can be no healthy progress; where there is too little the ship is in danger of being dashed to pieces, to the destruction of its crew.

It has become fashionable for Americans to speak of all European powers as being solely upheld by bayonets. Whatever may be the condition of others, it is certainly not true of England. Her subjects do not need bayonets, and they would be great fools to provoke them. Why, these Englishmen discuss their rights as freemen, and denounce oppression in their parks and parlors, publicly and privately, in a truly democratic style. If Parliament encroaches upon their rights, it is soon driven to a penitent retreat by meetings and memorials, which it is wise enough to respect. The press is untrammelled. Their periodicals abound with talent and critical acumen. They dissect the actions of public men with unsparing rigor, and hold them up to public execration or favor. The rights of suffrage are of course somewhat limited. Only those possessing a certain amount of property can vote, but this is so small that comparatively few are excluded.

The most discreditable feature of the British Government, most unworthy of so great a nation, is that which imposes the support of the established Church upon Dissenters. It is little in keeping with her professed zeal for freedom of conscience at home and abroad. England has perpetrated enough religious coercions and cruelties, to furnish the whole world with practical illustrations of their enormity and folly. Though she has long since abandoned the policy of Henry VIII, she still retains a vestige of the old stigma, at which coming ages will point the finger of abhorrence and scorn.

CHAPTER VII.

OSTEND. A CITY ON STILTS. DAMMING BACK THE SEA. A SUNDAY IN AMSTERDAM. A CLEANLY VILLAGE. A HOLLAND FARM HOUSE. DUESSELDORF. ELBERFELD AND THE WUPPERTHAL. COLOGNE.

"To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies."

In a crazy craft we sailed one night from Dover to Ostend. Indeed all these steamers then plying across the British Channel were most dismal affairs. On a hard uncushioned bench I spent a dreary night. On it I lay through long hours, covered with my cloak, sea-sick, getting brief snatches of dreamy sleep. Early dawn brought us into the harbor of Ostend; brought me for the first time to set foot on the continent of Europe. It was the end of May. The fresh breath of a dewy morning and the singing of birds soon made me forget the trials of the night. The Ostenders were busy scrubbing and sweeping about their front doors. As we walked from the wharf to the hotel, long lines of women, all dressed in black, came out of the different streets, all going in the same direction. I must know whither this stream tends, and soon join these sombre-looking people. I watch their conduct. Scarcely a word of conversation do I hear. A solemn, silent business these people are after. As I had expected, they led me to a church, a large plain edifice. I stood me near

the door and watched this crowd coming to their early devotions on a week-day morning. All dipped their finger into the basin of "sacred water" at the door, and crossed themselves. Aside the door in the corner, was a pile of rush-bottomed chairs. Each bore her seat with her and devoutly sat on or knelt before it. Others still continued to come. On the altar were lofty pyramids of flowers, and smaller stalks lifted their fragrant tops above the officiating priest. It is the custom in all lands thus to dress Catholic churches with flowers during the month of May. In strange contrast were these gaudy flowers with the gravely-dressed worshipers. They were nearly all women; and all the women dressed in black cloak and hood, hood instead of bonnet. Faces, so pale and serious, bearing the marks of fasting, stuck away back in this odd-looking head-gear. Seen from the door, one could not tell them from a congregation of monks, in cowl and cassock. With soft tread they continue to crowd through the door, till aisles and seats are packed. No whisper is heard, save the faint muttering of a praying one near you.

They leave the church as they enter it; not together, but one by one, as each gets through with praying. There is no common ending of the service. After the priest is through with the Mass, many stay to pray still longer. Hence their not leaving all at one time. This was the first church I entered on the continent, about 4 o'clock of a May morning, upon the coast of the northern ocean. Besides this I saw little in Ostend to interest me. It lies very low and very flat, between the sea and the harbor, almost enclosed by water. It is surrounded by ramparts and broad ditches—a mighty fortress, around

which the armies of Europe have done ferocious work in their time.

Holland is a country of a most tiresome scenery, entirely lacking the elements of the romantic and picturesque. One square mile will give you a perfect sample of the whole country, for all has been cast in the same mould. It has neither upland nor lowland, but one continuous boggy-flat. The land is seldom fit for anything but grazing. Dutch dairy farms have a world-wide reputation, and have made their country the home of butter and cheese.

Holland still retains her ominous, ancient cognomen, which may be prophetic of her being finally left *nether*-most. Her country is a net-work of navigable canals around every farm and field, brimful of water, which perform the double service of fences and drainage. The streets of her two principal cities, Rotterdam and Amsterdam, are traversed by large trading vessels and, like the ocean, have become the highways of the world. All their principal streets are canals crossed with boats or draw-bridges. This watery country has been in a state of siege for more than twelve centuries. Now the dread enemy rolling his restless waves over her territories, sweeping away towns and villages, sometimes leaving a hundred thousand human beings on the inundated field of battle. Then by drainage and walls the water is driven back, but only to rush over the land with more terrific fury at some future time. Dort stands on an island formed by a terrific inundation in 1421, caused by the rising of the Rhine. Seventy-two villages and 100,000 human beings were destroyed by the waves. It is said the country about Dort is literally choked with

water, and constant fears are entertained lest the Rhine might rise a few inches, break the banks, and overwhelm it with a flood. Indeed the safety of Holland depends entirely upon her dams. Along the Rhine and the sea coast, massive dykes or ramparts of earth and stone, are raised to keep the water out. Sometimes storms cause the tide to rise far above the ordinary high water mark. At such times sentinels are posted at different places of danger, and multitudes hasten from the towns and country to save their firesides and houses. As you walk along these dykes at some places, you hear the roar of the sea outside, 16 and 20 feet higher than your head. Ships sail in the canals above the adjoining fields, and we sailed up the Rhine, high above the farms and dwellings that lay along its banks. In other countries, the Creator has set bounds to the sea, but here he has seen fit to leave it to the agency of man. By cutting these dykes, in a few hours a territory of thirty miles around Amsterdam can be reduced to total submersion. The Rhine, like many other rivers liable to freaks of inundation, raises its bed with gradual deposits. This requires the elevation of its artificial banks in Holland. Already it flows above the surrounding country in some places, and to raise its banks with its bed for a long series of years, would be impossible. I have not the least doubt that before many centuries, Holland must furnish the Rhine with a new channel to the sea, or be inevitably submerged by another deluge.

Let us to Amsterdam. How, it does not matter for our present purpose. The vast level country intervening, with its quaint old cities, built and preserved by the

blood of heroes and martyrs, must remain undescribed here. Only let me say that this Netherland country is really the *nether*-most country in Europe. So low, that the waters of the continent seem to stream hither; so level, that these waters refuse to leave it, save as they are drained out by artificial means. The whole country is covered with a net-work of canals, used to drain and fence the fields and transport the produce. Nine thousand wind-mills are employed in Holland to pump the water from the low places into the higher, until it can be made to run into the sea. Singular structures they are, like great furnace stacks with vast upright wheels hung to their sides, revolving by the touch of every breeze. The people go from their barns to the fields in boats, and in boats they bring their crops home. As the names of many German towns terminate in *heim*, expressive of the warm and genial home feeling of the German Land; so in the Netherlands the names of not a few towns end in *dam*, Amsterdam and Rotterdam, expressive of the need of resisting the ubiquitous encroachments of water.

In Amsterdam as in Venice, many streets are canals, forming the city into ninety-five islands. These canals are crossed by two hundred and ninety bridges. The streets are traversed by the trading vessels of the world. The city is literally water-lodged. All the houses—the largest and oldest structures in the city some hundreds of years old, are built on the sand. Many a time have the winds blown over them, and the rains descended, and yet they have not fallen. The heavens above and the earth beneath are brimful of water. Poles or logs from 50 to 75 feet in length are driven into the earth, which form the foundation of all the buildings. Some blocks

are five and six stories high. But for the poles, and these 250,000 Amsterdamers would sink into mud and mire irretrievably. These live, labor, sleep, wake, walk and worship on poles. When Erasmus visited Amsterdam he wrote to a friend that he had reached a city, whose inhabitants, "like crows, lived on tree-tops." In Holland the laws of nature are reversed. The sea is higher than the land. At high tide the lowest land is 30 feet below the water's surface. The keels of the ships plow above the chimney-tops; the croaking frog looks down from his lofty ramparts upon the chattering swallows on the house tops.

Vast walls are built along the sea-shore to dam back its wild waves. Ordinarily, the Creator sets bounds to the sea, but here He leaves it to the agency of man. To "dam up the Nile with bulrushes," is an admitted impossibility, but the Hollanders dam up the mighty Ocean for miles with reeds and straw wisps, woven into mats, and mixed with earth. During high storms watchmen are kept on the walls. When the waves start a leak, the church-bells of the neighboring villages sound the alarm—the men rush to the sea-side with spades and baskets to fill up the leak, and the women and children hasten to church to pray for God's merciful protection. Should the break become large, all the country round about for scores of miles may be covered with water before sunset, and the people buried beneath the waves of the sea.

A large class of the poorer people of Amsterdam live upon the canals. A man marries. He and his wife by hard work, can buy a boat that will carry from one to three tons. The boat costs less than a house; it

becomes their home. They keep their hogs, ducks and other animals the same as the people on land. "Their cabin displays the same neatness as the parlors of their countrymen on shore. The women employ themselves in all the domestic offices, and are assiduous in embellishing their little sitting-rooms with the labors of the needle. Many of them have little gardens of tulips, hyacinths, anemones and various other flowers. These vessels are long and narrow, suitable to the canals and sluices of the town." Here their children are born, nursed and raised. Besides attending to the cooking, mending, scrubbing and the nursing of children, the wife often helps to steer the boat, while the husband, with a rope over his shoulder, pulls it along the canal when the wind is contrary. By and by the children grow up and marry. One inherits the old boat, and the parents buy a larger one, perhaps a trading vessel, and acquire a fortune for an easy old age.

In Holland, as for centuries past, land and water still contend for the supremacy. It is by no means certain which will finally be victorious. Every storm on the ocean, and every freshet of the Rhine, is a mighty effort of nature to batter down the walls that shield the country against a deluge. Through ages of toil have the Hollanders wrung their fair meadows from the sea.

"How did they rivet with gigantic piles
Through the centre their new catched miles,
And to stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground.
Building their watery Babel far more high
To reach the sea, than those to scale the sky.

A daily deluge over them does boil;
The earth and water play at level coil.
The fish ofttimes the burgher disposess'd,
And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest.

They always ply the pump, and never think
They can be safe, but at the rate they sink;
They live as if they had been run aground,
And when they die are cast away and drown'd.

A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
In which they do not live, but go aboard."

An Amsterdam Sunday belongs but half to God. Its 25,000 Jews keep *Saturday* as their day of rest, and trade with all their might on Sunday. One street was lined with peddlars, yelling hideously to the passing crowd in praise of their wares. Some of the streets abounded with mud and garbage. Half of the shops and stores were open. Dirty boys plied their brushes briskly in polishing shoes. Amid the passing worldly throng, bent on business or pleasure, graver, well-dressed people wended their way towards their respective places of worship.

In the morning I worshipped in the Oude Kerk (old church), a very large and massive building; ancient and very plain. Indeed all the Reformed churches here are without any ornament—the extreme of plainness. This old church has a leaning tower. The vast edifice was filled with a devout congregation. The pews had very high backs. The pew-doors were locked—locked after the people were seated, so that no one could leave till the service was ended. Above the lofty narrow pulpit hung a prodigious sounding board. A sleek-looking dominie, the very picture of good health and good nature, preached the sermon on "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts iv. 12. The manner of the preacher was very pleasant, and his sermon was good, as far as I understood it, which was not much. The

Holland tongue has just enough of German, French and English in its composition to make it seem intelligible when it is not. By hard work a German can get along with a Hollander if he meets him halfways. During the sermon the preacher stopped twice in his discourse, and quietly took his seat, while the congregation sang a hymn. Before the sermon two hymns were sung. A mighty organ, over a hundred years old, led the singing. Instead of a choir a clerk raised the tune. The whole congregation sang with a will, and made the tall arches ring with a grand song of praise. All the people had hymn books, and all seemed to use them. The minister wore a robe with a ruff around his neck, during the service. A large number of the male portion of the congregation kept their hats on, save during the prayers, when they all uncovered their heads. During the services three collections were at different times taken. And their collectors are men of energy, as I can testify from experience. After the first collection I was slow to understand what the second and third application for charity meant, but he held on to me till he made me comprehend him. In all the churches collections are every Sunday held for the support of the poor. The deacons go from pew to pew, with a little bag attached to the end of a stick, "like a landing net," with a small bell to it. Into this bag every one drops a gift according to his means. It is the old-fashioned "Klingel Sack," (jingling bag) that used to be in vogue in our German churches, and still is used in some.

In this way the Almshouses and Orphan Asylums, for which this city has become famous, are supported. It has twenty-three of these charitable institutions.

When Louis XIV threatened to destroy the city, Charles II said: "I am of opinion that Providence will preserve Amsterdam, if it were only for the great charity its people have for the poor."

Its orphans are all known in the streets by their dress. Some wear black and red jackets; some wear black with a white band round the head; some are dressed in black with a red and white band around the arm, and a number on it. Woe to the man who admits or entices any of these fatherless of Amsterdam into a play or gin-house. The gentle hand of Christian laws shields them against the cruelties of temptation.

In the afternoon I attended services in the Nieuwe Kerk (new church), so-called, though built nearly five hundred years ago. It is one of the finest churches in Holland, very large and very plain. The ponderous sounding-board over the pulpit helps the preacher's voice to fill its vast dimensions. The congregation was very small, as the most afternoon congregations are on the continent.

In some countries people must sit on door sills, or thrust their heads out the window to see the fashions on the street. Passing along the streets of Holland cities, one often sees a little white hand behind a half-opened shutter, holding a small mirror, sometimes two, to improve the reflection. In the looking glass the fair lady, and those not so fair, can see the bonnets and costly dresses of their sisters passing by, without being seen by them. The wealthy Hollanders believe in enjoying the comforts of life. Around Amsterdam and other cities are numerous villas, where families spend their summer afternoons. These consist of a picturesque cottage, or

arbor, nestled among a profusion of trees, vines and flowers. There the men smoke their pipes, sip their beer or coffee, the old ladies knit, and the younger ones sing, romp and criticise the passers by. Over the gateway of these gardens one sometimes finds an inscription, a sort of a motto expressive of the tastes of the owner. Thus one has: "Wel te vreede" (Well contented). Another: "Mijn lust en leven" (My pleasure and life). "Vriendschap en geselshap" (Friendship and sociability). "Het vermaak is in't hovenieren" (There is pleasure in gardening). One even has: "De vleesch potten van Egypte" (The flesh-pots of Egypt).

The Hollanders are famous for their cleanliness, and that, as our readers know, is allied to godliness. Water and mud abound. The two wage uncompromising warfare with each other, under the leadership of diligent women. They seem to be scrubbing every day, and indeed during the greater part of the day. In the morning it is unsafe to walk the streets of a Holland town with polished boots and clean linens. When least expected, an unseen scrubber will dash a pail of water against a second-story window overhead, and favor you with a shower. The village of Broeck, a few miles from Amsterdam, excels all other towns in Holland, perhaps in the world, in this respect. Mostly composed of plain one-story cottages, one would little suspect that any of them are inhabited by families of wealth and rank. Strolling through the silent streets, I noticed wooden shoes, sometimes three or four pairs, standing before the house-doors; the shoes of visitors who left them outside so as not to soil the clean floors of their neighbors. The pavements were literally worn by

scrubbing. The wooden door-steps were as pure as the milk-pails; such immaculate pails with shining brass-hoops around them—hung on the garden-fence; the fence was washed white as winter-snow. The streets are too narrow and too clean for wagons to pass through them. Indeed, I was told that a board at the end of the village proclaimed a law requiring riders to dismount at the end of the town, and lead their horses through the streets at a slow walk, and which warns strangers not to smoke on the streets without stoppers or lids on their pipes, so as not to spill the ashes on the pavements. But for the scrubbers the streets would look quite forsaken. The front shutters, front rooms indeed, are said to be never opened, save when there is a wedding or funeral in the family. At no other time can one gain admission. Even the Emperor of Russia, on a visit, was refused this privilege.

In a restaurant I got a glimpse of the inside of a cottage. The floor was nicely sanded, streaked with all manner of figures. The milk, Dutch cheese and white bread I still remember with pleasure. Along with the pipe and tobacco laid aside of my plate, was a bowl in which carefully to place the ashes. No carpets, no table-cloth, no dust or dirt of any kind, a shrine of domestic purity; of moral purity, too, I dare say. For the sweet, happy face of the landlady, set in her little white cap, told me that this must be the abode of soul cleanliness. "What is holiness?" a little Sunday School scholar was once asked by a teacher. "To have the inside clean," was her answer. There is a certain connection between the scrubbing and the religion of the Hollanders.

On my return from Broeck I had the privilege of seeing a Dutch dairy. By the purchase of a few glasses of milk, at a large farm house, I procured admittance. It is rather out of taste to take the reader through a stable, but I can not get him into the house without it, for the front doors are always locked, and the back doors lead through this apartment. The building was a large square brick edifice, with a tiled semi-octagonal roof. The cow stable extended around three sides, and the fourth was occupied as the dwelling. The cows were placed around the outside wall in spacious stalls painted red and green. Where these stood, under their feet, were boards as clean as the pails in which they were milked, and under their bodies, sloping pavements covered with white sand, painted in mosaic. Pulleys were fixed to the ceiling, over which cords were drawn, with a weight at one end, and the other fastened to their tails to prevent them from being polluted by dipping into the gutter behind. This gutter is depressed below the pavement so as to keep their beds perfectly dry and clean. Adjoining this was a broad pavement with a matted carpet covering its middle passage, and this ended in a long room, in which was a bed, chairs and dairy furniture. I could scarcely believe that these apartments had ever been occupied by cattle. I must say that they really looked cleaner than their attendants.

The Dutch language sounds like a carricature of the German. Many of its words begin in the German, end in the English, and are joined by the little link of a Frenchified pronunciation. And how distressingly uneuphoneous! Now, with pectoral emphasis, heaving out gutterals, then pattering off from the lip a shower

of half uttered labials with undistinguishable velocity. It often has groups of consecutive consonants through which the unskilled tongue of a novice is inexpressibly tortured. A German by hard work, may get along with a Dutchman, if he can meet him half way, but he will be hard put to. He will just understand enough to discern the mournful vestiges of his dismembered tongue beneath the bog of adulteration to which this unnatural amalgamation has subjected it.

It is said that there are 25,000 Jews in Amsterdam. They are confined to a particular part of the city where their mammon-morality has free scope. On Sabbath their streets are made hideous by the howlings of venders. The general morality of Amsterdam is very creditable for a European atmosphere. There are few cities in the world that take better care of their poor.

Coming up the Rhine from Arnheim on a small steamer, I sought comfort and rest on a wooden bench in the bleak half-lighted saloon. At midnight I was startled by the shout of "Duesseldorf," and hurried ashore with scarcely time enough to get rightly awake. Left on the wharf alone, a total stranger, I groped my way into the town through the dark streets, vainly trying to read the names of streets and hotels. How lonely and forsaken one feels at such a place and time. After sitting awhile on a door-step, waiting for the coming of the morning, I heard the heavy tramp of a policemen in the distance, and at once hailed him. With his help I found a hotel and a comfortable bed. My brief sojourn here left me no time to do justice to the celebrated Art Gallery of this city.

About twenty-five miles west from this is Elberfeld,

in the Wupperthal. After traveling for a week over the monotonous flat country of Belgium and Holland, it is a source of relief to turn the weary eye upon the romantic scenery of this beautiful valley of Wupperthal. Here nature has scooped a valley out of the mountain, perhaps ten miles in diameter, with a high knoll in the centre, surmounted with a tower, which commands a view of the whole. On this tower I spent an evening. Nature was just preparing for repose, by folding around it the pensive drapery of twilight. The busy valley was spread out below like a world in miniature. At the two extremes the mountain left a narrow pass for the Wupper to enter and escape, which winds like a silver thread through its fertile meadows, turning many a busy mill, as it ripples cheerily along. On both sides the mountains form an amphitheatre, rescued from barrenness by German industry and thrift. Their neat dwellings have a home-like appearance, and their waving grain and grass fields promise a rich reward for their labor. At my feet lay scattered the busy town of Elberfeld. Joined to the town of Barman, in the same valley, it forms a continuous street five miles in length. The whole presents a vivid picture not of affluence and luxury, but of a frugal, competent prosperity. Immediately around the town were spread out terraces of flower beds, arrayed in their loveliest colors. Here from this eminence I watched the weary farmer slowly plodding his homeward way; and the tired laborer, his days work over, with a contented mien, approaching his humble cottage, where his little ones ran to his embrace and implored a kiss. I watched, too, the coy maiden and bashful lover strolling along these shady hill-side

bowers in the calm and cool of evening, jovially weaving a cord of love. The chimneys sent up curling images of smoke, while the vesper bells chimed their evening praise.

"As this summer's day was closing
On that lofty tower I stood,
And the world put on the darkness
Like the weeds of widowhood.

At my feet the town was lying,
From its chimneys here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke ascending
Vanished ghost-like in the air."

The towns in the Wupperthal are celebrated for their cotton and silk manufactories. And their inhabitants are distinguished for their piety and thrift. The German Reformed Church has long been in a flourishing condition here. The celebrated Krummacher was pastor in Elberfeld when he was called to the Professorship in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa. The Church in the United States has received valuable accessions from this district. Nature and grace have made it a valley to which the memory of the visitor will ever cling with lingering fondness. Europe has much to interest a serious student of history. Every town is associated with some historical event. Yesterday I passed by near the spot where tradition says the cross appeared to Constantine, with the inscription 'with this sign conquer,' also by the place where Cæsar crossed the Rhine over a bridge of his own construction, against Secambre, nearly twenty centuries ago.

The Rhine is the most interesting river in the world. "As it flows down from the distant ridges of the Alps through fertile regions into the sea, so it comes down

from remote antiquity, associated in every age with momentous events in the history of neighboring nations." Along its banks repose the bones of Emperors, and on its crags are the crumbling remains of their castles. Each of its mountain peaks has an unwritten history, dating back to remote elemental wars in nature. Its ruins have descended from the days of Rivalry and Chivalry; its fortresses show the power and weakness of Love and Hate. The ruins and picturesque scenery of the Rhine are principally between Bonn and Mayence. I passed along here in the month of June, when the mountains were covered with spring verdure and busy vine-dressers. To appreciate the scenery it must be seen. It would be interesting to know how the Rhine could ever work a channel through such barriers. Sometimes the mountains recede from the river and form a large fertile basin, then they close up again and form a long vista at the end of which they seem to meet, but when you get there you find that the river worms and winds its course in a zigzag style around towering precipices. In some places the mountains form a succession of defiles into large valleys that recede into the country, and finally terminate on the top of another mountain. And then almost every crag is crowned with a ruin, whose mossy, mouldering walls form a striking contrast to the sprightly verdure of the surrounding landscape, while far below, just where the feudal lords lived and fought on its banks,

> "The river nobly foams and flows,
> The charm of this enchanted ground,
> And all its thousand turns disclose
> Some fresher beauty varying round."

The hills on the east bank of the Rhine are mostly covered with vineyards. These are builtby of a succession of walls forming terraces. The hills in many places are so steep that the breadth of the terraces is little more than the height of the walls. Many of them are bare rocks covered with soil which the vintagers carried there on their shoulders, and every particle of manure must be borne up in this way. Passing along here you can see men and women clambering up fearful precipices with heavy burdens on their backs, sometimes hanging seemingly from projecting rocks one thousand feet above you. A single shower will often sweep their precarious possessions into the Rhine, which years of patient toil had acquired. These pendent terraces are their little all—when these are gone they are poor indeed.

A few miles above Bonn the hills of the Rhine commence, with a group called the Siebengebirge. The most interesting of these is the Drachenfels, which I awkwardly ascended on the back of a donkey—the first donkey ride in my tourist experience. The Cave of the Dragon is still shown, by which the horned hero of the Niebelungen Lied is said to have been slain. The ruins on the summit were once the abode of a warlike race now extinct. It commands a view down the Rhine beyond Cologne, twenty miles distant. Higher up is Hammerstein Castle, the refuge of Henry IV of Germany, and further on the Castle of Marksburg, where he was imprisoned. A singular fatality attended this unfortunate monarch, which throws a veil of uncertainty over his subsequent history and his death. I saw a large iron coffin in the Cathedral of Chester, in England, which tradition says contains his remains, and

where it is said he died as a hermit. Ehrenbreistein is no longer a ruin. It has been repaired by Prussia and made the strongest fortification on the Rhine. Opposite this is Coblentz, where the grandsons of Charlemagne met in 743 to divide the Roman empire. Above Coblentz two castles crown the brow of a hill, called the twin castles of Sternberg and Liebenstein. The legend says their owners were two brothers who happened to fall in love with the same fair maiden, and settled their rivalry with the sword, which terminated in their death. Every ruin has its legend, a species of literature in which the middle ages were prolific. The castles still show the energies of their builders, and the insecurity of property and life in their massive, mouldering walls. Every village must have its wall of protection, and a fortress on a neighboring hill from which to repel invading foes. All these are monuments of the turbulence, perfidy and social chaos of feudal times, in which, too, we gratefully discern the germs of principles to which Freedom and Civilization are immeasurably indebted.

The Germans regard the Rhine with a sort of religious reverence. It is to them almost what the Nile is to the Egyptians. It was the boundary of the old Roman Empire, and is now the burden of a hundred songs, which have floated down on the stream of an eventful Past, gradually incorporating in themselves the sympathies and hopes of a great people. These form their stirring Volkslieder, which, like the Marseillaise Hymn with the French, inspires them with an intrepidity and patriotism which fear neither foe nor defeat. At Caub, a village between Coblentz and

Bingen, the place is still pointed out where Blucher's army crossed the Rhine, in the beginning of January, 1814, on their return from the battle-field where they had delivered the Netherlands from the dominion of its foes. As they reached the top of the hill, the Rhine suddenly burst upon their view, when they fell on their knees and shouted with a torrent of grateful enthusiasm, in the stirring poetry of Claudius—

"Am Rhine! am Rhine! da wachsen unsere Reben"

As one regiment after another reached this lofty summit, they knelt alike and shouted still "Am Rhine!" and so from morn till night, the rocks and ruins on its banks were vocal with exulting joy, and reverberated with the rolling shouts "Am Rhine! am Rhine!"

Near Bingen is an old tower called the Mouse Thurm. When I was a boy this legend was a great favorite among the little members of our household. And many a time did our father gather around him an evening group to tell the story and moral of the Mouse Thurm at Bingen. It runs as follows: During the middle ages, when it was still customary for bishops to provide for the temporal wants of their flock, it happened that the grain through this country was destroyed by rain. Bishop Hatto had his granaries well filled, and was appealed to by the multitude for bread. He invited them into his barn to get provisions, but when they were in he barred the doors, and burnt it to the ground in order to get rid of their entreaties. Soon a horde of rats consumed his remaining grain, and then assailed his person. He fled to his tower in the Rhine, and barred the doors and windows. But when his head

pressed his pillow, a scream came from beneath it, and lo! rats were above, beneath and around him.

"Down on his knees the bishop fell
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

"And in at the windows and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour;
And down through the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones,
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him."

Cologne is one of the principal historical cities of Europe, which has successively been the theatre of important historical events. Its chief ornament at present is the Cathedral, (Domkirche) begun in 1248 and still in process of completion. Its original architect is supposed to have been Albertus Magnus, a monk in the convent of Cologne. The progress of its construction was arrested shortly before the Reformation, and during the devastations of the Thirty Year's War, the original plan was lost, which made the consummation of the enterprise impossible. In the beginning of the present century the proprietor of the Hotel "Zur Traube" in Darmstadt, discovered among the rubbish in his garret a lot of sketches and drawings which, though worthless as he thought, he handed to an architect, who immediately discovered in them the original design of the Domkirche. At that time the work was resumed and gradually carried forward ever since. What an exhibition of genius to create such a conception! It looks like a mammoth

plant, suddenly petrified during the progress of growth. It is a vast inorganic organism, with an endless diversity of parts, all joined in a common unity. The mind is bewildered in contemplating the labyrinth of its proportions. The longer you study it, the darker and more puzzling the riddle which it proclaims. You see that it bodies forth ideas, grand, noble and heaven-aspiring, that here a great soul struggled to give expression to great truths, but to disentangle the web, to interpret the dream, requires one who himself could weave the web, or dream the dream. The king of Prussia is an energetic patron of the Dombau enterprise, to which he appropriates a liberal annual donation. An association has also been established, extending over the whole of Europe, called the Dombau Verein, to carry the work towards completion, the expenses of which are still estimated at upwards of $3,500,000.

The completion of the Cathedral of Cologne will be of great importance to Christian Europe. It originated during the earlier period of Germanic Unity, indeed was a partial result of it, and would therefore revive tendencies to greater unity at least in Germanic Europe, and perpetuate old sympathies and recollections. Its commencement dates from the culminating period of the Crusades, from whose characteristic enthusiasm it received its first impulses. Its completion would be calculated to revive the heroic self-denial for God and Religion, which distinguished those memorable times. It was at a period when Midiaeval Poetry and the fine Arts had reached their meridian. It is indeed the efflorescence of Midiaeval Art, of whose creative strength it would be a fitting monument when finished, which

might kindle and stimulate a taste for the Beautiful through coming ages. Cologne is further celebrated for its rare treasures and relics. Back of the high altar in the Cathedral is a small chapel containing the shrine of the Magi, called the three Kings of Cologne, who came from the East with presents for the infant Saviour. Their bones were brought from Milan by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and presented to the Archbishop of Cologne, who had accompanied him in the capture of that city. Their skulls are exhibited, inscribed with their names, Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazer, and along with these many jewels and treasures said to be worth $1,200,000. The correctness of this story is supported by such an appalling pile of testimony, written and traditional, wherein assertion predominates so vastly over proof, that I must be content to remain in partial ignorance on this point.

The famous Crucifixion of Peter by Rubens, in a church dedicated to that Saint, has been much praised. The Martyr is represented as being crucified with his head downward, according to an old tradition, which to my mind is supported by questionable authority. The church of St. Ursula and of the 11,000 virgins, is a vast store-house of relics. St. Ursula is said to have been a pious Princess of Britain, who lived in the third century. Through her self-denying zeal 11,000 virgins were converted to Christianity, whom she accompanied to Rome to receive the Sacrament of Baptism. On their return they were murdered by the barbarian Huns at Cologne, because they refused to break their vows of chastity. Their remains were miraculously discovered in the fifth century by the Archbishop of Cologne, and

a church built on the spot where they were found. Their bones are deposited under the pavement, and piled in large cases along the wall. In a separate apartment are the remains of Ursula, particles of our Saviour's crown of thorns, and a jug from the Marriage in Cana. To the minds of Catholics these ghastly piles must possess great value and power. My attendant seemed convinced of their identity, and waded through their explanation with an air of certainty that might convince even a skeptic in relics.

Bonn, a town pleasantly situated on the banks of the Rhine, a short distance above Cologne, has become a famous seat of learning through its University. This was founded by the King of Prussia in 1818. Prince Albert was a student here. Niebuhr and A. W. Schlegel were among its distinguished Professors. I passed the fencing hall, where a number of the bloods were furiously practicing the art of wielding the sword, a branch of instruction which our American Colleges fortunately do not teach.

CHAPTER VIII.

BINGEN. FREILAUBERSHEIM. VILLAGE LIFE IN GERMANY.

"I saw the Blue Rhine sweep along—
I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing,
In chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river,
And up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded
Through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me,
As we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore,
And well remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly
And confidingly in mine—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,
Loved Bingen on the Rhine."

On a certain spring morning of 1802, a small group stood on the wharf at Bingen on the Rhine. An elderly widow lady with her eldest son, and a few companions, accompanied a young man to the river. He was her youngest, a tender youth, just leaving for America. At that time America seemed much farther away than now, and but few people came hither. A flat boat was in waiting to take the youth and a few traveling comrades down the river to Amsterdam. They had bought it for this trip. Their chests were already on board. The widow and her sons lived in an inland village, ten or twelve miles from Bingen. Full many a time had their

youthful voices joined in merry songs and mirthful glee, as they loitered along the winding foot-paths of the vine-clad hills of the Rhine around Bingen. Now the moist eyes of the youth rest upon the charming scene for the last time. His brother and comrades fall upon his neck and kiss him. And the mother presses him to her warm heart, and covers his blushing face with kisses and tears. As the boat floated away the young men uncovered their heads, and with the mother, gave him the usual parting greeting of pious Germans: "Adieu, lieber Hannes, auf Wiedersehen" (Adieu, dear John, in hope of meeting again). Down the river floated the boat past the Binger-Loch (a whirl-pool) and the Mausthurm (the ruins of an old tower), and when almost out of sight, the parting friends waved the right hand in final greeting, and with the left wiped away the tears still falling fast. Those on shore sadly returned to their village-home, and he on the boat, floated gently along the romantic banks of the Rhine, towards the new world in the far distant West, floated away too, from French tyranny, which had marked him as a soldier to fight against his German fatherland. The bullets of the French pickets on the banks of the river whizzed around his head as he floated down the grand old stream. His French rulers wished to force him to fight against his German brethren. "Give me exile or death, but fight them, I never will," he said. Between him and his mother and brother, it is the last parting.

"They meet no more on Bingen,
Loved Bingen on the Rhine."

Again, it is a pleasing spring morning, a half a century later; the birds carol their merry songs in the

gardens, around a peaceful American home in the country. The youth of Bingen has reached the evening of life. His children and children's children are all around him; the whole family, save the mother and a son, both lately gone to their heavenly home. And now, though these are absent, he gathers his offspring around him on the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage. His pastor prays and commends them all to the keeping of Israel's God. Full many a pleasing dream has he had about the joys of his youth in the fatherland. And many a sweet story of those early days has he told his children for the hundredth time. On the following morning his youngest is to leave home on a long pilgrimage. Like the patriarch of old, when sending his son to his kindred in Mesopotamia, the venerable father charges his youngest born to visit

> "The vine-clad hills of Bingen,
> Fair Bingen on the Rhine."

"My son, heed the words of thine aged father. I charge thee visit the scenes of my childhood. Search for my kindred and youthful comrades; greet them for me as we greeted when last we parted; go with them to the village church wherein I was baptized and confirmed; renew the sad adieu at Bingen, fifty years ago, and greet them for me with a Wiedersehen,

> "Auf Wiedersehen im ewigen Vaterland."
> (We'll meet in the everlasting Fatherland).

I had spent a day very pleasantly at the charming city of Coblenz. As my custom was, I stopped at one of the smaller inns, where the guests are admitted into the home circle of the innkeeper's family. At the few

meals taken with them, we chatted familiarly about matters in Europe and America. For these people, as a rule, are far more intelligent than their class in our country. Among other things, I told them of my expected visit to Freilaubersheim, in which they at once felt a romantic interest. And as I bade them adieu, they wished me a joyful visit to my unknown relatives.

Early on a pleasant Saturday morning I left Coblenz with the steamer for Bingen. The dawn of that day had long been eagerly looked for. Soon after 3 a. m., the sun already gilded the top of Ehrenbreitstein, on the opposite side of the Rhine. The pleasant groves were vocal with the early songs of the birds. Some of these were as familiar to my ears as Old Hundred. The grandest part of the Rhine is between Coblenz and Bingen. My heart leaped for joy as the boat gracefully wound its way along the tortuous river.

The bell of the steamer rings the signal as we approach the landing place at Bingen. I press through the trunks, chests and people at the wharf, towards a two-horse hack, on whose side hangs a placard, telling us "10 Silber Groschen nach Kreutznach." As my custom is, I ask for a seat aside of the postillion, where I can have a better view of the country, besides the benefit of his conversation. And many a curious question do I ask the patient driver, and to each receive a civil, if not always a satisfactory answer. "What is the name of this tree, and of that Dorf, whither leads this road, and whither that?"

At Kreutznach I took a lunch at a small hotel, amid a group of boisterous farmers, half tipsy with beer. Then five miles from here to Freilaubersheim, I

leisurely traveled afoot, carrying the light traveling-bag at the end of a cane, flung over the shoulder. The road, winding around a succession of little hills, is even and solid as a pavement. For a mile before you reach the village, it is lined with large nut trees, their long limbs forming a leafy canopy over the road. The old church stands aside of the street, at the end of the village. Here my father was baptized and confirmed. Aside of it, in the quiet God's Acre, sleep my ancestors for generations past. Leaning against and looking over the stone wall enclosing it I mused for a while over the lessons and thoughts which the gray moss-covered monuments suggested.

But what next? Where or of whom inquire for the needed information? Walking through one of the narrow streets, I found the village inn, the only one here. Seated on a wooden bench and sipping a mug of milk, I leisurely asked the landlady a few questions.

"Was there an old burgher living here of the name of A. B.?"

"Yes, a short distance from here."

Meanwhile she discovered my name on the traveling-bag, and woman-like, plied me with a number of annoying questions; for I did not wish her to spoil the projected surprise. At length she turned to her child, saying:

"Marieche, show the gentleman the way," which the little girl promptly did.

In the yard of a plain village home I met a young man, the only son of my uncle, Yost B. So often had the family been imposed upon by pretended vagrant Americans, that the bare sight of such a roving charac-

ter excited their suspicion. Surely here comes another deceiver, thought the suspecting cousin, as he saw me.

"Lives Andrew B. here?" asked I, after the usual greeting.

"Yes."

"Could I see him?"

"Where are you from?"

"From America."

"What do you want with him?"

"I should like to speak with him?"

Why should he allow his dear father to be annoyed again by a vagrant? so he replied:

"I can give you the desired information. What do you wish to know?"

With that his mother, my aunt, having heard from her little grand-children what was going on without, called to him from the neighboring kitchen: "Yost, if he comes from America, have nothing to do with him."

Fortunately, just then an aged man came down a few steps from a room near by. So closely did he resemble my father, that I could scarcely refrain from weeping. Genesis 43: 30.

"Here is an American," said his son, "who wishes to speak with you."

Taking a seat aside of me on a bench, he seemed ready, as old people usually are, to while away the time in talking with a stranger.

"What part of America are you from?" he inquired.

"From Pennsylvania."

"Ah, Pennsylvania. I had a brother living in that State; but he is no longer living; I have not heard from him for twenty years."

Thereupon I asked him many questions; how long since his brother (my father) had gone there? Had he a family? How many children? Had he done well in the new world? All of which questions he answered correctly, never dreaming that I knew him personally. My clothes were well-worn and somewhat shabby, having climbed mountains, and traveled much afoot, through mud and rain.

"Do you know this man?" I asked, handing him a photograph picture of father.

"Alas, my eye-sight is too dim to see it clearly. Yost, do you look at it."

Yost looked at the picture, then at his father. What could this mean? How could a stranger have a picture of his father, which to their certain knowledge had never been taken?

"I don't know who it is," he muttered, as he blushingly handed me back the picture.

Then I handed uncle a letter from father, in which he introduced and commended his son to him.

Again he handed it to his son, saying, "My eye-sight is too poor. Yost, will you please read it."

The son glanced at the date. Then his eyes fell on the opening words: "Dear Brother Andrew," and quickly as thought, he turned to the signature, then with passionate grief grasped my hand, the tears streaming down his face, saying, "Why have you allowed me to treat you so cruelly?" "Stop, stop, my dear cousin," I cried. "Do not grieve; I was cruel, not you." "What is the matter, Yost," eagerly inquired uncle?

"Why, this is a letter from your brother, uncle John B. He is still living, and this is his son."

The dear old man wept like a child, as he grasped my hand. Then came aunt, a neat little bustling old lady, with a small snow-white cap; and a daughter and several grand-children. "Come in, come in, in the name of the Lord, we bid you thrice welcome," the old people exclaimed, for thus far we had been kept in the yard. To make assurance doubly sure, I laid a number of valuable presents from father on the table, as tokens of affectionate remembrance.

But two of the group of friends on the Bingen wharf fifty years ago, are living; the elder brother and one of his comrades. How the dear old men press my hand, and bless me, the son of the comrade of their childhood, and give me a touching description of their walk to Bingen in the spring of 1802.

At six o'clock that Saturday evening, the bell of the village church rang. Soon after laborers, men, women and children, came from the fields, bringing their hoes and spades with them. "What means the ringing of the Saturday evening bell?" I asked.

"That is to tell the people to stop their week-day work, and prepare for Sunday. You see they all stop their toiling tasks, and come home, as soon as the bell rings." This answer of my uncle greatly pleased me. This evening, indeed, all the evenings that I spent here, the streets were quiet; free from the noise and beer-scandals so prevalent in many German towns. It has but one drinking-place, a small village inn, where the few topers and loafers can find entertainment.

"To-day we must go to church," remarked my venerable uncle on Sunday morning. Here there are but two denominations, Protestants and Catholics. The

Protestants are composed of the Lutheran and Reformed members, united in one and the same Church. Freilaubersheim has but one church-edifice for both. It is a very old stone building, with a quaint tower, and a sweet-toned bell, and an ancient organ played by the village schoolmaster. At one end of the church is the chancel and altar of the Catholic congregation. At another is the pulpit and small altar of the Protestants. While the latter are engaged in worship, the Catholic altar is covered with a black cloth. One congregation holds its service at 9 a. m. The other at 11 a. m. Each has but one service a day. Both get along peaceably in the same building, each attending to its own business, and leaving others to attend to theirs.

An hour before church time the village bell rang, and with it began the ringing of at least a dozen church bells, from one to eight miles off. Sitting with uncle on a wooden bench aside of the front door, I asked: "Have you other churches near the town? Whence the music of so many bells?"

"Yes, we have a dozen villages around us, each having its church. All begin church at the same time, and when the bell of one rings, all ring."

"But why so many towns so near together, Uncle?"

"The farmers here all live together in small towns, and not on their farms. Thus they are all near the school and church. Their small farms, of from one to twenty acres, lie around the town."

Sweet was the music of those bells in the valley of the Nahe, on that Sunday morning. The soft solemn sounds of those farthest off, blended with the peals of those less remote, forming a "harmony of sweet sounds."

Uncle and aunt were both advanced in years, and dressed after the fashion of old people in the rural districts of Germany. A little white cap, sack and petticoat, tidily arranged, constituted mainly her dress. Uncle wore woolen clothes and cap; a coat not fully up to the cut then in vogue in German cities. But like all sensible old people, they both preferred the fashions of their younger years, and to these they adhered.

I walked with them to the house of God. Uncle carried a hymn book; aunt had hers carefully folded in her snow-white handkerchief. When we reached the pew, uncle stood a few moments holding his cap before his face, and aunt folded her hands around her hymn book, bowed her head, and both prayed. And I stood devoutly aside of them and prayed too. And I knew that my father used to enter his pew the same way in this church, when he was a young man. But few people came to church that day, who did not make the same solemn beginning.

The church had a paved floor, and a high round pulpit, with room for only one to stand in it. At the foot of the pulpit stairs was a small box-like apartment, for the minister to occupy until the services began. A small black-board hung to the wall, had the numbers of the hymns written on it. As soon as we had prayed silently in the pew, we turned to the first hymn, as did all the rest. The pastor announced no hymn, but left the black-board tell what was to be sung.

After the singing of the first hymn, a tall man, scarcely thirty years of age, in a black flowing robe, stepped out of the box to the altar, and read the Gospel for the day, prayed and then retired, while another

hymn was sung. His text was Ephesians, 4: 28. The sermon gave a clear, edifying exposition of the text, in style far above what an American country congregation of this sort could appreciate. But the rural population of Germany is well educated in matters of religion. Their week-day schools are thorough in their instructions. The children all learn their catechisms therein, and receive instruction from the pastor twice a week all the year round. These plain-habited village people have more knowledge in theology than people of their standing in America usually possess. Everybody here had a hymn book, and everybody sung. Very pleasant was it to see every lady, old and young, having her hymn book carefully folded in her white handkerchief. The organist being also the schoolmaster, had taught all the young people the church-tunes. There is no experimenting with new tunes in worship. The old chorals, which their fathers sung, are still used. Now that we are outside the church, we can better see the people. All earnest-looking, working-people, unspoiled by the fashions and follies of city life. The men, young and old, dress in plain style. Not a few wear home-made garments. Almost every family owns a few sheep, and raises a patch of flax every year, and spins its own wool and flax in winter time, and has its clothes woven by the village weaver. The young ladies who spend much of their summer time at work in the fields, may well have rosy cheeks and voices, sweet as the nightingales that sing on the trees around the village. I saw no foolish aping of city manners, nor vain flourish of feathers and fancy styles. These rustics are content to be themselves, and nobody else, and for this they deserve praise.

"Quite a large congregation, you have here," I remarked to uncle, as we walked home. "Yes; from a child I have worshiped in this church, but never saw it so full as to-day. It was rumored that the American stranger would preach."

"But why come for that reason?"

"Well, it is very rarely that an American visits our village, especially an American minister, and least of all, the clerical son of a former burgher of our Dorf."

"Then, your Freilaubersheim people do not all attend church?"

"Alas, no. Many of our people never go near the church, save at funerals. The revolution of 1848 has made us much trouble. Then some of our people learned not only to hate kings, but also the church and her ministers. They charged the latter with aiding tyranny, and serving as the police of kings. For awhile very few came near the church. Then an unbelieving pastor was sent to us. He brought some of them back, but only to poison their minds still further with false doctrine. Now we have an earnest, good minister, but many of our people still refuse to attend his services."

The village people seemed to take kindly to me. Old and young men lifted their caps as I and uncle walked homeward, and old grandmothers paused with their little urchins at the garden gate to let them see the "Amerikaner" as he passed by. The older people dressed precisely as did their parents fifty years ago. The same hymns and the same chorals or tunes were sung at church as then.

Soon an agreeable circle of new friends clustered around me, among others some of the village officials.

One, an intelligent young man, the "Herr Einnehmer" (Treasurer), as he was called when first introduced; the other the Fœrster (Forester), who had charge of the village forest. For here, where the wood is very scarce, every village has its tract of woodland, where the people get their fuel. This is given in charge of a keeper, who keeps thieves from stealing wood or game, and superintends the planting of trees and the felling of them. The Fœrster of Freilaubersheim was an agreeable, elderly gentleman, with a gray beard and graceful manners. Perhaps feeling the dignity of his office a little, which gave him a sort of military bearing.

In the afternoon the Fœrster and the Einnehmer proposed a walk to the Ebernburger Schloss. This is a celebrated castle several miles from here, on the banks of the river Nahe. Would I not accompany them? Indeed, I was eager to make a pilgrimage to a castle which once belonged to Franz von Sickingen, the Knight of the Reformation; the last of the Knights-errant. There he at different times gave shelter to Melanchthon, Bucer and Oecolampadius. Ulrich von Huetten wrote several of his works within these venerable walls. I should like to visit Ebernburg Schloss; and as it performed a memorable part in the religious struggles of the Reformation, one might take a walk thither on a day sacred to religion.

Leisurely a group of half dozen followed the Fœrster through his wooded domain. Then over fragments of farms, parcelled and patched together like a quilt, their owners all living in some neighboring village. Only one country farm-house we passed; a Bauern Hof, as it is called, where a wealthy landowner lived on his farm;

a stone wall enclosed all the buildings belonging to it.

After crossing the small river Nahe, we ascended the winding road to a hill-top overhanging it, crowned with the castle. Its old walls look as if they might have defied the assaults of any army in Reformation times. We followed the Fœrster through a damp, half-lighted antechamber. Opening the hall door, the Fœrster bade me enter, which I was reluctant to do; for it was a regular Beer-kneipe. A noisy drinking crowd sat along long tables, with pipes and mugs of beer. The hall was dark with tobacco smoke, concealing the pleasant sunlight outside. "Guten Tag, Herr Fœrster," came from a dozen voices as my friend entered, not a few rising boisterously to offer him a seat and a mug of beer. I cannot remember a single name of the Fœrster's jovial friends; albeit, he introduced me to a number as "Herr Pfarrer —— aus Amerika." Seated at one of the tables I had, not exactly, a clear view of the scene where there was so much smoke. The Fœrster strolled through the hall, here and there lifting his cap in response to the salutations of heated friends. Waiting girls hastened to and fro with their mugs, while shouts of loud laughter and animated conversation, filled the hall with noise.

Longfellow's Hyperion tells of a certain prisoner in Whitehall, who thought himself in hell; for here, "some were sleeping, others swearing, others smoking tobacco; and in the chimney of a room there were two bushels of broken tobacco pipes, and almost a half a load of ashes."

It was not so bad here, yet bad enough. What would Melanchthon, Bucer and Oecolampadius, and even the heroic Sickingen say, could they revisit this

hall, once sacred to religion? So asked I, whilst quietly looking on this turbulent scene. The Fœrster knew that I should feel ill at ease in such an atmosphere, and made but a brief stay. Who are these convivial fellows? Persons from Kreutznach and from the neighboring villages, who, for the sake of a Sunday afternoon's walk or ride, resort hither to mingle in social intercourse. The short visit to this drinking hall spoiled my impressions of Sickingen's Schloss. It was a charming afternoon, and the road winding along the banks of the Nahe toward Kreutznach, was lined with people walking and in cabs.

We returned to the village after a few hours' absence, where I spent the evening in the quiet home of my uncle. Indeed, a pleasing Sabbath stillness rested on the entire village. In the afternoon and evening no religious services of any kind were held. Groups of people, old and young, leisurely strolled through the village forest and among the green fields, the children merrily prattling and plucking wayside flowers, and the older people engaging in innocent conversation.

Pastor Karl Linz is a gentleman of a thorough university education, and of fine literary taste. He is the only Protestant pastor of Freilaubersheim; has been such for a series of years. All the Protestant children of the village are compelled to attend the instructions of the schoolmaster of the congregation. He gives them daily religious instruction in the Catechism. And pastor Linz visits the school and examines the children in the Catechism two or three times a week. Every Sunday he preaches once in the village church, and every other Sunday afternoon in the small church of a neigh-

boring hamlet. He knows all his people, old and young, by name, and they know him. His salary is 600 or 800 gulden. Although a gulden is only forty cents in our money, it will go as far in Germany as a dollar will with us. Beside this, he has the use of a commodious parsonage and some fifteen acres of fertile land. He receives his whole support from the Government; all the church members, instead of supporting the pastor directly, pay their taxes to the State, which in turn pays their spiritual guide. Thus his support is always secure, whether the people like him or not. In some German villages not one in ten of the people attend church, and yet the pastor regularly receives his salary.

Very pleasant are my recollections of pastor Linz and his amiable wife and sweet children. Three children they had, little angels, which seemed not yet to have learned evil. They lived in frugal elegance. Not a carpet in the whole house; albeit, some of the floors were painted or strewn with white sand. Their hospitable board, void of needless display, contained the few but nutrient dishes, which the discreet German housewife so well knows how to prepare. Pastor Linz was well booked in the religious and political literature of his nation, in discussing which we spent many an agreeable hour. Now and then the meek lady of the house, who diligently plied her knitting needles, would gently put in a question. Thus we three, and the three innocents, who with subdued voice and soft tread, engaged in their gleeful play, formed many an evening group, which I still with joy remember.

"Herr Pfarrer," said Mrs. Linz, one morning, "will

you honor us with your company this afternoon, on a little Ausflug?" (Excursion). "Whither, Frau Pfarrerin?" (In Germany a pastor's wife is addressed by her husband's title, with a feminine termination). "It is the birthday of our Churfuerst (the Grand Duke of Hessen Darmstadt), which we usually celebrate in a neighboring grove."

On a wooded hill, a mile or two from the village, we met a select assemblage of about a hundred people. They had come from a few of the nearest villages, bringing their pastors with them. A band and a choir discoursed sweet music. Groups of people sat under the shade trees chatting with innocent glee. Young men and maidens strolled arm-in-arm through the grove. Around several beer kegs less refined groups stood with mug in hand, quaffing their favorite beverage. Three pastors, with their families, and a village physician, with two intelligent daughters, formed a select group, of which I was invited to form a part. On the grassy earth we sat, all unbending merrily in the most familiar way. Now and then one of the pastors would move through the crowd, to greet his members and neighbors. Men and boys, without exception, took off their caps as he approached, and he, in turn, his hat. He is saluted as the Herr Pfarrer (Mr. Pastor), and not by his proper name. Towards evening the conversation became more animated, at length boisterous, the result of the beer. Our group seemed annoyed by the scene. The clergy proposed to retire homeward. And thus ended the birthday festival of the Churfuerst of Hessen Darmstadt.

"To-morrow we shall have a Pastoral Conference at Bosenheim, I invite you 'hœflichts' to be present," said

pastor Linz. A few miles' walk over a charming road brought us thither. Five ministers met at the house of the village pastor for literary and social intercourse. One read an essay on the diseases of the pastoral office and their cure. A familiar conversation followed on the same general subject. These brethren have trials, of which we American pastors are happily ignorant. They are trammelled by State regulations, which force into their church councils irreligious officials. "How is it in America? How do you govern your churches? How visit your people? How raise your salaries?" With these and many kindred questions did they ply me, which I answered as best I could.

"How much better it is in America," they all exclaimed. "Herr Schreiber," said one, "write these points on our minutes for future discussion." The inevitable social meal or dinner was not lacking.

Withal, the German country pastor is a happy man, at least he ought to be. He is the first man in his village. He is honored after a certain style, even by those who discard his ministrations. Walking the streets of Freilaubersheim with my friend, his presence would uncover every head, himself doffing his hat most ceremoniously before everybody. He knows the secret trials and joys of every home; can call every village child by name. He lays the moulding hand of his office on the souls of the people, from the cradle to the grave—from the baptism, schooling and confirmation of the child, to its burial. He has no petty clerical rivalries, nor clerical mountebanks to contend with. No proselyting sect plants its pilfering conventicle into his parish; no wolf of this kind to steal his sheep. Each

village has one church, and one pastor. Whereas, many towns of this size in America, have half a dozen sickly congregations, each trying in part to steal its pasture and its sheep from the others. Correct some of the evils existing in the religious and state regulations of Germany, and give their flocks ministers who are as skillful pastors as they are able theologians, and the Protestant churches of the fatherland, by the blessing of God, might be made a Paradise of religious prosperity.

A blessing on my friend, pastor Linz and his family. I can yet see him as we parted last, on the market square of the ancient city of Ober Ingelheim. With touching tenderness we embraced and kissed each other.

His last word was, "Auf Wiederseh'n." Thence he retired to his quiet country parish, and I roved sadly onward through "the wide, wide world."

The Germans pleasantly live in villages, called Dœrfer. Only on very large farms are the farm-buildings on the premises. It is then called a "Bauern Hof." The Dorf is a village of farmers. Around the town lie small farms, in fragments of from an eighth of an acre to an acre. These are scattered to the north and south, east and west, of the villages. Rarely does one find a farm of 100 acres. Then it is a Hof. Indeed a farmer with 10 acres is considered well off. And this quantity of land is most likely cut up into private patches of less than an acre, set in among other people's plots, like the parcels of a quilt. Some approach so near to a line, that they are forbidden to make them any smaller. Fences are unknown here. Not even along the highways are they found. Wood is too scarce, and the smallness of the fields would take too much of it, even if it were

abundant. Over narrow foot-paths, along the edges of the fields, the farmers reach their grounds. The most of them have to carry their produce out some distance to the wagon roads, and many carry all of it home. Not an inch of ground is needlessly wasted by fences or roads. Every little spot is made to tell, to produce something, if it is only a blade of grass. Even along the edge of the footpaths, the busy women-reapers carefully cut off the few scattered stems of grass.

The cattle are kept and fed in the stable all the year round, save when the herdsman or shepherd takes them to the Dorf Wald or village forest. To let them run at large in a grass field would be too wasteful. They would tread many a good blade under foot. Besides, who could keep his cattle from running into other people's fields, without fences? During the grass-growing time, the women daily cut grass with the small German sickels, bind it in great bales larger than themselves, which they bear home on the head. Often they bring the feed a distance of one and two miles. Morning and evening the streets are alive with these women bearing heavy burdens. The men meanwhile are engaged in still heavier work.

Their stock of cattle, like their farms, is small. A few farm with horses, more with oxen, the most with cows. In Belgium I saw donkeys struggling along laboriously in carts, large enough to carry a dozen animals like themselves. In Holland, four and six dogs, hitched to a wagon, dash through the streets with apparent ease, and in some of these German villages, I have seen a cow hitched to a truck wagon, galloping along as if she had been specially created for that pur-

pose. My cousin Yost has two large, sleek, yellow cows, well fed and groomed, with which he works his ten-acre farm. Besides being good milkers, they perform his work in the plow and wagon, as well as horses could do it.

A German Dorf usually contains from 100 to 1500 people. How could from 100 to 300 American farmers, with their large dwellings, out-buildings, barns and stock of cattle, thus dwell together in unity? The home of a German village, like its farm, is confined to a small space. Usually it is on a square plot of ground. Both the house and the barn stand on the street. Between them is the yard—the barn-yard and the house-yard in one—the whole small. From it, man and beast enter their respective abodes. The house and barn front and open on one and the same yard, not on the street. You seldom find a street entrance to the house. It is reached by passing through a front gateway into the yard. The village is built compactly. Few houses have two stories. Man and beast dwell in closer proximity than with us. They work harder, and get much more out of an acre than American farmers. Many a German farmer raises more from ten acres, than an American from fifty.

Every village has a forest, where the villagers get their fuel. The Fœrster assigns each its share of fuel. The forest is also the village pasture ground.

Every village has its geese-herd, swine-herd and shepherd. Every morning these respective functionaries blow their horns along the street, when geese, swine and sheep come running out of every gateway and alley, each to join its kind, to be led on a common village

pasture. Long lines of gabbling geese run through narrow, fenceless footpaths, without daring to touch a single blade not their own. The shepherds sometimes remain on the neighboring hills for whole weeks. At night they commit their flocks to their dogs. These animals, not very unlike sheep in color and hair, possess a remarkable intelligence and faithfulness. I have seen the shepherd walking carelessly ahead of his flock, while the dogs would run guard on each side. The hungry sheep were tempted to browse among the rank wayside grass, while the faithful dog would check the slightest attempt at depredations. Landed property is pretty equally distributed. With rare exceptions, the poorest have a few patches on which to raise their bread, and the richest have seldom more than 20 acres. In this valley good, arable land sells from five to eight hundred Gulden an acre, just the bare land, for dwellings are distinct property altogether.

The villages are almost as close together as our farm-houses in America. Within four miles of Freilaubersheim, there are at least twelve villages, containing a population of from five to fifteen hundred each. Every village has a chief magistrate called Burgermeister, assisted by an adjunct and a town council. Next to the pastor, the Burgermeister is the most important man in the community and, in some respects, even above him. Every marriage must be solemnized by the Burgermeister, before it can be done by the pastor. The latter is optional, but by the omission of the former the bridegroom will forfeit his citizenship. Moreover, whether villain or saint, he is chief member of the church council—an office corresponding to the eldership

in the Reformed Church of the United States. Usually my first acquaintance in the village was the minister, and then the Burgermeister. I always found them a gentlemanly and hospitable class of men, worthy to be at the helm of their little Commonwealths. Every village has a Protestant and Catholic Church. Sometimes both denominations worship in the same building. Each has a distinct school, in which the pastor is required to give religious instruction.

When I reached Freilaubersheim, there happened to be a wedding in the town. Now, a wedding in these rural villages is an occasion of rejoicing, in which all the inhabitants feel and take a warm interest. Old grand-ma's take their frolicing little posterity to greet the bride; shy lovers bashfully congratulate the novices in wedlock, while their hearts beat hopefully for a similar event in their history. Messengers are sent to every house with wedding-cake gifts—in short, they are designed to diffuse universal merriment and joy. The news of my arrival was soon carried to the hall of rejoicing. The Burgermeister was consulted to have me brought thither as their guest. He replied that much as he desired to entertain the son of their ancient burger, it would be contrary to the rules of etiquette to take so newly arrived a stranger away from the retired welcome of his happy relatives into the merry crowd of a wedding. Weddings are often a key to the manners of a people, and on this account this one might have been interesting to the mind of a curious traveler.

Notwithstanding their many oddities, I found much to admire and love in the simple German habits of these rural villages. In this region, the most of their

names end in *home*, such as Bosen*heim*, Ingel*heim*, Baden*heim*, &c. In itself an indication of the predominant home-feeling of the German family. Their home attachments are intensely strong. Many still live in the house in which their ancestors had lived for five hundred years, and very probably they may remain a family inheritance for five centuries more. For German homesteads are not as evanescent as those in America. Nothing but necessity can compel them to part with their two-fold inheritance—their dwelling and the good name of their ancestors. Though devoted to severe and constant toil for a bare living, they are always cheerful and contented. Often did their unsuspecting hospitality press me to their homely fare, where old and young were entertained with mirthful and mournful tales.

> "Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
> Where all the ruddy family around,
> Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
> Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
> Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
> And learn the luxury of doing good."

"Herr Pfarrer, ich lade Sie hœflichst ein heute Abend das Abend Brod mit uns zu essen." Thus said the polite Treasurer of the village to me one morning, a young unmarried man, intelligent for a villager, living with his widowed mother. In American style, the above would simply mean a polite invitation to tea. At 6 p. m., I was welcomed by him and his kind mother. The meal our gormandizing Americans would pronounce ridiculously meagre. On the plain table, without a cloth, was rye bread, a large bowl of lettuce on the centre of the table, a bottle of excellent grape wine, for

which this Nahe region is distinguished. I relished the simple fare much, and the warm heartsome conversation of my hospitable host and hostess still more.

The ten days spent in the quiet Christian home of my uncle, partaking of its cheerful hospitality, form a sunny spot in my pilgrimage. When I left, the dear old people kissed me, and wept as if I had been their child.

CHAPTER IX.

OBER-INGELHEIM. A CHURCH FESTIVAL. FRANKFORD. SPIRES. MAYENCE. HEIDELBERG.

From the summit of the Niederwald, opposite Bingen, I took a parting view of the Nahe valley. The romantic river drains the country around and beyond Kreutznach. The view from here extends nearly thirty miles. Its scope embraces an Eden-like scenery, uplands and lowlands, its valleys and hillsides dotted with thriving villages. Here and there mossy ruin crowns some mountain top. From Bingen southward the scenery and historical associations of the Rhine become less interesting.

The following day the Palatinate branch of the the Gustav Adolph Verein (Gustavus Adolphus Society) was to convene at Ober-Ingelheim, a few miles south of Bingen. These annual meetings are popular festivals, as well as important religious occasions. A short ride on the Rhine steamer brought me to the Ingelheimer Landing. A hack conveyed the visitors a distance of nearly two miles across the country to the place. It is now a small country town. Tradition holds it to be the birthplace of Charlemagne,and the villagers claim that he had a magnificent palace here, whose ruins are now covered with mud hovels, dung-heaps, and a Jewish burying ground. The large number of strangers were comfortably quartered in the village. My kind host was Justice Stork, an educated French gentleman.

The Gustav Adolph Verein was first organized in 1841, by the Lutheran, Reformed and United Churches of Germany. Being set up for the spread and defence of Protestant Christianity, it was named after the great Swedish champion of Protestantism, Gustavus Adolphus. Its object is to assist weak congregations in Catholic communities to build churches, and support pastors. Its motto is "Faith that worketh by love." The fruits of its labors are already scattered over four Continents. Its friends are thoroughly organized. The general Society has many provincial branch societies, which are divided into smaller subordinate branches, down to the societies in the congregations. The Society of Hesse Darmstadt convened in Ober-Ingelheim. It embraces the different Provinces of the old Palatinate.

In the evening a business meeting of the Verein was held in the parlor of a hotel, on the square of the town. My friend, Pastor Linz, was the stated clerk of the Verein. In the midst of the proceedings a band struck up a brisk tune in front of the building. A large meeting of the Ober-Ingelheimers had come to welcome the guests of their historic town. At the close of the music, calls were made for Prelat Zimmerman, who was a prominent representative of the Society, and as a speaker a popular favorite. "Herr Prelat," said the clerk, "they are calling for you." He was a man somewhat above middle life, of medium heighth, well-set, and of a plain exterior. Through an open window he addressed the crowd below in the square, thanked them in the name of his brethren of the Verein for this pleasing and hospitable reception, addressed to them a few warm words on the object and work of the Gustav Adolph

Verein, and wound up by a flattering allusion to the ancient historical associations of their town, and with a stirring passage on the dear German Fatherland. His style was simple and fervid, sending his words right to the hearts of his hearers. After the applause of the crowd had subsided, the business was resumed.

At four the next morning, a large band heralded the beginning of the festive day from the heighths of an old Castle. At eight a large procession was formed, which, notwithstanding the efforts of the police, proceeded with difficulty through the crowded streets to a venerable church of the middle ages. The praises of the occasion were lead by a choir, composed of several hundred scholars, from prattling little boys and girls to those verging on man and maiden-hoood, who sang their several parts with faultless skill. First the organ led off in notes so deep and thundering that the old walls seemed to tremble, then the congregation sang, "Was ruehrt so mæchtig Sinn und Herz," to which the band and choir responded:

> "Ein himmlisch Feuer ist entflammt
> Durch dich, der aus dem Himmel stammt
> Und uns zum Himmel leitet."

After an appropriate prayer, the vast multitude within and without the church sang as with the voice of one man, "Ein feste Burg is unser Gott," so as I have never heard it before. The addresses were free from all negative polemics. The speakers seemed charged with the fire of Evangelical Charity, that flashed its flames into the hearts of their hearers. Prelat Dr. Zimmerman read a report, in which he told in simple, grateful language, what the Lord had done through

their agency during the past year. He commenced at the circumference, sweeping round and round. As the circle narrowed, the facts increased, and the fervor became more intense, until he closed by converging the contents of the whole field into the centre, where the enthusiasm of the multitude had been raised to such a pitch that they snatched the closing word from his lips by roaring a unanimous Amen. The whole festival seemed like a real Pentecost, where new fire and new gifts descended upon the multitude. All seemed to have caught a new inspiration of hopeful energy, and of the charity of Jesus Christ.

The Committee of Arrangements enrolled my name as a guest of the Verein, with the request to address the meeting. After a number of persons had spoken, the presiding officer announced the name of an American guest. With difficulty I made my way through the crowded aisle to the pulpit. But young in the ministry, and not sufficiently at home in the German language to address such a cultivated audience, I felt painfully embarrassed. Still what little I said about the religious wants of the Germans in America, was kindly received; the several points were ordered to be recorded on the minutes, and referred to the ensuing meeting of the Verein, in Bremen.

As usual at such festive gatherings in Germany, after the religious exercises had closed, the clerical members of the Verein and their guests were invited to a feast. Long tables had been spread in a large tent, erected at the edge of the village. The tent and tables were fully occupied. Aside of each plate stood a bottle of wine. Leisurely and long the crowd partook of the

feast. Above the clattering of plates, knives and forks was heard the hum of cheerful conversation, which gave additional zest to the repast. Seen from our American point of view the convivial hilarity of such a clerical feast produced a strange impression.

At length the cloth was removed. A venerable Superintendent of one of the Hessen districts, who presided at the feast, announced the toasts, some of which were responded to with a short speech. At length he toasted the foreign guest and his Church, somewhat as follows: "My brethren, fill and touch your glasses in a hearty 'hoch' for our brother from a foreign land and the church he represents. May God richly bless our brethren of the Reformed Church in the United States, and prosper her efforts to extend his kingdom." Scarcely had he ended the toast, when the whole assembly arose, each holding up his glass as high as his head, all shouting "hoch" with a will, and dozens rushing towards me to bump my glass, smiling and loudly greeting me with a "hoch." The dinner being ended, the crowd dispersed hither and thither. A group of the younger clergy invited me to accompany them on a visit to the traditional ruins of Charlemagne's palace, about a mile from the village. The following morning my genial host, Justice Stork, accompanied me towards the Rhine. In the midst of a wheat field, through which the path led, he embraced and kissed me, giving me a parting adieu.

Germany abounds with mineral springs, which, during the summer season, are numerously visited by persons from all parts of the world. The Germans have a universal custom to visit at least one of these

places during the year. Kreutznach has extensive salt springs, whose waters have precisely the taste of epsom salts. At Wiesbaden hot springs gush out of the earth, constantly sending up curling clouds of vapor. The water tastes not very unlike chicken broth. While hundreds of invalids had resorted thither to wash the fruits of over-exertion or dissipation from the system, I happened to find relief of an affliction which had resulted from a very different cause. Every country must have its plague, so Rhine-Hessen must have its fleas. Of all the little annoyances in the wide world of animated nature, whether quadruped, poliped or sineped, there are none of such taunting annoyance, which are so much everywhere and yet nowhere, as fleas. And here these little airy-nothings possess a ubiquity like the frogs of Egypt. I did not inform myself of the chemical properties of these waters, but their medicinal virtues for the cure of fleas are beyond dispute.

In a little more than an hour the cars whirled us from Wiesbaden to Frankfort-on-the-Main. This is one of the free towns of Germany, an *imperium in imperio*, and the seat of the German Diet. Its present population is 77,000, of which 6,000 are Jews. The latter all live in one section of the city, called the Judengasse, in which is also the house where the Rothschild family were born. Frankfort was founded by Charlemagne; afterwards it became a rallying point for the Crusaders. It was the capital of the German Empire. It is the birth-place of Gœthe. It is bounded on one side by the Main, and its other sides are fringed with parks and promenades. These properties make it a city which few visitors leave without regret. Here

you have all the advantages of the Past, with the conveniences of the present. In fact—

> "The Past
> Contending with the Present, and by turns
> Each has the mastery."

Outside the wall a new city is rapidly rising, composed of palatial dwellings, mostly the homes of bankers and retired gentlemen. Some of these also reside in a new part of the old town within the walls. The old town proper has narrow streets, quaint, lofty buildings, five and six stories high, each ascending story projecting over the one below, until the attics almost meet midway. During rainy weather, which I had the misfortune to meet here again, these overhanging projections form a complete shelter. From the narrowness of the streets, those in the upper stories cannot well observe the passing crowd below. To obviate this difficulty, mirrors are placed in front of the windows, consisting of two pieces of glass. These form a certain angle with the street, so as to reflect the scene below, and bring it right on the window. While the German lady sits quietly sewing or reading at the window, she can see all the fashions and follies of the crowd passing before her window, alone the unobserved of all observers.

The Rœmerberg is an old building, containing the Kaisersaal and other rooms used by the old German Emperors and their Senates. In one corner of this is a building which Luther occupied. In the Cathedral is the Election Chapel, in which forty-six Emperors were chosen, and afterwards crowned in front of the high altar. The house in which Goethe was born, looks remarkably fresh for its age. Here his stern, unamiable

father had his altercation with the French officer. Here his tender, affectionate mother played the mediator between the harsh father and his affrighted son. Here the boy-Gœthe played and powdered, dreamed and endured, and despaired. And not very far from this, at the Cathedral, was the gorgeous display of the Imperial Coronation, which wrought so powerfully on his youthful imagination. On the middle of the bridge over the Main, on an iron post stands the golden cock, at which the little fellow used to marvel with curious cogitations.

Hitherto I have had little to do with commissionaires, or special guides. In Brussels, where I was ignorant of the language, I yielded to the importunate offers of one at a stipulated fee, who said he could "*explicate*" everything in English. But I soon found this word about all he knew. He regretted that I could not understand German. I told him he should let me have it in German, but he knew still less of that. He ran me through muddy streets for an hour after the very objects least worth seeing, and took me through an ordeal of gesticulating "explications" that were painful to see and hear. While passing through the Cathedral I noticed him performing his devotions and genuflections at the images, and thought the man after all had some religious principle about him. But he had scarcely crossed the threshhold before he demanded a double fee! Poor man—

"Even in penance, planning sins anew."

At Antwerp I was besieged by a set with unusual tenacity. I told them in German, English and broken

French that I did not want them. But still they followed, placing themselves before me to hinder my progress until I felt my situation exceedingly awkward. I put down the traveling-bag, and with cane in hand, drew myself up at full length in an attitude which they interpreted very correctly, and speedily disappeared. At Worms a crowd discovered me at a distance coming from the depot, who tried to outrun each other for the job, with such scrambling speed, that I narrowly escaped from a serious collision.

Mayence (German Mainz) like most of the large towns along the Rhine, originated from a camp which Drusus pitched here, and which afterwards was made a permanent bulwark against the Germans. Beneath an old tower within the citadel the remains of Drusus are said to be interred. This city is the strongest fortress of the German confederation. It is surrounded by massive walls, and these again by large entrenchments, by means of which the city can be surrounded with water in a very short time. It has a population of 40,000, and at present a garrison of 12,000 soldiers. Mayence was the metropolis of the German Church during the middle ages. Its Archbishop was premier prince of the German Empire, and usually figured prominently in the conflicts and schemes of that turbulous period. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, was its first Archbishop in the eighth century. An Englishman by birth and education, he carried the Gospel to the barbarous nations of Germany, in company with eleven other monks, and during a mission of thirty years, converted more than one hundred thousand heathen to Christianity. In the Cathedral is a monument erected to his memory.

Mayence is further noted as the birth-place and residence of Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of Printing. One of its squares contains his bronze statue, to whose erection all parts of Europe gratefully contributed. Arnold von Walboten, a citizen of Mayence, first suggested the plan of suppressing the feudal tyranny along the Rhine. Many of the lords who dwelt in these Castles were little better than freebooters. They would exact tribute from tradesmen and merchants, and even levy "black mail," until their robberies had become a terror to Germany. At the instigation of Walboten, the Castles were reduced to their present ruins, and are now, though mostly uninhabited, devoted to more humane purposes, than those of their former occupants.

With Worms I was very much disappointed. The curse of war has made it but a shadow of its former self. Its population once thirty thousand, has dwindled down to eight thousand, and its present condition exhibits symptoms of increasing decay. But the history of Worms will survive with undiminished interest the direful calamities of war. Here Charlemagne was married, and around Worms he held those rude, but eventful assemblies of the Franks. It has been the seat of many Imperial Diets. One of the most important was that in 1521, where Luther was summoned to appear before Charles V.

I met with a little occurrence here, common to all tourists, which reminded me of the young American, who, after weeping profusely over what he thought the tomb of Washington, discovered that it was only his ice-house. My guide-book told me that the celebrated Diet of Worms had been held in the Cathedral. Like a

good tourist, I sat me calmly down in the Cathedral park, and while looking at the old door leading through the principal entrance, the whole scene passed vividly before my imagination. The youthful Emperor, the pride of Europe, attended with all the pageant of the Empire; the gaudily apparelled Cardinals, Bishops and Legates, and then the apostate monk and his despised little party, all with difficulty led through the immense multitude by armed men and heralds. The scene fitted charmingly to the Cathedral and its surroundings. But lo! when the sexton led me through the building, he informed me that the Diet had never been held there, but in a building on a neighboring square, whose site is now occupied by a Lutheran church. Such little incidents are more a diversion than disappointment. But of a truth, this little old Worms, though partly in ruins, possesses a great interest to a reflecting mind. For that Diet was undeniably the most momentous event in modern history. It is here where modern civilization forks into diverging channels. It was not the momentary product of that day's assembly, but the combined result of antecedent causes which here were brought to a point. No European city had ever been honored with a more imposing and eventful assembly. The glory and pomp of the Empire, and the wisdom and gorgeous display of the Papacy combined to form a spectacle of surpassing grandeur, and yet far grander, morally, was the unarmed, helpless hero of the scene. About two miles from Worms, at the end of Pfaffiigheim, stands Luther's Elm. It is said to date its origin from the fourth century. It measures twelve feet in diameter, thirty-seven in circumference, and one hun-

dred and twenty-eight feet in heighth. Tradition says that Luther rested under this tree, whither his friends had come out to meet him, and where they warned him not to enter Worms; to which he made the memorable reply that he would "go to Worms, though there were as many devils within its walls as there were tiles on its houses." Seats and a railing are fixed around its trunk to guard it with religious care. There is something impressively interesting in this venerable Elm, and I found it exceedingly refreshing to loiter beneath its shade. How many, many generations have passed away since it first grew a tender twig of the forest. Here it stood when the wild hordes of Attilla rolled their crushing waves over these plains. Here it stood when Europe poured her millions into the Orient to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the barbarous Infidel. Here it stood when Luther and his despised train approached Worms with a melancholy step. And here it still stands, like a star hanging on the horizon of evening, a living memento of the past, raising its peerless head in solitary grandeur, high above all the trees of the field. Its green top, tall and erect, is seen for miles around. It has survived the revolutions and wrecks of Empires; it may survive many more. Should prince or peasant dare to destroy it, thousands with uplifted hands would raise the indignant cry of

"Woodman, spare that tree."

Mannheim has quite an American appearance. It has repeatedly been razed to the earth by wars, and rebuilt again. In its last disaster, the seige of 1795, only fourteen houses remained uninjured. Fortunately

for its future peace, it has been left without walls or ramparts, for these, instead of furnishing protection, only provoke assault and ruin. Formerly several hundred English resided here, but since the revolution of '48, their number has been greatly diminished. The town is laid out in broad, straight streets and rectangular squares, a thing rarely met with in German towns.

After spending a week in the monotonous plain of the southern Rhine, I found a pleasant relief in getting to Heidelberg. It is situated in a mountain opening through which the Neckar issues into the valley of the Rhine. It stretches its narrow length along the banks of this stream, with a towering range of projecting and receding mountains on both sides. The only clear and extensive view is towards the Rhine through the mouth of the little Neckar Valley. One would suppose that a city surrounded by such natural ramparts could easily avert the assaults and calamities of war; but Heidelberg, like its neighbors, has passed through scenes of terrific carnage. It has repeatedly been sacked, plundered and destroyed, and its present flourishing condition is a proof of its tenacious vitality. Its university ranks among the first of its kind in Europe. It has a history of nearly five hundred years, and has numbered among its faculty stars of the first magnitude. These German students have a fighting ferocity that is truly appalling. At Heidelberg they sometimes have four and five duels a week. They had several while I was there.

Heidelberg Castle, the residence of the Electors of the Palatinate, is in ruins. But an invigorating atmosphere surrounds it even in its decay. Large gardens

are planted around it, with winding, shady avenues, before which its old crumbling walls raise their firm battlements, gray with the dust of many a siege. Above the Castle is the Kœnigstuhl, surmounted by a lofty tower of 1752 feet above the level of the sea. The spire of the Munster at Strasburg can be seen from this on a clear day, a distance of ninety miles. From the summit of this mountain the army of the fierce and cruel Tilly belched fiery destruction upon the ill-fated city during the Thirty Years' War. On the opposite side of the Neckar is the Heiligeberg; along its side a long road winds through vineyards, called the "Philosopher's Walk," because the professors used to promenade along here. I found it pleasant of an evening to stroll along this sequestered path, and listen to the merry hum of closing day. Far below, the rolling stream made a rippling melody, the city swarmed through its doors and streets, while streams of tourists from every nation strolled through walks and avenues above the Castle, chattering merrily. And then, to crown the whole, the town-clocks would toll the knell of the expired day. First a little one would strike the hour in soft and feeble notes, then another in louder peals; and so each in its turn, like so many sentinels heralding along their line important news, until the last and largest struck a deep and mournful knell, which vibrated from hill to hill, until the last hour of day died faintly and forever away in the deep solitude of the distant glen.

Spire, on the opposite side of the Rhine, and several hours' ride from Heidelberg, is less distinguished for the beauty of its scenery than its interesting history. The Reformed were first called Protestants at Spire, because

they protested against the decisions of a Diet held in a church still existing here. The Cathedral of Spire is an imposing building. There is nothing very striking about its exterior, except its massiveness, but its interior abounds with objects of interest. Beneath its pavement formerly reposed the remains of eight German Emperors, but the ravages of war have made it uncertain how many are left. In the middle of the 12th century, St. Bernard visited Spire in behalf of the Crusades, and preached with great fervor in the Cathedral. One sermon, flashing with impassionate eloquence, had such an effect upon the king, that he interrupted him in the midst of his discourse, requested him to hand him the cross from the altar, and from this on the powers of Germany took a vigorous part in the prosecution of the Crusades. To say nothing of its magnificent fresco-works, of its grand and gilded arches, it contains a splendid collection of scripture paintings. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and especially when it bodies forth in lively and impressive forms, the beauties of Revelation and the graces of the Christian religion. Its long nave is hung with twenty-four paintings, representing scriptural scenes. Standing at the west end you look through a long vista of perspective, lined with these works of art, which terminates in a dome above the high altar, towards which they all look, in whose centre is a large painting of Jesus Christ, the Lamb, slain for the salvation of the world, and a Priest forever after the order of Melchisedec. Around him, in the two transcepts, are "a cloud of witnesses"—apostles, martyrs and confessors, the first-ripe fruits of his finished redemption. The paintings are modern, and

have been procured through the liberality of the King of Bavaria.

I approached the city of Heidelberg with feelings not very unlike those with which a Romanist approaches Rome. Not because I expected to find a Reformed Pope there, but on account of its history and associations. The capital of the old Palatinate, the home of the trials and triumphs of the founders of the German Reformed Church, which has given to it a Catechism, the purity and catholicity of whose doctrines have endeared it to men of every creed; these considerations furnish an apology for indulging in a short denominational digression. It was very reasonable that the distinctive tendencies represented by Luther, Calvin and Zwingli, should be brought to grapple with each other in serious contest on some geographical intermediate field. And since one representative was in Geneva, one in Wittenberg, and the other in Zurich, it was natural that this contest should be carried forward in southwestern Germany. Its first occasion resulted from the immigration of fugitive congregations. Their most prominent representative was John Von Laski, a native and nobleman of Poland. Personally acquainted with Zwingli and Erasmus, he saw the necessity of a Reformation, but thought it should take place in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. After many efforts he found this impossible, declined the acceptance of a Bishopric and fled, an exile for the rights of conscience, to the Netherlands. Banished from here in 1549 by a special Imperial edict, he took refuge in England, which the liberal reign of Edward VI had made an asylum for all the oppressed. The fugitive congregations in London

chose Von Laski as their superintendent. But when the Catholic Mary ascended the throne in 1553, they were forced to the alternative of returning to the Catholic Church, or leaving the country. Von Laski and one hundred and seventy-five of their number emigrated to Denmark. But unaccustomed to the phraseology, though believing in the substance of the real presence in the Eucharist, they incurred the suspicion of the Danish Lutheran Magistrates and Pastors. They were denounced as "Martyrs of the Devil," thrown into prisons, and in the depth of winter persecuted from city to city. Finally, when their numbers had greatly diminished by the dire diseases resulting from these cruelties, Von Laski and his surviving flock found a refuge in Frankfort-on-the-Main, in April, 1555. The year before, a French fugitive congregation had found a refuge here, which to this day has a flourishing existence under pastor Bonet. Von Laski's flock was the origin of the present German Reformed congregation, of which Drs. Suedhoff and Schræder are the pastors. A few years after their arrival the predominance of ultra Lutheranism brought upon them renewed persecution. They were compelled to hold public worship in Bockenheim, a neighboring village, until the present century. This induced many to emigrate into the neighboring Palatinate, where they organized congregations in Heidelberg, Mannheim and many other towns. This little fugitive flock, like the early Puritans of New England, hunted and persecuted from country to country, though repeatedly crushed by sectarian bigotry and the civil arm, had a vitality which could not be destroyed. In the Providence of God it was the

little mustard seed planted in the Palatinate, now grown to a large tree, whose spreading branches furnish a grateful shelter to thousands in both hemispheres. Great and good men helped to nurse and prune this tree; Calvin, Zwingli, Oecolampadius, and many others. Though comparatively a "little flock," with which others have meant it ill, her Father's good pleasure has never been withdrawn. In 1635 the Palatinate passed into the hands of Jesuit Princes, who, for nearly a century, resorted to every conceivable cruelty to eradicate the Reformation. This persecution drove many pious exiles to America, to whom we are indebted for the first organization of the Reformed Church of the United States. Our early pioneers were mostly men from the Palatinate, whose praise is still in all the churches.

During the sixteenth century there was a celebrated law school at Bourges on the banks of the Eure in the interior of France. It happened that a German prince, Herman Louis, son of Frederick III of the Palatinate, was at that time a student there. On the 1st of July, 1556, this prince in company with his teacher, was prevailed upon by a number of drunken students to cross the Eure in their boat. A young student of Treves, the son of a baker, stood by and warned them not to risk their lives with such men. Still they went. The boat was upset, the teacher could swim and vainly endeavored to save their lives, but they found a watery grave. The baker's son, eager to save the life of the young prince, leaped into the stream, but was also drawn out into the deep by the rushing current. In the agony of death he made a solemn vow, that if God would save his life, he would preach the Gospel to his

countrymen at Treves. A servant of the drowned prince saw his head, and thinking it to be that of his master, seized and brought Caspar Olevianus, the baker's son, ashore. To redeem his vow he studied theology successively at Geneva, Lausanne and Zurich, and became a teacher and pastor in his native city. His zeal and success soon provoked persecution, and he together with the prominent members of his flock were imprisoned. In the meanwhile the father of the drowned prince had become Elector of the Palatinate, and called Olevianus from his dungeon to a Professorship in Heidelberg. Afterwards he became pastor of the church of the Holy Ghost, and during his pastorate he and Zacharias Ursinus, who also was professor in Heidelberg, composed the Heidelberg Catechism.

On a Sunday morning in 1545, a large congregation assembled in the church of the Holy Ghost in Heidelberg. When the priest commenced to celebrate Mass, the multitude with united voice commenced to sing that beautiful hymn of the Reformation:

"Es ist das Heil uns kommen her."

The priest speedily left the church, and the congregation with an aged Evangelical pastor, held Reformed worship. On the first Sunday of the following year, third of January, the Holy Supper was first administered according to the Protestant custom. On the third of January, 1846, the citizens of Heidelberg held a tricentennial festival to commemorate this event. Still the cause of the Reformation had to endure an unequal and uncertain contest until 1556, when Otto Henry succeeded to the Electorate of the Palatinate, and took up

his residence in Heidelberg Castle. He was a mild generous young prince, and had previously endured a six years' exile, as a penalty for his zeal in the Reformation. He gave an asylum to Menno Simon and his party who had been cruelly persecuted, not because he agreed with them, but because he considered them equally entitled with others to the enjoyment of the rights of conscience. On the 4th of April, 1556, Otto Henry formally introduced the Reformation into the Palatinate.

This event was commemorated in the Grand Duchy of Baden, which includes the old Palatinate, on the 29th of June last, by a tri-centennial festival. Providentially I arrived at Heidelberg in time to attend these festivities. The dawn of this festive day was announced by a band from a lofty belfry. In the morning I attended services in the church of the Holy Ghost, in which Otto Henry and a number of other Electors of the Palatinate are buried, of which Olevianus was pastor, and immediately before which is the market place, where the University of Heidelberg gave Melanchthon a public welcome.

Pastor Plith preached an instructive sermon, on a few events connected with the day, which it commemorated. How these Germans praise! I have heard more cultivated singing confined to a few, but never did I hear such soaring outbursts of sacred song. A mighty organ under the hands of a performer who seemed to have the instrument under his absolute control, a large band warbling notes of profound sweetness which softened the harsher peals of the organ, the organ gallery thronged with crowds of school children,

who sang with all the pious cheerful mirth of their innocent hearts, and the vast congregation, crowded aisles, galleries and benches, singing as with the voice of one man every syllable with clear and intelligible distinctness; all these combined, produced a most enchanting melody of praise, which the most stubborn heart could not resist. At 11 o'clock, I attended another service in St. Peters, to whose door Jerome of Prague attached his celebrated theses, and in whose immediately surrounding church-yard he expounded them to a multitude of hearers. The church was hung with garlands, the symbols of festive joy. Dr. Schenkle, professor of the University, and a man of distinction in theological science, preached on Rev. 3: 11. To a musical voice he unites a clear style and impassionate fervor, which makes him an effective preacher. Still, in the midst of these joys I could not resist serious and sad reflections. What will be the condition of Europe, of the World, of the Church at the recurrence of the next similar festival? Or will the threatening convulsions of society produce a future which will point the finger of derision at this event? Will not these very churches be razed to the earth by the hand of war, and counted to the mouldering ruins of the past? Another generation, possibly of a far different stamp, will be the actors of that future stage, and the thousands that praised and rejoiced this day, will then praise in heaven, or wail in woe.

CHAPTER X.

BASEL. MISSIONARY FESTIVAL. BERNE. BERNESE HIGHLANDS. INETRLAKEN. LAUTERBRUNNEN. JUNGFRAU. GRUENDELWALD. LAKE LUZERNE AND THE GRUETLI. IN A THUNDER-STORM ON THE RIHGI. GENEVA.

The Missionary Society of Basel held its annual festival during the first week of July. This anniversary is always held in Basel, on account of the different Missionary and Charitable institutions in and around this city. The Basler Mission House combines an abridged course of a College and Theological Seminary. It has educated more than 350 Missionaries. In connection with this are several preparatory schools for the education of children, who afterwards enter the higher departments. Several miles from Basel is the Pilgrim Institution of the Crischona, to educate Missionaries. At Beugen, some fifteen miles distant, is an Orphan Institution, some of whose orphans become teachers and others Missionaries. Thus Basel is surrounded with a net-work of holy activities, which carries blessings to the remotest parts of the earth. Whoever has made the experiment, knows how hard it is to keep brightly burning the flame of personal piety during the dry routine of a Collegiate and Theological training. Many have commenced their studies with a view to the ministry, which they terminated in

one of the other professions; and, alas! some in an irreligious and ungodly life. Partly they were to blame for it themselves, but to a great extent it was owing to a religious defect in the social arrangement of our institutions of learning. Lectures in Theology may entertain and instruct, but unless the heart inhales an atmosphere impregnated with the social unction of a Christian communion, it must famish and pine away on the mere husks of religion.

The arrangement of the Basel institution is worthy of the highest commendation in this respect. Here the cultivation and maintenance of personal piety is made the primary object. Students and Professors have the most intimate and familiar communion with each other. They often hold their meetings of prayer, and a kind of private meetings for social conversation, they sympathize in each other's trials, and rejoice in each other's joys. Then smaller groups and individuals solemnly agree to pray for one another. There is a sympathy, a communion, a common religious life which animates every member, so that really when one suffers, all suffer, when one rejoices, all rejoice. Their teachers teach them this important branch of ministerial education, the art of fraternal communion, not by telling them to do it, but by doing it with them. They do not command them from their learned professorial heights, but come down into their "little upper rooms," where they mingle, weep and rejoice with them. In addition to these privileges the students derive great benefit from the annual Missionary Festivals held here. These kindle afresh the flame of Missionary ardor, and incite them to renew their vows of consecration to the Master's cause.

The recent festival was one of unusual interest. Many came to Basel with sad hearts. The last year had been one of severe trials. Disease and death had greatly weakened their forces in the foreign field. And worse than all, a number fell victims to the seductions of satan. The frown of heaven seemed to hang over them. But these few days of festive communion dispelled their fears, and made their afflictions a stimulus to greater activity and stronger faith. The early part of the week was taken up with reports and discussions. On Thursday, short addresses were made by Missionaries and friends of the cause. These consisted not of a recital of statistics, but of confessions and testimonies. Grey-headed fathers, who had spent thirty years in the foreign field, told the simple story of the cross, and what it had wrought through their agency among the benighted pagans, and above all, what it had done for them, delivering them from the bondage of sin, and enabling them cheerfully to endure persecutions and the withering influences of a corrupt eastern church for the sake of their Master. One veteran from Algiers said he had recently buried a son, an interesting boy, whose early exemplary piety taught even his parents lessons in the graces of religion. His father could preach the crucified Redeemer at the grave of his son to the astonished heathens—preached with joy, for he knew in whom his child had believed. "Yes," he said, "if need be, we must carry the glad tidings of the Saviour to the poor heathens over the dead bodies of our children."

The services were closed by ordaining three young men for the foreign field, who had been educated in the Mission House. One of their number preached a vale-

dictory on John 11: 40. "Said I not unto thee that, if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God." He described the difficulties through which they had reached that happy day; sickness, social hindrances, and above all, weak faith. This was a day of triumph for them—not of sad apprehensions, but the glorious prospect of laboring and suffering for Him who died for us. Now they, too, could say, "here am I, send me." He spoke with simple eloquence of the power of faith in surmounting the difficulties of ministerial and missionary labor, where God will perform apparent impossibilities, restore the morally putrid dead to life, to show us his glory. And above all, will he show us his glory in our final and complete sanctification by which we are made fit to see and enjoy "the glory which he had with the Father before the world was." The ordination was impressively solemn. The act in itself is solemn, the circumstances made it more so. Young men, to whom the world seemed to open with hopeful promise, tearing themselves away from the associations and endearments of home, to plunge into a dark and barbarous country, and face a climate which has mown their brethren down, like the deadly simoon of the desert, surrounded with weeping friends and companions, with calm and unwavering faith, to receive the divine blessing by the imposition of hands! O, this was a scene which made one feel keenly ashamed of his lack of faith.

The following day the institution of Beugen held its anniversary. Extra trains were put on the road to accommodate the multitude of guests. During the ride, songs of praise ascended from every car, and all hearts beat joyfully with sacred mirth. Inspector Zeller, a

father in Israel, who has spent 56 years of his life among poor children, delivered a lengthy, but deeply interesting report. Thirty-six years ago he commenced with a few poor children at Beugen. With no encouragement but his strong faith in the power and promises of charity, he gathered a few orphans around him, and taught them their A B C's. Now he has a flourishing institution, liberally supported, which bestows untold mercies upon his country and the world; not only delivering poor children from the suffering and wretchedness of want, but educating them for ministers and teachers, who continue the blessed work of this good man. It is a pleasure to see this infant flock, composed of children plucked from the haunts of wretchedness and crime, (one little robber boy, taken from an Alpine bandit), cluster and twine their tender affections around their aged benefactor. They sang infant hymns, in which they praised God, for sending good men to deliver them from evil.

I was favorably impressed by a few characteristics of these Basel missionary operations. They were pervaded by a Catholic spirit. While members of three or four denominations labor for its interest, they do not permit their doctrinal differences to disturb their unanimity in well-doing. While others waste their powers in polemical warfare, and bitter condemnatory denunciations of each other, these brethren are quietly and prayerfully leagued together for the evangelizing of the world. Whatever may be their confessional views, their hearts are one, and so it should be. This work is not confined to the clergy. Laymen from all classes take a prominent part in the work. I was surprised to hear the

addresses of laymen, not only sound in theology, but glowing with a sacred fire that can only proceed from new-born hearts. Farmers leave their farms, mechanics their shops, tradesmen their counters, to carry on their craft among the heathen, and thus by their business intercourse prepare the way of the Lord in the hearts of the pagans, and enable them to receive him more readily when presented by his ministers. I derived great spiritual enjoyment from these meetings, and I felt that it was good to be here. Those of our American brethren, who think that all true religion is confined to our side of the waters, would do well to attend a Missionary festival at Basel. If they have a faculty and relish for spiritual enjoyment, they will be agreeably disappointed in finding a "feast of fat things."

Berne, the capital of the Swiss Confederation, is situated on a peninsula or horse-shoe bend of the river Arne, 100 feet above the channel of the stream. It has a population of 27,500. The inhabitants and homes have an appearance of comfort. Very rarely does one meet with signs of want. Its wide streets look very cleanly and neat. The pavements of the principal one run through the first stories of the houses, over which the upper stories project, forming a delighful arcade to shelter the people against shower and sun. Very smooth, too, are the pavements, especially for a European city, where one often must tread on

"Pavements fang'd with murderous stones,"

The bear is the "speaking weapon" of Berne. Two large bear statues stand guard, and stare down upon you from columns at the city gate. Aside the tall statue of a Swiss patriot in the Cathedral park, is a large bear in

the act of putting his head into a bonnet. Two minutes before the town clock strikes the hour, a gang of fierce-looking bears, dressed in regimentals, march around an old figure that holds the sceptre of Time. And the city has a bear garden, containing a number of live bears. In short, Berne is quite a bearish-looking city.

One of the German guide books says:

"Wer reisen will,
Der schweig fein still,
Geh steten Schritt,
Nehm nicht viel mit,
Tret an am fruehen Morgen.
Und lasse heim die Sorgen."

Or in other words:

"To travel pleasantly,
Speak sparingly;
Walk slow and straight ahead,
Lie not late abed;
Take no cares along,
Leave luggage at home."

Which good counsel I thitherto and thereafter obeyed. An Alpen stock with a sharp iron point, a traveling pouch about twelve inches square, a cloak and a plain, well-worn suit on my back, constituted my whole outfit for a tour of the Alps. Longer distances I would travel by rail, hack or steamer. But mountain-climbing and the jaunts through the narrow winding valleys, I performed afoot. Thus equipped, I started on a tour to the Bernese Highlands, beginning with Lake Thun and Interlaken. The latter is situated between two lakes, as its name implies, and besides its picturesque Swiss cottages, has a street of boarding-houses and hotels,

During the summer it is so much frequented by the English, that it almost has the appearance of an English village. A walk of a few hours brought me to Lauterbrunnen, (All-wells), a valley which doubtless receives its name from its numerous springs and water-falls. There are some twenty of the latter, which fall wildly over its walls. The largest falls from a perpendicular height of over 900 feet. It is said to be the highest waterfall in Europe. Long before it reaches the base, the wind diffuses its waters into clouds of spray, which, as they descend, fall gently on the rocks below, and are again condensed into a stream that tumbles wildly away down through the narrow valley. When the morning sun shines on the spray, it looks like thin transparent gauze, dipped in the colors of the rainbow, rolling and repeating its folds of splendor, like a cloudy kaleidoscope, into ever-changing combinations of beauty. The village is thinly scattered over the barren valley, from which the toiling peasants with difficulty get their scanty living. I called on the village pastor, a man of no mean attainments, who was whiffing his pipe with an air of unmingled contentment. His parish includes three other villages besides, whose people worship in the Lauterbrunnen church. The others are high up on the mountains. Every Sunday morning long lines of toil-worn mountaineers climb down the steep paths to worship God in the sanctuary of the valley. When they have a funeral, the corpse is brought down on a mountain sled. I met some of his parishioners living eight miles up the mountain, who told me that they attended worship every Sunday, especially during the summer, unless providentially prevented.

I was reminded by my guide-book to take with me into the Highlands a plentiful supply of patience and small change, two articles which I found of indispensable necessity. These poor people who have to struggle so hard for their bread, are tempted to seek relief from the hand of charity. Here some beg because it is profitable, and others because they must. Some post themselves along a rugged path with a worn-out hoe, and when they see a traveler approachiug they set themselves to scraping the dust and stones out of the road with all their might. A labor for which their only remuneration is the tribute of travelers. Others have long Alp-horns and pistols with which they raise their undemanded echoes for the amusement of tourists, of whom they ask a fee. Here and there a cluster of ragged children, the very pictures of wretchedness, issue out of some gorge or cabin, and whine around you most pitifully for a gift. In some places the pastures are enclosed, where the path leads through little gates. Here beggars watch for travelers, from whom they ask a charity for opening the gate. Such a state of things would be a disgrace to many a community, but the general poverty of the soil, upon which they solely depend for a living, furnishes at least a partial excuse for this pauperism.

From Lauterbrunnen I ascended the Wenger-Alp, after an early breakfast at the inn, whose excellent bread, butter and honey I still remember with pleasure. Near the pass of the summit, 5,300 feet high, is a small hotel, where I paused awhile. From here I had a view of the Jungfrau, 13,000 feet high, whose head is "veiled in everlasting snows." It was separated from where I stood by a narrow valley, so deep and dark that its base could

not be seen. Though perhaps eight or ten miles distant, it seemed comparatively near. Several times dark clouds clung around its steep sides, while the sun dazzled on its snow-crowned head with cloudless splendor. I thought of the beautiful image of the godly person in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village:"

> "As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
> Though round its breast, the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on his head."

Sometimes white clouds hung around its crown, like curled locks and ringlets from the head of Innocence. As the sun approached the meridian, its rays softened the snow and ice, which broke loose from their holds towards the top, and as they tumbled downward, tore off other masses, thus increasing with every leap, until they formed "the awful avalanche." At first I heard a noise like the rolling of distant thunder, then the confused fragments of snow and ice disappeared in a gorge, almost like a waterfall. The noise increased until the claps of thunder cracked around the cliffs, and rolled across the valley, with sounds that carried terror to my heart. Far below the avalanche reappeared, flinging about clouds of ice and snow, until it would be lost in the valley, whose deep bed was out of sight. Owing to the distance, these avalanches appear comparatively small, though in reality very large.

From here I crossed the pass down into Gruendelwald. Descending the mountain, I met many vendors of cheese, strawberries, and milk; and further on, two Swiss minstrels with a guitar. There is a simplicity and sweetness in the pastoral melodies of Switzerland,

seldom found elsewhere. I have frequently heard and admired them from poor, ragged street-singers in America. But here were two maidens, neatly clad in Swiss costume, in the heart of Swiss scenery, where the bells of Alp-herds twinkle musically around them, mingling pleasantly with their voices, while before them was spread out a rugged scene of mountains and valleys, ripe grain fields, and fields of ice. Here I fully realized all my former dreams of poetry and song as it still exists in its unmixed simplicity on the Alps. Their clear ringing voices fully compensated for the muttering sounds of their tuneless guitar. "The Swiss Mountain Boy" had ever been a favorite with me, but here it had charms I had never heard before. I asked for the "Schweitzer's Heimweh," and unintentionially left them know that I was from America, upon which they threw up their hands with wonder, the one artlessly exclaiming to the other as she gazed at me: "Ach Gott, was giebt es grosse Leute in Amerika." Though I freely conversed with them in their own tongue, in their simplicity they seemed to forget that I understood them, for they would make observations to each other about my appearance, which they seemed to regard as an American standard.

The village of Gruendelwald extends for miles up the mountains and through the valley. The inhabitants seem to live entirely from their flocks. Their frame dwellings are of a uniform style, with projecting roofs running over two, and some over three balconies. One side of the house has barely one story above ground, while the others have three. Some of the buildings have inscriptions in homely verse on the outside front,

but not without sense. The following is from the year 1700, on a dwelling, worn pale by time, but apparently not half worn out:

"I have built my house along this public street,
And must let fault-finders find fault, and haters hate,
Though enviers may envy, I put my trust in God,
The treasures he provides, the wicked ne'er shall rob."

Gruendelwald can boast of several large glaciers. On the wall of the village church is a simple stone which marks the grave of an unfortunate clergyman from the Canton of Vaud, who, on a visit to one of the glaciers in 1821, ventured too far on the ice, and fell into a fissure one hundred and twenty feet deep. After a labor of twelve days, his corpse was taken out and laid on their God's acre.

The lake of the four Cantons, on whose borders is the city of Luzerne, has become celebrated from its association with Schiller's Tell. The variety of mountains which rise abruptly from its banks, imparts to its scenery an exceeding grandeur. Our steamer paddling around their turns and windings, looked like a puffing little bubble beside these giant piles. On one side was the Righi, cut off from other mountains, standing out in solitary majesty, like a forepost of a strongly fortified kingdom. On the other rose the bald Pilatus, whose prickly horns and rough uncovered cliffs remind one of a strong fortress in shattered ruins. On the left bank of the lake is a small village scattered over a sloping valley, formed by a depression between two peaks. Though containing only about 1,000 inhabitants, it was a free and independent State for three hundred years, the smallest independent government in the world. It fell

a victim to the French Revolution of 1798, and now forms part of one of the neighboring cantons. Then comes Rutli, a little meadow, green with trees and herbage, sloping down to the edge of the lake, on which on the night of the 8th of November, 1307, thirty-three men from three neighboring cantons, formed a solemn league, which led to the emancipation of Switzerland from the bondage of the house of Hapsburg. On the opposite shore is a small chapel on the verge of a steep rugged bank, which marks the spot where Tell leaped out of Gessler's boat. I passed the deep cut of the road beyond the Righi, where, soon after, his deadly arrow pierced the heart of the oppressor. Half an hours' walk from the end of the lake, is the village of Altorf, where formerly stood the linden tree under which Tell's child was placed when his father was compelled to shoot an apple from his head, at the distance of a hundred yards. Before the father, whose bosom heaved with half-suppressed agony, took his aim with painful ease, he tried to calm the mind of his boy by telling him of the joyful home beyond the grave, the "land where there are no mountains." The reply of the child is beautifully descriptive of the undying attachment of the Swiss to their wild mountains:

> "Father, I'd feel oppressed in that broad land,
> I'd rather dwell beneath the avalanche."

On my return I stopped at Waggis, from where I ascended the Righi. There is but little shade along the ascent from this side, so that three hours' climbing under a mid-day sun made me feel and appear as most persons do, when they labor hard in warm weather. I

dismissed my garments one after the other, and at last hired a boy to carry them, and still I was dripping with perspiration. But when I reached the summit, the breeze soon made me uncomfortably cold. Fearful that the hotel on the top was already crowded, I took lodging a half an hours' walk below, at Righi-Staffel. I spent several hours on the top. The atmosphere was unusually clear, so that I had a full view of the vast world it overlooks. To the south and east were the Alps, through whose ridgy-shivered tops I could see into the upper snowy valleys, which mortal feet have never trod. When the clouds lowered towards evening, these pyramids reminded me of the white tents of a large encampment. To the north and west is an uninterrupted view from sixty to eighty miles. The whole looked like a checkered map, the distance dissolved the mountains to a level with the plain; the numerous villages were dots grouped together among the yellow grain fields, foliage and grass; the lakes, ten in number, glistened like large pearls set in this diversified landscape. Suddenly thick clouds of fog started up from below, as if they had escaped from some cavern in the mountain. They swept around us like a sea of vapor, entirely concealing the beautiful world below. Now and then the green fields could be seen through a crack or thin web, but soon it would close up again, and all was gone.

Then we heard the rumbling of distant thunder. I leisurely repaired toward my lodging to await its approach. The heavens seemed to prepare for a grand effort. Soon that death-like calm which always precedes a thunder-storm, settled on the mountain. The Alpherds came from all directions toward their sheds, their

bells tinkling softly and sweetly between the claps of thunder. Herdsmen strolled after them up the mountain, singing merrily with ringing voices, as if they felt unusually joyful beneath this element of terror. For awhile a cloud lingered below us, darting about its flashes with terrific splendor. "Above the storm's career" I could watch its progress with composure. The rain fell so stream-like that it seemed strange the cloud did not empty itself. Then it approached the mountain and rolled its black heaps towards the summit. Those above lowered until they seemed to approach. Then they flung their fiery bolts athwart the heavens and around the mountain. Sometimes it seemed bathed in a sea of liquid light. The large drops that fell heavily on the earth announced their approach, and I regretted that I was compelled to seek shelter from the rain. The grandeur and sublimity of the scene had made me insensible to danger. The clouds swept their torrents around and over us for several hours in a furious storm. While it was raging, travelers continued to arrive. Ladies on horseback in a most hapless plight, almost breathless from the drenching violent storm. Guides and footmen had the appearance of half-drowned men, waving their brimless hats and inverted umbrellas as the trophies of their severe struggles. While others denounced mountain climing in general, and that of the Righi in particular; and declared that they never would be caught in another thunder-storm on the Alps.

Our hotel was full of all manner of confusion. Those of us who had arrived early, found our beds stripped of half their comfort, to cover floors and tables for the repose of the later, and less fortunate. The following

morning all hoped to see the sun rise from the summit, but the clouds had not disappeared. Thus our fate was that of most other travelers, not to see the splendid sunrise from the Righi. But we saw a thunder-storm, which perhaps was still grander. There are few mornings that its top is not enveloped in a cloud. The Righi is not so much celebrated for its height (5,600 feet) as for its unrivalled view, which it owes to its isolated position, in one of the most beautiful regions of Switzerland. The top is covered with a thick coat of grass, forming large pastures. In some places winding terraces and paths have been constructed to make them accessible for larger cattle, of which it contains four thousand head. I descended from the Righi, on the opposite side, in a little over an hour. There is usually more of a breeze in descending than ascending these mountains. There is not much difficulty in getting off; if a person will only lift his limbs, the downward pressure will make the step for him. It requires a little effort to keep the right side up, but even in the event of a tumble, the motion will not be much impeded. In descending the great St. Bernard, I passed over a field of snow in a few minutes, which the day before required an hour of the most determined exertion. Every step I made, carried me four or five. I found that the best plan in descending the Alps, to use a horseman's phrase, is "to draw the rubbers, then crack the whip."

The rocks on and around the Righi are a conglomerate formation, composed of rounded gravel, like fragments cemented together by hard, clayish soil. Long heavy rains sometimes penetrate the cement, so that large pieces slide off down the mountain. On the Ross-

berg, a short distance south of the Righi, a large slide of this kind occurred in 1806. Its long track is still distinctly seen. For two years there had been much rain along here. On the afternoon of the 5th of September the villagers in the valley saw rocks tearing away above them. Suddenly the alarm bell rang. Men, women and children fled to their sanctuary to pray. The severed mountain thundered down three thousand feet into the valley, crushed the church and the praying assembly, buried three villages, killed five hundred persons, and rolled some of its broken massses to the foot of the Righi. Part of it slided into lake Lowerz, near by, and threw up a continuous wall of water, 70 feet high.

The scenery of Switzerland must be seen to get a clear idea of it. We may know that mountains are so many feet high, but have not the faintest conception how they look in their majestic reality. As often as I looked at Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau—and I viewed them for several days—I always felt as though it had been the first time. So strange and entirely unlike anything I had ever dreamed or thought of before, such palpable monuments of Almighty Power, that I scarcely could credit the possibility of their reality.

"And as o'er
The level plain I travel'd silently,
Nearing them more and more day after day,
My wandering thoughts my only company,
And they before me still. Oft as I looked,
A strange delight, mingled with fear, came o'er me;
A wonder as at things I had not heard of!
Oft as I looked, I felt as though it were
For the first time."

A person can seldom get to the highest peak of a mountain. Usually you may climb up to the highest

accessible point, and still mountains are around you, still high up "hills peep o'er hills, and Alps o'er Alps arise." Here I traveled without a companion. As in prayer, so in communing with the Creator through his works, there are seasons when we prefer to be alone with Him. So the Alps seem like a closet sanctuary, where it seems so easy and pleasant to walk with God when we are alone. What a world of reflection and meditation! Feelings of unrest and longings after the spirit-land, after that purity of heart with which we shall see God, these crowd upon the soul amid such scenes, and produce an impression not easily described.

> "Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
> In solitude, where we are at least alone."

Here one experiences an elevation of spirit in which he would gladly remain. Bold rugged mountains robed in everlasting snow, while around their base is spread cheerful vegetation and fruitful harvests; the primitive undisturbed simplicity of these children of the Alps, their faded weather-beaten cottages, the large fields on their pastoral mountains, here and there you see a musing herdsman seated on a rock, with a hundred bells tinkling around him all the day long, while high along the steep woodland the grave hunter roams after his game. Ah, it is sweet to ponder over such a scene, to look at the world from such a point of view. Thus, often

> "Where Alpine solitudes ascend
> I sat me down a pensive hour to spend."

Most charming is a ride from Lausanne to Geneva, along the banks of Lake Leman, especially if enjoyed

on a sunny summer Saturday, filling the mind with pure and hopeful images of coming Sabbath peace. Seated aside the postillion, I plied him with many a question about the country in view, and right cleverly did he answer them, emphasizing his little speeches with a wave of his long whip, and a crack like the report of a pistol. Our road led us by many vineyards and charming villas. On the opposite side of the Lake the mountains rose majestically heavenward, culminating in the snowy crown of Mont Blanc. In between lay the unruffled Genevan Sea.

> "Clear placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
> With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
> Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
> Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring."

At the south-western extremity of the lake the city is located; here its waters wildly rush out from their confinings through two streams, soon uniting and forming the river Rhone.

Switzerland is intimately associated with the history of the Reformation. In the Munster at Basel, a Church Council was held as early as 1431, for the "Reformation of the church in its head and members." In the same building Erasmus is buried. In the Cathedral at Lausanne a discussion was held in 1536, in which Calvin and Farel took a prominent part. And here in Geneva Calvin formed a model christian State, which, however, seems to have degenerated greatly since his day. Geneva has given to the world two men, who have largely sown the seed of ideas into the historic field of Europe. One helped to organize, the other to disorganize society. One who in point of moral heroism and learning had

but few equals, and endeavored to remove the rubbish of ages, which had gathered over the fountain of truth; the other inoculated European society with bad principles, hurled a fire-brand into its social edifice, which at one time threatened to put the whole building into a blaze.

In 1530 John Calvin, a native of France, and more recently a fugitive from Paris, came to Geneva. He, united with Farel, at the time the leading Reformer in Geneva, denounced the corruptions of the Catholic Church. Through his writings and sermons he soon attained to great influence. From the pulpit of St. Peters, which is still here, he fearlessly hurled his denunciations at the corruptions of the Papacy. His church polity which he introduced into Geneva, and his system of theology, have become interwoven with the tissue of Protestantism, and have given complexion to our American institutions. The house in which he lived and died, is still here. He requested that no tombstone should mark his grave, so that his last resting place can no longer be distinguished. Not far from where I am writing, is the house in which Rosseau was born.

> "Here the self-torturing sophist,
> The apostle of affliction, he who threw
> Enchantment over passion, and from woe
> Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
> The breath which made him wretched."

He was the son of a clock-maker, fled from Geneva from fear of his teacher, in his 16th year, died in misery, 1778, near Paris. His writings embodied principles which strewed moral poison into the hearths

of Europe. They kindled in the human heart the fires of hell. From this fountain flowed the enormities of the French Revolution. Its deadly virus still courses through the veins of European philosophy, in spite of the many efforts to throw it off.

Geneva is situated on the banks of the lake of the same name, with 31,000 inhabitants, of which over 9,000 are Catholics. It has been praised by travelers from every clime. From the lake the view is charming. Along its banks are scattered the country seats of wealthy Genevans, for it is reputed to have fifty millionaires. The farms along the lake, improved with the most tasteful care, are pictures of rural comfort. In the rear of the rising fertile country, which skirts its banks, are chains of mountains, to which at one time the lake perhaps extended. Towards the east Mont Blanc, sixty miles distant, raises its proud summit, like a fleecy cloud, high above its fellows. Of a moonlight night, and I was fortunate enough to get here at this season, its spotless drapery of eternal snow contrasts pleasantly with the rough dark outline of inferior mountains. Its white majestic form rises out of the earth, like some dread unearthly being, crowned with a halo of light peering over the boundary of eternity, into the darkness of a sin-cursed earth. Immediately to the south is the hill on which Servetus was executed for heresy, a bloody page in the early history of Protestant Geneva.

Were Calvin to rise from his unknown grave, he would thrust his scalpel as unsparingly into the corruption and Sabbath desecration of Geneva, as he once did into the sores of the Papacy. In this respect Geneva is infinitely behind Edinburg, the city of John Knox.

Early of a Sunday morning loaded carts and wagons rattled through the streets, mechanics plied their tools, carpenters their planes, only with a little less noise and publicity than the day before. During the morning more than 500 laborers were assembled on the market place, for I don't know what purpose, with their scythes and hoes on their shoulders. Half of the persons on the streets were in their work-day clothes. Some stores were closed, others had one shutter closed. Shops and drinking saloons did an extensive business. The churches in which I worshipped were slimly attended. One was not half filled, the other congregations consisted chiefly of females. Evidently church-goers are here far in the minority. In some of the other Cantons of Switzerland it is far different. Basel has a quiet orderly Sabbath. In the Canton of Berne all labor and Sabbath desecration of every kind is strictly prohibited.

One who has been accustomed to enjoy the sacred stillness of an American Sabbath, is very unfavorably impressed by the manner in which it is observed on the Continent. Christians may differ in some points on this subject. Whether they should attend public worship the whole day, or spend part of it in reading and reflection; or whether a Christian may not even walk into the woods or fields on a Sabbath afternoon and evening, to engage in meditation or religious conversation, are questions about which even good men may differ. But it ceases to be the hallowed day of the Lord to us, when we spend it in sensual enjoyments, in bargain and sale.

CHAPTER XI.

MARTIGNY. ST. BERNARD. CHAMOUNY. ZURICH. CONSTANCE. SCHAFFHAUSEN. A CLERICAL CONFERENCE. THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE SWISS PASTORAL CONFERENCE. THE RHINE FALL. HISTORY AND NATIONAL PECULIARITIES OF SWITZERLAND.

I approached Geneva from Lausanne by diligence, along the picturesque banks of its Lake, and left by steamer for Villeneuve, at the eastern end of it. On the roof of a clumsy diligence I continued my journey toward Martigny. This awkward seat afforded a definite and extensive view of the grand scenery along the way. Leaving my scanty luggage at the village hotel, I started for an ascent of the great St. Bernard. In the Convent on its summit, I penned the following impressions:

At length I am enabled to hail from the summit of my wanderings, the highest human habitation in Europe, 7,550 feet above the level of the sea. But in this world of ups and downs, or, to use a more scientific expression, of diurnal revolutions, high and low are but relative terms. It is even geographically true that the high are brought low, and the low are exalted from day to day. So that while I labored hard to climb up here, I was soon after whirled to the lower parts of the earth again, below one-half of my fellow beings. I started from Martigny yesterday morning at 4 o'clock, and reached

here at 4 p. m. The road wound through a succession of valleys, bounded by mountains, into which the sun did not shine until it was three hours' high. At one place the road was tunnelled through the corner of the mountain, on which rested a lofty mass of superincumbent rocks, unsupported by props or arches. At the lower end of the valley the farmers were busy reaping their harvests, but as the road ascended, the harvest became less ripe. Gradually I came into the region where there was nothing but grass, scant and scarcely fit to mow, and finally to where there was neither grain nor grass, only here and there a green spot along the steep mountain, on which small flocks of goats were clambering for a living. High up along the mountains are small villages, perched here and there along steep and dizzy heights. They look as if the smallest force could start them rolling down into the deep valley

Farmers can use no sort of wagons. They convey their produce home on mules, and those little Alpine indispensables, donkeys. I met with large moving bales of hay yesterday, which I at first thought were on wagons, until I discovered legs under them instead of wheels.

The scenery is such as can only be found in Switzerland. The mountains are high, rough and abounding in abrupt changes. At Orsienes, about one-third of the distance, the view opens upon the snow-clad cliffs of Mont Velan, whose prickly tops look as if they might have trickled through fissures in the ceiling of the universe. Here the road to St. Bernard winds to the right into another valley, through which it rises rapidly. Passing through this I found it intensely

hot. The burning sun beat upon the smooth treeless mountain side, with no branch or brushwood for a shelter, while the cold, glistening snow looked down from the summit, as if to mock the quick throbs of my palpitating heart. I rested in several villages along the road, but had not much time to lose. After I had left the last village, most probably the "Alpine village" in Longfellow's "Excelsior," I passed along a forest of meagre, stunted pine, and after that no shrub, living or dead, was found any more. When I reached the last steep ascent of the mountain, I fell in with a New School Presbyterian brother from Philadelphia, who was on a mule, with a guide. I had neither. To have made this ascent in the morning, might have been comparatively easy, but after coming over twenty-five miles up hill through the hot sun, it was by no means an easy task. I got along pretty well, until I reached the region of snow and ice, about a mile and a half from the summit. The ascent became steep, the snow-paths soft and unbeaten, and worse than all, the atmosphere became so rare, that the least exertion would set me panting for breath. Over the last mile I had to rest every few rods to take breath, and then could with difficulty get along. When I reached the top I found it cool enough, but a comfortable fire on the hearth, and a table spread with a variety of refreshments, together with the many marks of sympathy and kindness from the fathers of the Convent, soon dispelled all my fatigue. And a refreshing night's rest in a bed and room over 6,000 feet higher than the one I had the night before, has restored me to my usual buoyancy of body and spirit.

One hundred years before the Christian Era, the

Romans already crossed the Alps along this road through the pass of St. Bernard, and as such it has been used ever since. In 1800, Napoleon Bonaparte crossed through here into Italy with an army of 30,000 men, with much difficulty and labor. Through the winter its passage has always been attended with much danger, on account of the prevalence of snow-storms and severe cold. This induced St. Bernard of Menthon to found a Convent in this pass on the summit, in 962, for the relief of travelers and others who are in distress. He made it the constant duty of its inmates, from ten to fifteen monks belonging to the order of St. Augustine, and servants, gratuitously to accommodate and nurse travelers, and during the snowy seasons, which here continue at least nine months in the year, to search the different mountain paths to rescue the needy and distressed. Besides these the aged and infirm always find an asylum here. The establishment is supported at a great expense by contributions from France, Italy and Switzerland, and what little travelers may drop into the charity box. No regular pay is received from any person. They spread a good table, and have comfortable beds and rooms for all the visitors and travelers through here, which during the summer are numerous. All the provision must be brought up from the valleys below. The monks have a little garden in which they sometimes raise a few stunted vegetables towards the end of summer, but not without much care and labor. Sometimes the thermometer falls below zero in August. Their firewood must be brought on horses and mules ten miles up the mountain, and to lay in a stock for one year, employs twenty of these animals for three months.

From November until May a trusty servant and one of the monks daily descend half way down the mountain in search of perishing travelers, whom they nurse and cure their frozen limbs in their asylum. And often their large St. Bernard dogs go out alone with provision baskets hung to their necks in search of the distressed. Many a half-starved, half-frozen traveler has been scraped out of the snow, and received meat and drink, through the kindness of these noble animals. They seem to be constantly on the look-out for an errand of mercy.

The scenery of St. Bernard, though praised by many, has little to commend it.

> "Oh solitude, where are thy charms,
> Which Sages have seen in thy face."

And such a solitude! A dread sterile world of rocks, with neither tree nor plant to relieve its barren aspect. The view is hemmed in all around by high rocky peaks, as bare and bald as the walls of the Convent. With no human habitation in view, not a glimpse of the living busy world below, where the weary eye can see nothing but the bald rocks, the snow and the heavens. And yet there is one star which twinkles with inviting cheerfulness into this night of desert desolation. Let a man climb thirty miles through a burning sun and sultry atmosphere up this ascent, and reach the summit at the point of exhaustion, and then after suddenly getting into this region of winter, sit down by the crackling hearth, "glowing warm and bright," and receive the cordials, refreshments, and words of cheerful sympathy from these "good Samaritans," and let him witness their kindness to the old and infirm, and he will find something here, which many a Jew and Levite, though of

greater pretensions, fail to impart. This is the only green plant on this bleak summit, which makes its dreariness glad, this wilderness blossom as the rose; a plant of living, fruit-bearing charity. These men of very superior intelligence spend the noon and evening of their days in a state of total self-forgetfulness, and often amid circumstances of severest trial, in acts of unrequited mercy. We need not be ashamed to pay a tribute of grateful esteem to their deeds of kindness. Their register contains the record of many a thankful heart, by Jew and Gentile, bond and free, who have had the happiness of feeling the genial warmth of their hearth.

A person cannot help but recognize along this route the scene of Longfellow's Excelsior. Far below, on the verge of vegetation and sterile rocks, is the "Alpine village." Then a small forest of pine trees, where many a "withered branch" can be seen. Far below "the roaring torrent, deep and wide," tumbles wildly along, parallel with the footpath. "The twilight cold and gray," piercingly cold even in mid-summer, "the faithful hound," bounding in all directions over these bleak rocks after objects of mercy. And then this morning the early devotions of the monks brought the whole scene with vivid pleasure before my mind.

> "At break of day, as heavenward
> The pious monks of St. Bernard
> Utter'd their oft-repeated prayer,
> A voice cried through the startled air,
> Excelsior."

At Martigny I made my headquarters for a week. The inhabitants of this part of Switzerland nearly all

belong to the laboring classes, and most of them laboring very hard. Their language is a mixture. The body is French, but the woof is inwrought with fragments of Latin and German, and so unlike either, that a knowledge of the three is scarcely sufficient to understand it. The following day I proceeded to Chamouny, over the Col de Balme. The first three hours' walk the road steeply ascended through a rough valley, partly cultivated, then again descended for a short distance, and from here ascended three hours again up the mountain. At first awhile the path wound along its shady sides in zigzag style, which finally entered large pastures covered with soft, thick grass, over which herdsmen and their flocks were scattered. Its topmost cone, 7,000 feet high, was clad with snow and vegetation. I plucked large Alp-violets on the borders of the snow-bank as memorials. The summit of the Col de Balme commands an excellent view of Mont Blanc. But its crown is so frequently veiled with a cloud, that few can enjoy the view. For a few moments the king of European mountains stood out before me in all his white, dazzling majesty, then thick clouds rolled up from below, and swept around me such a night-like darkness, that I could see my path down but a few paces ahead. Soon I got below the clouds again, and in a few hours reached Chamouny.

Chamouny valley is celebrated for its large glaciers. Seven of these ice-rivers slowly slide their large blocks down from Mont Blanc towards the valley. The origin of these glaciers, and their influence upon the earth's surface, is extremly interesting. The region of ice and snow begins at 8,000 feet above the level of the sea.

From here upwards it never rains. The cloud-deposites are in the form of granular snow, which in these cold heighths have accumulated their everlasting masses for thousands of years. Along the border of the melting temperature, large quantities of ice are found. In the day time the sun and atmosphere melt the snow; after night it freezes into ice, with which the falling snow again combines. The masses are pressed down the mountain side through gorges and ravines, thus forming the glaciers. They look like frozen mountain rivers, whose tumbling torrents were instantaneously converted into ice by a sudden change of the temperature. Some are from ten to fifteen hundred feet deep. They are broken up into blocks, separated by large fissures, which, from a distance, look like frozen waterfalls and ice-waves. The streams move imperceptibly slow. Some of them only from one to two feet per day. I believe Agassiz ascribes their motion to the expansion of the glacier, occasioned by the falling snow and rain, and the trickling of water, melting away from the ice into the fissures, where it freezes again. It is difficult to see what becomes of the immense masses gorging in above, when the stream moves so slowly. Doubtless the action of the sun and the atmosphere consume much, but it seems impossible that it should amount to such a quantity. Every glacier has a stream at its base, through which its meltings rush away. Some of the largest rivers of Europe, the Rhone and others, have their origin in glaciers. They exert a great influence upon the earth's surface. Their crushing masses, with their tremendous lateral pressure, plough up high banks along their course, tear up rocks, and push them

up steep mountains, until they tumble back on the bosom of the stream. I met with many large furrows of extinct glaciers, running far down into the valleys, whose tracks were strewn with huge boulders. Many a geological phenomenon may one day be shown to have originated from the action of glaciers or the motion of ice in some other form.

From Chamouny I ascended Montavert, which commands a view of the Mer-de-Glace, a large lake of ice, into which Mont Blanc pushes its discharges. Hedged in by the lofty cliffs of surrounding mountains, between which its blueish, rough surface extends for six miles, it slowly and heavily pushes its contents down through the glacier Des Bois towards the valley. The stream carried on its surface large boulders. Its slow motion produces a singularly cracking and tumbling noise. I walked along its edge, but had no inclination to accept the offers of a guide, who wished to lead me across its rough surface to the other side. Directly opposite, the huge peaks and rough pyramids of Mont Blanc pierced the clouds from their untrodden heights. After descending, I entered a peasant's cottage, where I procured refreshments, such as his flocks afforded, and surveyed the arrangement of a farmer's house in Chamouny. Thence I ascended the Flegere, which affords a view of the whole chain of Mont Blanc from the summit to its base. During the ascent I was forcibly reminded of Bunyan's Hill of Difficulty. At first the steep path wound over the rough boulder-covered track of an extinct glacier, on which the afternoon sun beat most fervently. Here and there a fresh, limpid spring welled out of the mountain, whose quickening

waters were a striking emblem, both in appearance and effect, of the Water of Life. Then the path entered a dense pine forest, and winded through the most grateful shade. As I asended, the bracing, rarefied atmosphere diminished the weariness of exertion, and when I reached the top, I felt far less fatigued than when I started from the base. Even so it is with the Christian's ascent of the sacred mountain—the mountain of God's holiness. Often he must press upwards, under severe difficulties, over a steep and rugged path, but here and there springs of Grace well out of Zion, with which he laves his weary limbs. Passing through special overshadowings of God's pavilion, and rising above the world of sense and sin, he feasts in pleasant places, while the pure, celestial atmosphere of divine communion diminishes his weakness as he approaches the summit. And this, too, commands a view of the valley below, "a vale of tears." But *above* all tears shall be wiped away.

> "Then let your songs abound,
> And let your tears be dry,
> We're marching through Immanuel's ground
> To fairer worlds on high."

From here Mont Blanc stood before me nearly 15,000 feet high, in all its uncovered snow-crested glory. Along the summit were deep valleys filled with the snow of a thousand years. Far below the falling snow and rain, mingled with their gradual meltings, gorged downward through rough passes into the glaciers, whose arms hung down to the base, and looked as if a breath of air might break their brittle hold, and start them rushing upon the world below. I spent the night

in a village in the upper end of the valley. The sun lingered around the white crown of Mont Blanc, long after the dusky twilight had settled into the narrow valley below. From this threshold of night I watched the flickering glow of glory playing over its pure drapery—then I thought of the mountains of old, which the presence of the Lord made so brilliantly glorious that mortal eyes could not behold them. The light of the sun faded into twilight, and soon darkness crept around its breast; the stars hung tremblingly around those white airy cones and peaks, and night clinging around its snowless base, seemed to sever its white-crested drapery from the earth, while its hazy light hung in the heavens like the "milky way."

I returned to Martigny over the Tete-Noire, a route that leads through gorges and passes fearfully dark and wild. After I reached its summit, marked with a cross, the road led through a barren waste on which former glaciers had left their rolling rocks. It was the picture of a most desolate solitude. When I had passed a small village, where peasants, men and women, were already busy mowing grass, for I had started early, the valley became narrow, and the dark, high, pine-clad mountain hung overhead around it, like a canopy of gloom to keep out the rising cheerfulness of daylight. If the Swiss Alps were infested by robbers, one would expect to meet them here; and formerly, it is said, a clan had their abode in this region. The road passes along a steep mountain, and seems to hang over a wild, roaring stream, many hundred feet below. It requires a strong faith in the firmness of the rocks, to pass over some of these airy roads with a steady nerve. I reached Martigny at

noon, where, after such a week's experience, I enjoyed the following day of rest with peculiar delight. To a person unaccustomed to worship God amid such monumental temples of nature, there is an unusual solemnity in divine services among the Alps. Here the eye can not wander over the wide world of sin. In whatever direction you look, it must glance upward. And if the heart is right toward God, it will follow the eye. Its affections and desires will become elevated. It will look thankfully and believingly to "the Hill, whence all our help cometh."

This grand little village is in the heart of Switzerland, nestled deep down between high mountains. After moving about among the hard-working mountaineers, I must spend a Lord's day with them. In truth, in the sweat of their brow these hardy Swiss must eat their bread. Women swinging the heavy scythe in their meadowy mountain glens, bearing large bales of grass on their heads; the men grubbing around every available spot of shallow earth on the steep mountain side,—whither they must bear the manure, and whence they gladly carry their harvest home, the mountain paths being impassable for wagons. So work the Swiss. A hard-worked, yet withal a cheerful race.

"Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot, the lot of all,
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord, the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air and carols as he goes."

Martingny is a Catholic village. Its people all worship in one church; a plain, solid old building, with

dingy walls and dusty windows, and a quaint belfry, and worshippers given to quaint fashions. At six in the morning the church-bell already rang for services, and down the narrow valleys that centre here, many persons wended their way to the house of prayer. Thereafter, at certain intervals, a half dozen other services were held during the day. The chief of them were those held at 10 a. m., and at the close of day. Then came the people from all the mountain country round about. Herdsmen left their cattle and shepherds their flocks grazing on the mountain-tops, to spend a sacred hour in the vale below. Milkmaids, with cheeks as red as the ribbons bordering their picturesque bonnets, and venerable matrons, stiff with life's labor, and stooping beneath the burdens of age, and athletic young men, as nobly formed as the Swiss body-guard of Pius IX. These all I scanned with pleasing interest, coming down the steep and tortuous mountain paths, and through the winding valleys. Not a man entered the sacred building with hat on. The church was crowded back to the door. Not a whisper was heard, save the low, muttering voice of the officiating priest, until the congregation sang; then all voices joined; voices untrained by art, yet sweetly blending the notes of praise.

All the women, save the old ones, wore low-crowned, narrow-brimmed straw-bonnets, fringed with gilt-bordered, black, red, blue or pink lace. These odd hats seen from the church-door, gave the congregation quite a military appearance.

To me it was a marvel where all these people came from. The valleys scarcely half a mile wide, the village very small, with here and there a small hamlet

clinging to the mountain side; at best this mountain-world can support but few people. But these few in their own way, seem to feel their dependence upon God. All came afoot; some a distance of six or eight miles, over roads which would make the knees and nerves of American church-goers quake. Not a carriage or beast of burden was seen around that church.

Somehow I took kindly to these simple peasant people of Martigny, and they to me. Tenderly I ragarded them at their hard work and devout worship.

With joy I remember this Sabbath day at Martigny. No sound nor sight marred its cheerful elevating repose, The travelers at the hotels seemed subdued. The toiling mountain people seemed so grateful for a day of rest. The very dogs on the streets seemed instinctively to catch the Sabbatic spell, and the cattle on the hills seemed to low less, so as not to disturb the worshippers in the vale.

The mountains, dressed with waving pine, looked benignantly down upon us, themselves preaching lessons of peace. As they rose, thousands of feet above this narrow valley, I could easily realize that as they were around us, so God was round about His people—around us, too. So silent, yet so grand; so rugged, yet so pleasing to behold; so little one feels, looking up to them, yet so peaceful.

Switzerland is a country of mysteries. Her mountains and her history are full of contrasts and contradictions, combined with unity and order. Had we but a descriptive revelation of her geological convulsions, an explanation of the contortions and incongruous formation of her rocks, a panoramic view of the wounds

and gashes, which here our globe once received, of which these mountains are but the scars and scabs. Aye, this would make a readable book, which might give us a faint idea of the boiling terror of that geological finale, when "the earth shall melt with fervent heat." Switzerland has her social mysteries, too, her political contrasts. Here are twenty-two Cantons, with a history of convulsions and collisions, at one time fighting with prowess against their common enemy, at another fighting with equal bravery among themselves, and then different parties or religions of the same Canton waging destructive war with each other, and all the while remaining members of the Swiss Confederacy, a united independent Republic, that stands out in bold prominence against the Monarchies of Europe. And then the unremitting friction between Protestants and Papists, with all their bitter rankling memories and bloody antecedents, each eyeing the other with sleepless vigilance and jealousy. These, indeed, would seem to furnish very incongruous material for a Republic, and yet you find a national harmony here seldom found elsewhere. Her history has its mountains, too, the scars and scabs of former wounds, which a slight scratch will irritate, and after a brief inflammation, will heal up again.

The Swiss have ever shown too great an eagerness to decide their difficulties with the sword. Here we have the only instance, where a prominent Reformer saw fit to resort to carnal weapons in defence of truth. A few days ago I passed the spot, near Cappel, where Zwingli fell on the field of battle. The Protestants were led on by the Reformer himself, who, after he was

fatally wounded, continued to admonish his army to fight valiantly for the truth. A small monument marks the spot, where a papal soldier found him weltering in his blood, and pierced him with his sword, because he refused to pray to the Virgin Mary. The Catholic population of Switzerland is about one-third less than the Protestant. The former seem to increase more rapidly, as they always adhere very tenaciously to their religion. In the Canton of Geneva they are said to have increased rapidly within late years. This may be partly accounted for by the fact, that the Canton is almost surrounded by papal States, especially France and Savoy. The strength and consistency of Protestantism in Switzerland has been impaired by the spread of Rationalism. Here this system has struck deeper and more abiding root than in some of the more northern countries. Some of the hymn books are dilutions of the baldest Rationalism. The good old German hymns have been stripped of all their positive unction, in which we can only discern the defaced fragments of their former beauty.

The Canton of Zurich clearly indicated its religious tendencies in the election of Dr. Straus, the Coryphaeus of Rationalism, to the theological professorship of its University. Though this occurred in 1839, soon after he had written his "Life of Jesus," the commotion which it occasioned is still fresh in the memory of Swiss Protestants. He was elected and called by the representatives of the people. But after they had taken the step, a large number of the more evangelical party remonstrated through meetings and otherwise. When this would not answer, an army of peasants led by a

country pastor, and armed with scythes and hoes, marched to Zurich to try their old method of settling disputes. They sternly demanded that the call of Straus should be revoked; the Council had to yield, but was obliged to give him his promised salary. So that while Dr. Straus lived in the shades of retirement in Heidelberg, he received a salary of 1000 florins per annum, from the University of Zurich, for services which he never rendered.

But this very occurrence, terminating in a triumph of the Evangelical party, is a proof of the predominance of positive Christianity among the masses. The negative religion only prevails to this extent in some of the Cantons. In most of them the friends of Bible truth show a disposition to rally in its favor. Basel is most decidedly Evangelical. It exhibits signs of a remarkable spiritual energy. I have been told by Divines from the extreme north of Germany, that the influence of Basel has extended to their field of labor; that its leaven has been graciously felt over the whole territory of German Protestantism.

The union between Church and State frequently encumbers and impedes the healthful development of their religious life. Every Canton seems to constitute a little Church in itself, whose civil council is the highest judicatory of Church and State. So it has been since the Reformation. Pastors, most generally, are not called by the congregations, but distributed by the Government. No congregation can discipline a transgressor beyond admonition. After that, the State will punish him by imprisonment or otherwise. Legislatures may be amply competent to attend to the affairs of the State, but seldom to those of the Church.

The lake-cities of Switzerland have a scenery peculiarly their own. Lausanne, Geneva, Vevy, Luzerne, Zurich, are places which a person will not soon forget. The last always seems the prettiest. Still it seems to me Zurich surpasses them all. It is the Boston of Switzerland, the metropolis of science. It has many virtues and vices, passions and prejudices in common with the American metropolis. It seems to be the Swiss battle-field of Mind, where Truth and Error have often grappled in deadly conflict. Like the Puritan city, it has its unbeliefs, or belief in negatives, instead of faith in the truth.

Zurich is scattered along both sides of the Limmet and along the borders of its lake, where its clear, blue waters empty into this stream. Some of the old ramparts of the city have been converted into elevated promenades, which command a view of its surroundings. It is remarkably quiet for a German city, and its domestic and public affairs are managed with precision and ease. One can readily perceive that their enjoyments are predominantly intellectual.

From Zurich northward, the scenery becomes less grand and picturesque. Constance, situated on a lake of the same name, is surrounded with a flat, monotonous country. It is a town of historical importance, from its connection with the early history of the Reformation. The Muenster is built over the old subterranean chapel, where the persecuted Christians of the early Church were compelled to hold their worship under the earth. Its damp, dismal aisles would possess little attraction for Christians of the 19th century. In the upper part of the church a large stone in the pavement is pointed

out where Huss stood, when he was tried and condemned by the Council. The old Dominican Convent, the place of his imprisonment, is on a little island in the lake. I entered a small, dark dungeon in the old Muenster, in which he spent his last night, a place hideously gloomy. A short distance out of the city is a small meadow, now planted with fruit trees, where Huss and Jerome of Prague were burned.

The ministerial Association of Switzerland held its annual meeting in Schaffhausen, on the 5th and 6th of August. The attendance was large, and the discussions were marked with ability and clearness. The theme of discussion for the first day was, "What position should the Swiss Church assume toward the confessional controversies of the Evangelical Church of Germany?" It was opened with an essay by pastor Beck, in which he defined the causes and nature of the difficulties which at present harass German Protestantism, and their relation to the German and Swiss Reformed Churches. The Protestant Church of Germany includes four leading denominations; the Evangelical, composed of a union of Lutheran and Reformed; the Lutheran, Reformed and Moravians. The Evangelical Church originated from a desire to diminish dissention and strife, and especially to reunite the two leading branches of German Protestantism in a third Church, combining in itself the good and essential of both. Many congregations and ministers rejoicingly flocked into the Union as a means of restoring peace to the fold of Christ. But instead of this it seems to have increased the confusion, and as many Lutherans and Reformed refused to enter into this Union, it added

one more party to the divided body of the Redeemer. The German Reformed Church seems to have yielded to this Union most readily. But those who remained firm in their old relations, are frequently persecuted by both the other Churches. By the Evangelical for refusing to enter the Union, by the Lutherans for refusing to become Lutherans. For many of the Lutherans here are exceedingly ultra. These, however, are only a party in the Church. She also has many liberal-minded men, who can see Christianity beyond Lutheranism. An instance was given, where a Lutheran minister refused to give the Communion to his wife, because she was a member of the Reformed Church. These circumstances push the latter into some very uncomfortable straits, and force upon them the question, what position to assume towards the other Churches. The Swiss Reformed Church has hitherto been little affected by these controversies, because there is no other Protestant denomination in Switzerland. But she cannot be insensible to the wants and trials of her sister Church, for whose comfort, as well as for the instruction of her own members, this discussion took place. Pastor Gœbel and Dr. Herzog, publisher of the Real Encyclopedia, both of Erlangen, were the representatives of the German Reformed Church. They desired an expression of sympathy, and a word of advice. Both were given, if not by formal resolutions, at least in substance. Prof. Hagenbach, from Basel, author of a popular Church History, was the only speaker who advised them to become Evangelical. All the addresses urged upon them the exercise of mildness and charity; rather to endure wrong, than to do wrong,

to do good to those who hate and persecute them, of which Calvin furnished a striking example. "Luther calls me a devil, but I will still call him a child of God."

The theme of discussion for the second day were "the forms and causes of superstition in Switzerland, and the method of suppressing it."

Rev. S. Preiswerk, from Basel, opened the discussion with a lengthy address, from which it appeared that many queer and superstitious notions are still cherished by the masses. The speaker remarked that an advance in the line of superstition were the moving tables, which of late years hopped over from America. It seems that delusion has found a considerable foothold in some parts of Switzerland, and that in its most extravagant forms. In Geneva a society of spiritualists has been formed, extending also into France, who profess to have direct communion with the Saviour. They have published letters which purport to have been dictated by Him, and claim to be the honored organs through which He will prepare the Church for His second coming. Expecting that their cause would be canvassed at Schaffhausen, they transmitted several long communications to the Assembly, explanatory of their faith, and the phenomena that occurred during their short history.

The most general view of the speakers seemed to define the cause of superstition as a want of faith in a personal God. It impels men to seek deliverance from danger of ghosts and phantoms. It exists not only in its crude and repulsive forms, but by a poetical refinement will insinuate itself into our holiest services in the disguise of an awful reverence and faith. We

cannot conquer it by unreasonable assertions and denials, not even always by argument or explanation, as in the case of spiritualism. The ignorant, most given to superstition, are not always susceptible of conviction by arguments. The only antidote is the cultivation of faith in a personal God, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being," and in a personal Saviour, for whose sake our Father will extend the wings of His unremitting mercy and protection over His children. When the sun arises, the night will disappear of itself, but no other power can dispel the darkness. "Faith cometh by hearing" the word of God. Diffuse the light of the word, steep the soul in the "fountain" of the Gospel, "lift up the gates" of the heart, and "the King of glory will come in."

After the exercises of the first day had terminated, the association collectively dined in a large hall, where refreshments were served for body and spirit. And after such a long session of about seven hours, the bodily wants of the brethren prepared them to discuss more agreeable themes than the confessional strifes of Christians. At the close came two poems by way of dessert. One from a brother of Basel, written in the Swiss dialect, sparkling with pious wit. It was an appropriate greeting to Schaffhausen, in which he alluded to its firmness in the faith during the trials of the Reformation, and the more recent storms of modern Infidelity. The other was a welcome from Schaffhausen to the association. The whole was a bodily and intellectual feast, in a Christian sense.

From here the Association proceeded to the Rhine-fall, about two miles from Schaffhausen. The Rhine is

here about 300 feet wide, and for a considerable distance above the fall boils and tumbles over rocks with great commotion. The fall proper is about 60 feet high, but is interrupted by several high rocks, breaking the current, in its grand leap, into rolling heaps of snowy foam which send up clouds of spray. We spent the evening on the terrace of a neighboring hotel. After night the rough outlines around the fall could be dimly distinguished. Immediately below, on the right bank, were two furnaces in full blast, whose chimneys flung around them thick drops of fire, which shed a spectral glare on the roaring waves, and served to "make darkness visible." If I had never seen the Niagara, it would have appeared still grander. After singing "Lobe den Herrn," (Praise ye the Lord,) to which the rush and roar of the fall added an accompaniment, we returned to Schaffhausen.

The following evening was spent at Munoth, a castle on a neighboring hill. Father Legrange, one of the patriarchs of the Swiss Church, with characteristic simplicity, gave a short history of a recent visit through France and Italy. After night-fall a procession was formed, which descended through winding arch-ways into the bosom of the hill. In a large vault we spent a short season in praise. Here in this Burg (Castle) we sang "Eine feste Burg is unser Gott." Around us were thick, damp walls, within which all was still as the grave. The smoking torches shed a dark, red glare over the assembly, which gave the whole a wierd appearance. After ascending to the summit, ministers and citizens mingled together in social groups. Then followed several short valedictory addresses, a few more hymns, and a cordial welcome auf Wiedersehen.

I spend a Sabbath at Zurich. Zwingli was pastor of the Muenster or Cathedral. A very large massive building, built eight hundred years ago. A vast unornamented structure, that looks as if it could stand a thousand years longer. The inside is very plain, without an organ, and with poor singing for a German congregation. The preacher evidently is very learned, and certainly very dry. His language precise and polished, diction pure, delivery calm and deliberate; his doctrine out at elbows, a frigid moralizing, his congregation more decorous than devout. The large church not half filled; and this in the church in which Ulrich Zwingli poured forth his red-hot sermons to a congregation which the building could scarcely contain. In the afternoon I worshipped in St. Peter's Church, where the pious Lavater was pastor for twenty-three years. A young man preached a very poor, sapless sermon to a congregation scarcely filling the twentieth part of the church.

In this beautiful city, learning and religious levity abound. The bulk of the people seem to be refined and rationalistic, who fancy that they have outgrown the teachings and simple faith of Zwingli. The city theatre was open, and far more people spent the day in recreation than in worship. Withal, the town was quiet, undisturbed by drunkenness or revelry. Much better was I pleased with a Sunday in Schaffhausen. The most of its seven thousand seven hundred inhabitants are Reformed. Its two principal pastors at the time were Dr. Kirchofer and Pastor J. Burkhart, both advanced in years. The former was Antistes or Pastoral Superintendent of the Canton of Schaffhausen. Pastor Burkhart preached in the morn-

ing in the Steige, a church on an elevation at the edge of the town. It was full with a devout congregation. The preacher officiated in a black robe, as do all the Reformed ministers of Switzerland. His text was the parable of the wheat and tares; his theme the mingled state of good and evil in this life, and their final separation. An instructive and edifying sermon, full of the warmth of Christian love.

In the afternoon a young man, pastor Magis, preached in the same church, on Matthew v. 5. The citizens generally seemed to observe the day. Places of business were closed, the people on the street were neatly clad, and a pleasing atmosphere of rest aad quiet pervaded the town.

Very grateful are my recollections of these two worthy Swiss pastors, Kirchofer and Burkhart. Much of my sojourn in Schaffhausen was spent amid their hospitable home circles, where I formed the acquaintance of eminent theologians from different parts of Europe. Through fraternal letters they followed me with their counsel and blessing on my journey. Both the dear fathers have since died in the Lord, "and their works do follow them."

The watchmen of Germany and Switzerland usually chant a devotional hymn in announcing the hour of night. Having spent a very pleasant evening with the family of Pastor Burkhart, of Schaffhausen, I returned to the hotel "Zur Gans" at a late hour. The daughters played and sang sweetly. One of them spoke English almost as well as her native tongue, and French and Italian equally well. Parents and children vied kindly to entertain and bless the stranger. Was it a wonder

that the hours of evening fled before I knew it? It was cloudy and very dark. I groped and picked my way cautiously along the middle of the narrow street; for here one finds no sidewalks or pavements. In the sullen stillness of the night, I heard the heavy tramp of some one near me. Who can it be? With that the town clock struck one—two—then with his lips not far from my ears, as I thought, he startled me with his watchman's message, something between a chant and a scream:

"Hoert ihr Lit, ik will ik sagga
D' Uhr hot elfie g'schlagga—elfie-ee g'schlagga-a."

In English the verse for eleven runs thus:

Hark ye neighbors and hear me tell—
Eleven sounds on the belfry bell!
Eleven apostles of holy mind,
Taught the Gospel to mankind.
Human watch from harm can't ward us,
God will watch, and God will guard us;
He through his eternal might
Gives us all a blessed night."

It is refreshing for an American, after traveling in monarchical countries, to enter and breathe the atmosphere of brave heroic Switzerland, where

"E'en the peasant boasts his rights to scan
And learns to venerate himself a man."

While the Roman Republic proved a failure, and ours is still in its youth and therefore an experiment, here is an example to prove that a Republican form of Government is practicable, at least under certain circumstances. The Swiss Republic has existed for nearly four centuries; has passed through cruel and formidable

assaults from without, and endured civil wars in its own bosom, but has always emerged from them like gold from the heated furnace, purer and more durable.

Switzerland originally seems to have been inhabited by the Rhetians. After these came the Helvetians, a people from Gaul, who took possession of the fertile valleys, and left the mountains to their predecessors. The latter were conquered by the Romans in the year '58, the former fifteen years B. C. During the migration of nations, A. D. 400, Switzerland fell into the possession of different tribes, all of which were afterwards conquered by the Franks. Thus it passed through a diversity of fortunes, until the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth centuries, when the German Emperors, especially Rudolph of Hapsburg and his son, ostensibly attempted to make the proud patriotic Swiss their vassals. It was then that Stauffacher, Fuerst, Arnold and William Tell stepped forth in all the fearless majesty of freemen in defence of their rights. Supported by the ramparts of their native Alps, and the praying hearts and strong arms of their brave brethren, their numerous foes fell before them as though some unseen angel had been battling in their behalf. In 1499, their independence was recognized by the German Empire. Since then, however, Switzerland has had to pass through her severest trials. In the religious wars of the Reformation, her prowess was employed in the destruction of her own blood, and her loveliest mountains were made the altars of self-immolation. Liberty and Religion dropped the mingled tear of pity and bereavement on their graves. One should suppose that greedy

despots would have eagerly seized these unhappy fragments of dissention as their prey. But on questions of Freedom, Switzerland has always been *one*. The cry of oppression has always been the watchword for Union. Hence in spite of her internal and external wars, she has gloriously survived her darkest periods, and remains a free and independent Republic to this day.

The twenty-two Cantons of Switzerland have a population of 2,500,000. Each Canton is a small Republic, with power to legislate and govern its own affairs. All the Cantons constitute the Swiss Confederation, corresponding to the Government of the United States. They hold their general Assembly or Congress in Berne, the Washington of Switzerland. This body was in session while I was at Berne. In a plainly furnished hall I attended one of its sessions. The business was mainly conducted in the French language. It was a gratifying privilege to hear and witness the discussions of a Republican Congress on this side of the Atlantic, representing a Confederation whose origin dates back near to the discovery of America. The Assembly was composed mostly of men from middle-life and upwards, persons of a mature experience and dignified deportment, whose discussions were clear, courteous, and to the point.

Mountains are the nurseries of the Sons of Freedom. Switzerland may thank her Alps for Liberty and Independence. These, like the Highlands of Scotland, have helped to train national heroes. Mountain-air, mountain-difficulties, mountain-barriers develop powers to overcome mountains. Patriotism does not always

confer comfort, nor can the temporal happiness of the Swiss be compared to that of their Republican brethren in America. Mountains are more fertile and convenient for purposes of Patriotism than Agriculture. In the North of Switzerland farmers live in the good, old republican fashion, each one on his own lands, and a goodly portion of it, which they generally cultivate in a thrifty and tasteful manner. But in the mountains it is far otherwise. With a glutted population, where no man can have much to farm, and that little perhaps along a mountain unacessible by wagon or plough, they are obliged in a most literal sense to eat their bread in the sweat of their brow. Wherever there is a little patch where they can safely labor, they seek to make it available by some means or other. Narrow strips along fearful precipices, which one would suppose only the bold eagle could visit in his flight, are yellow with a meagre crop. Thus they

"Force a churlish soil for scanty bread."

In these districts farming implements must be few. Many an Alpine village has never had plough, harrow or wagon in its fields. In pastoral districts they carry their butter and cheese down into the valleys to market, with large kegs hung on their backs. In the more accessible districts their herds are composed of larger cattle, but many can only be reached by goats. It is a novel sight to see large flocks of these, black, white and speckled, each with its jingling little bell, clambering along these cloudy heighths. Some of the shepherds remind one of the ancient shepherds in the East—old men with hoary locks and old gray beards, sitting

musingly on the cliffs of these mountain solitudes, while their herds carefully graze around them, as if conscious of dependence upon their protection. This mountain society seems to be almost entirely free from the distinctions of rank. Each has his acres hanging along some inconvenient hill, and a few cows or goats, according to the latitude of the village. Their dwellings have a uniform appearance—unpainted, weather-boarded frame cottages, with verandas and large cornices, which look more comfortable for summer than winter use. Here there is a social equality rarely met with elsewhere. No upper and lower classes, no stately palaces to provoke envy, nor cringing servitude contempt.

I was surprised to find so many cripples, and other species of deformity, in these mountain-regions. The severity of the climate, especially during the winter, the frequency of accidents resulting from the nature of the country, and the heavy, crushing labor which they must perform, doubtless contribute much to this. Here children and females perform work intended only for strong men. They have been inured to it, and seem contented. Some would not give their barren mountains for the best farms in America. The Swiss are proverbially given to home-sickness; many weep and pine away after Switzerland in countries where they could live much better than here. Here they cling with tenacious fondness to their mountain-heights, upon which an American farmer would scarcely venture, where they breathe the pure, keen air, and carol their pastoral melodies, as they clamber after their work; eat their scanty meals with a grateful heart, and seem to be the happiest beings on earth. The small income

requires their wants to be kept within narrow limits. Their flocks and flax-patches supply them with clothing. Here the spinning jenny and factory loom have not yet supplanted the buzzing spinning-wheel, and the weavers' looms are heard as you pass through the village. Hitherto the rush of modern improvement has not disturbed their quietude, nor spoiled their habits.

In the northern Cantons the country exhibits unusual signs of prosperity. Many farmers have acquired princely fortunes, and their larger towns abound in wealth. Here the social equality ceases. A powerful monied aristocracy is constantly struggling for the ascendancy in the Government, which has frequently come into collision with the rights of the poorer classes. In 1831 it happened that the Legislature of the Canton of Berne had become predominantly Aristocratic, and presumed to act contrary to the interests of the laboring people. The latter called a mass meeting of the Canton, at a village in the neighborhood of Berne, elected a new Legislature, and drove the Aristocrats en masse from their seats. This popular decision was reversed in 1850. Both parties assembled in the open air, near the same place, separated only by a narrow footpath, where, after they had been admonished by stirring speeches amid a terrible snow-storm, the election again resulted in favor of the Aristocrats.

The Government of some of the Cantons is purely Democratic. The Canton of Uri, the smallest of the Confederation, holds a popular assembly every first Sunday (!) in May, in a large meadow, where every male citizen of twenty years and upwards is entitled

to vote. A herald announces from a temporary stand the subjects which claim the attention of the voters. Individual speakers expound and discuss their merits, after which the assembly votes by raising hands. Thus the laws of Uri are made. And what is most singular, with a population of 14,500, it is said to have but twelve Protestants.

Whatever may be the national faults of the Swiss, no one can charge them with the sin of religious or political duplicity. They have not yet learned to compromise principles. Their impetuous patriotism, like their mountain-torrents, once started, will go ahead regardless of consequences, and sometimes with savage ferocity. If I remember correctly, Switzerland has had few traitors. She can point to her Arnold with greater pride than America to hers. Her annals show that their difficulties have been more frequently settled by the sword than by diplomacy. Her history would be more pleasant, if less contentious and bloody. The Swiss have fought for principles, until their religion became bigotry, and their zeal a lack of charity. A little more patriotic forbearance would have made their history less heroic, but more humane. They are bold and rugged, like their native Alps. Incapable of perfidy, they will not submit to wrong. Their annals, like their scenery, are full of romance.

A set of unscrupulous tyrants are appointed their oppressors by a mighty Empire. Three men with thirty followers assemble on a little meadow after night, on the banks of lake Luzerne, where they take a solemn oath that they will deliver their country from its tyrants. In less than two months not one tyrant

can be found in all Switzerland. William Tell resisted their abuse of power until Gessler, one of their number, sought every possible means to entrap or punish him. After he had amused himself by compelling Tell to shoot an apple from the head of his child, he took him prisoner. But while crossing the lake, a storm arose, frightening Gessler, who then was glad to get his prisoner to row his imperilled boat ashore, and save his life. As the boat neared the shore, Tell leaped out on to a rock, and in the effort pushed the boat back on the stormy waves. He hurried across the mountains and, within a short distance from the Castle in which he was to be imprisoned, he hurled his deadly arrow into the heart of his oppressor.

So we have many instances where from motives of conviction, the Swiss perform adventures which border on the miraculous, and wildly storm along the path of duty in the face of certain death. There is but one Switzerland in the world, nationally and geographically. Her mountains have their agricultural disadvantages, but other qualities which all the world must admire and praise. Her children have their psychological cliffs and rough places, but under this stern exterior are the uncorruptible virtues of a moral heroism, which always point the soul towards the high and the noble.

CHAPTER XII.

AUGSBURG. BAVARIA. MUNICH. WUERTEMBURG. ALSACE. STRASBURG. SAXONY. HESSE. THE WARTBURG. WITTENBERG. HALBERSTADT. GLINDENBERG. BREMEN. GUSTAV ADOLPH ANNIVERSARY.

Augsburg seems to have escaped the curse and ruin of European wars much better than most of its sister cities. It must have been strongly fortified in its time, and is still surrounded with moats and ramparts, which, however, are rapidly crumbling into ruins. Many of its houses seem very old. Some have the whole front covered with representations and mottoes from Bible history in faded frescoe. The city wall is surrounded by promenades at least six miles long, under the leafy canopy of three rows of trees, some of them old rough-rinded veterans that may have cast their shade on some of the Reformers. It still has a population of forty thousand, and is far more quiet than most German towns. Some of its streets are green with tufts of grass growing in the cracks of the pavements. About one-third of its inhabitants are Lutherans, the rest are Roman Catholics. Here the celebrated Diet was held, which gave to the Lutheran Church the Augsburg Confession. I spent a pleasant Sabbath here, during which I attended services at St. James' church, which I enjoyed with pleasure and benefit. The sermon was clear and forcible, and the congregation attentive and

tender, sometimes impressed to tears by the truth. These Bavarian brethren have a good Liturgy and very few of its evils. It is expressive and comprehensive without being mechanical. Much depends on the officiating minister. I have heard some that were so stiff and formal, that I regarded them far worse than none at all. Here the prayers were not the subjective thinking of one man, but the general vehicle for the praises and prayers of the whole congregation.

In the afternoon a wealthy banker of Augsburg was interred in the Protestant Cemetery. There was no funeral procession. The citizens and neighbors of the deceased proceeded to the Cemetery promiscuously. First there was a short service in a chapel near the grave. At the grave a choir of boys sang a hymn, accompanied by a few instruments. The officiating pastor cast three small quantities of earth upon the coffin with a small spade, accompanying each with appropriate expressions of man's mortality, and then read a short address descriptive of the history and character of the deceased, with a few practical reflections. Then a number of the acquaintances of the deceased took the spade, each throwing three parcels of earth on the coffin. After them two weeping females dressed in mourning, emptied baskets of boquets and flower wreathes upon it. In all the larger towns of Germany there are persons expressly appointed to serve at funerals. They distribute funeral notices, and arrange the procession, which they generally lead to the place of interment. They wear large cocked hats, black cloaks, and in the procession carry a long black staff with tufts of feathers around one end. Most of the larger towns have a dead-

house in the Cemetery, whither persons are taken immediately after their decease. Here they are kept forty-eight hours, after which they are again taken to their late residence, and from there to the grave.

Bavaria has few mountains. The country between Augsburg and Munich is one vast unbroken plain, bearing some resemblance to our western prairies, only less fertile. It contains large tracts of barren heath and peat bog. The cultivated portions were covered with a meagre crop, which the farmers were busily engaged in gathering in. On Sunday afternoon the fields around Augsburg were full of laborers harvesting their crops!

Although Bavaria is far behind many of her sister States in beauty of scenery and fertility of soil, she has a capital which has attained a proud pre-eminence in the Arts. Munich and its superbs has a population of one hundred and thirty thousand, and is situated in the midst of an unproductive plain on the banks of the Isar. In the beginning of the present century it was but a small city. Since then its population and limits have been amazingly increased, and chiefly through the agency of Louis I, the present King of Bavaria. During forty years he has been the unremitting patron of the Arts, for which he has done more than any other living monarch in Europe. He has made his capital the home of artists, whose works give it the most brilliant decoration of any city north of the Alps. Some of the churches are galleries of art, containing the rarest collections of paintings, in addition to other architectural excellence. The church of St. Louis is built in the Byzantine-Italian style. Its interior, though much smaller, resembles the Cathedral at Spire. The semi-

circular ceiling is supported by massive pillars and three cross arches. These are crowned with gilded capitals. The small arches in which they terminate, and the cornices, are fringed with the same metal. The large, lofty panel behind the altar contains Cornelius' celebrated painting of the "Last Judgment." It is sixty-three by thirty-nine feet in size, and is said to be the largest painting in the world. Viewed from the opposite end of the church through this long, arched vista of pillars, pendant with gold, it seems almost like the distant approach of the day of doom. In the upper centre is Christ on the cloudy judgment seat, surrounded by the saints of the Old and New Covenant. At His feet the Virgin Mary and John the Baptist are kneeling. All these figures are larger than life. That of Christ is over twelve feet high. Below Him are a group of four angels sounding the last trumpet: the angel of the Apocalypse with the open Book of Life and Death. To his right are the "blessed," received and welcomed by angels; to his left the "cursed," thrust by horrid looking beings into the bottomless pit. Finally it terminates toward the altar with an imposing figure of the Archangel Michael, holding a shield and drawn sword, pointing directly before him, with which he separates the innumerable throng of the righteous and the wicked after the resurrection. The canvass is covered with a scene of terrific confusion. The death that never dies, and the life that never fades, joy and despair, seem to move and breathe in this awful representation of the world's closing drama. Yet how much more awful will be the reality!

The church of St. Boniface is built in the style

of the Roman Basilisks, erected by the King, and only recently finished. The lofty ceiling resting on sixty-six columns, is studded with golden stars on the ground of a blue sky. The wall is hung with twelve large and ten smaller paintings, illustrating the painful events in the life of St. Boniface. The church of St. Michael is also ornamented with rare paintings. Every side-chapel is a finished casket of art.

The Pinacothek, a building five hundred and thirty feet long, contains thirteen hundred paintings from the private collection of the King. The entrance hall was guarded by a Bavarian giant in a most outlandish dress. His deep hollow voice and broad bony proportions, make him an unnatural sentinel for such a depository of art. It is difficult to examine paintings satisfactorily among so large a collection. One "cannot see the forest for trees." I noticed a painting of the Crucifixion, and one of the descent from the cross, which the artist portrayed with grief-inspiring fidelity. The group of women around the cross, bewailing the painful death of the Saviour, looked so life-like, that their features almost seemed to quiver with agony, and the sweat of grief trembled from every pore. The Royal Palace contains a series of halls ornamented with large paintings, representing events from the Niebelungenlied, others again illustrating the life of Charlemagne, Rudolph of Hapsburg, and of Frederick Barbarossa. In one hall is the bed of Charles VII, embroidered with gold, at a cost of $300,000. The Hall of the throne is paved with polished marble. The throne is of gold and crimson velvet. The gorgeous gallery is supported by twenty Corinthian pillars with gilded

capitals. Between these are placed twelve colossal statues of gilded bronze. The ornamental part of a small closet, scarcely ten feet square, cost upward of $130,000. In stepping through these halls of gold, silver and precious stones, I seemed to realize all my early dreams of oriental magnificence and splendor. It is impossible to describe in detail all the brilliant attractions of Munich. No one particular work of Art, but the whole, forms a little world, shedding around the light of the Beautiful, which, if once seen, will never be forgotten. North of the city is the English Garden, a succession of forests and meadows, intersected by "the Isar rolling rapidly," of school-boy memory.

In traveling to Wuertemburg, I noticed a marked difference in the aspect of the country, as soon as we had crossed the boundary. Her prosperous-looking peasantry and yellow, waving grain-fields, with heavy bending heads, reflected credit on her soil. In the early part of summer, Germany and France had such a long rainy season, that serious fears were entertained of a failure of the crops. The rain, however, ceased several weeks before harvest, and the crops of grain and vintage were unusually abundant. Stuttgart, the capital of Wuertemburg, though less favored by Art, is more gifted by Nature than Munich. Beautifully situated among a cluster of vine-clad hills, from which the passing breeze wafts pleasant odors through its streets, it looks so quiet, comfortable and home-like, that one would feign dwell here. Suabia has a lovely landscape. Its charming hills have kindled the flame of poetry in many a heart. From these fountains Schiller and Uhland drew their first inspirations. Here Frederick

Barbarossa and Ulrich, Duke of Wuertemburg, breathed the air that made them brave. Alas! an unpleasant fortune of a wanderer is the necessity of leaving a country as soon as he feels at home in it. For it still has its men, good and brave, in the bloodless battles of the Redeemer. Communion with such men as Prelat Dr. Kapf and Scholl, who, though a layman, exerts a greater influence than most of the clergy, binds one to them and their country with kindred and tender ties.

The ancient province of Alsace, then belonging to France, mostly consists of vast sandy plains, which have been rendered fertile by the industry of its inhabitants. I reached Strasburg, its former capital, on the Frohnleichnams festival of the Catholic Church. Its streets were thronged with visitors, through which many thousand soldiers paraded with great pomp. Public services were held in the Cathedral, which was densely crowded all day. The festival passed off very orderly till towards evening; then the devotions of many took a turn more stupifying than edifying. Unfortunately so many of these festivals, which profess to start in the spirit, end in the flesh. The Cathedral contains the celebrated astronomical clock. A ghastly figure of death strikes each passing hour with a warning, meaning that the flight of Time brings him nearer. Above him is Christ, who overcame Death. When Death struck twelve at noon, figures of the twelve Apostles walked around the Saviour, each bowing in homage to Him; to which He responded by extending over them the hand of His blessing. While they passed, a large cock to His right, "crowed thrice." The astro-

nomical part shows the time of church festivals, changes of the moon, and lunar and solar eclipses. Though moved by weights, the complicated machinery is necessarily limited in its motion. It will run correctly, however, for a period of ten thousand years; after that, clocks will most likely be no longer needed. As I was curiously examining this marvellous piece of mechanism, a young man pushed through the crowd and accosted me as an American, in whom I soon discovered Mr. W. ——, a young friend from Lancaster, Pa., the first acquaintance I had met with since I left New York.

The Cathedral of Strasburg is further remarkable for its lofty steeple. It is four hundred and sixty-eight feet high, the highest in the world, and twenty-four feet higher than the great Pyramid of Egypt. It is an open screen of stone and iron bars, and looks so delicate and airy that the slightest wind would seem sufficient to blow it over. In ascending through this open net-work, one cannot resist the thought that a slip of the foot might carry him through its meshes and crush him on the pavement below. All the parts are most delicately and elaborately finished. In the evening the Catholic part of the city was brilliantly illuminated, and the steeple hung with lamps up to the top. I left it after night-fall for Kehl, about five miles distant. From here the illuminated steeple presented a scene different from anything I had ever seen. The lamps on every side were visible through the open net-work. But the distance seemed to melt their trembling light into continuous strings of pearls and polished gold, on which the light of an invisible sun glittered through the night with an indescribable splendor. The beau-

tiful outlines of its proportions were limned off with lines of fire. The base and body of the building were not illuminated, and therefore invisible, so that the steeple seemed entirely detached from the earth. I could scarcely conceive how it could belong to this world of ours. High above the horizon it hung like the fiery cross in the vision of Constantine, trembling in the heavens like a huge casket of light, glimmering pleasantly down into the night of Nature.

Saxony was the principal theatre of the early German Reformation. Its large rolling plains are traversed by the Thuringian Forest, a great ornament to its otherwise monotonous scenery. The soil seems to be remarkably fertile and well cultivated. All along the road, I found uninterrupted marks of a rich harvest, which, though so late in the season, (August 12,) was not near all harvested. On the Schlossberg, near Marsburg, is the Castle of the Landgraves of Hesse, a relic from the age of Chivalry, which is now used as a prison. The Knight's Hall is still preserved, in which Luther and Zwingli discussed the doctrine of Transsubstantiation before the Landgrave, Philip of Hesse. Farther north is Cassel, the capital of Hesse Cassel. Many of its improvements were made with the money which the Elector Frederick II, acquired by trafficking in the lives of his subjects. He hired twelve thousand men to George III, during the American Revolution—for $22,000,000, to fight against the cause of American freedom. The next place of Reformation memory is Eisenach. During the interval of the trains, I visited the Wartburg, a half an hours' walk from the town. It is still surrounded by a wild uncultivated region. The rush of modern

improvement has not yet defiled the sanctity of this pleasant solitude. To the south and west are the forest-covered hills of Thuringia, as far as the eye can reach. The Castle was the ancient residence of the Landgraves of Thuringia, and is chiefly celebrated for furnishing a retreat to Luther, until the storm of his enemies had partly passed by. On his return from the Diet of Worms, he was waylaid by a party of disguised knights on the borders of the Thuringian forest, made prisoner, and taken to the Wartburg, where he remained for nearly a year. Here he passed for a young nobleman, under an assumed name, and occupied his time chiefly in translating the Bible. The heavy armor which he wore under his assumed character as Junker George, is still in his room here. He spent an hour every day in walking through the adjoining forest, where there is still a hard-beaten path, worn by the feet of pilgrims. Here, amid the stillness of this elevated solitude, while Europe was all astir about the fire he had kindled, and his friends ready to despair of his life, he labored to prepare the principal weapon of his warfare, a translation of the Bible in the German tongue.

In his chamber is the table, at which he studied while engaged at his work, and also his wardrobe, plated with bars of iron. A hole in the plastered wall marks the place struck by his inkstand, when he threw it at the devil. Crumb after crumb of this soiled spot has been picked off by relic hunters, until only a defaced depression remains in the wall. In Erfurt, an old town with narrow streets, and swarms of soldiers, Luther sought peace for his troubled conscience through ascetic exertions. A friend at his side being struck by

lightning he made a vow that he would devote his life to unremitting duties of religion, entered the Augustian Convent at Erfurt as a monk of the same order, where he strove to satify the demands of the law by fasting, prayer, and self-inflicted tortures. The Convent has been converted into an Orphan Asylum, but his cell is preserved in its original condition. It contains his portrait, Bible, and stationary-box. Here in this gloomy cell he spent three eventful years of his life, at one time almost lifeless with fasting, at another ready to despair. In this Convent he accidentally found a copy of the Bible, upon whose heavenly pages his delighted eye gazed for the first time.

Wittenberg, a town of 7,000 inhabitants, on the right bank of the Elbe, would have few attractions for travelers, were it not for its association with the Reformation. The strong fortifications thrown up around it, shut the rest of the world entirely out of view. It has all the inconveniences of an ancient town, and few of its comforts. Here Luther and Melancthon lived and taught. The house of the latter is still preserved and occupied. Luther's dwelling in the old University building is kept as he left it. The principal room contains his chair and that of his wife, joined together by a short bench-like frame; also his table and stove, made after his own direction, about six times the size of a modern stove. The room and furniture are innocent of paint and ornament. They show what immense strides society has made in its domestic arrangements during the last three hundred years. Outside of the city wall is an oak tree, which marks the spot where Luther burnt the Papal Bull

of excommunication. In the Schloss-Kirche Luther and Melancthon are buried. On its doors the former nailed his ninety-five theses, condemning the corruptions of the Papacy. The old doors, and the pulpit, were destroyed by the French. Here the fearless Reformers preached those stirring sermons, which thrilled the German nation.

In visiting these places, associated with the labors and stirring times of the Reformers, one cannot help but think of the consequent good, and alas! also evil, of which they were the innocent and unintentional causes, and of the changes which have passed over the world since then. When I saw their dwellings and their studies, their churches and their prisons, I could not persuade myself, but what their spirits still lingered around their antiquated homes. The dissention and dissolving tendencies, which they foresaw and deprecated during their life-time, have come down like a second confusion of tongues, after the deluge of midiæval darkness and corruption had subsided, so that the builders of the temple of God's heritage can no longer understand one another. Since then, Germany has been submerged with a flood of Rationalism, and now that these infectious waters are drying away, the cradle of the Reformation is again rife with confessional wars, and rumors of wars. Instead of directing their united forces against the common enemies of truth, they waste their strength and ammunition to slay its friends, as in a fleet, whose vessels in the smoke and confusion of battle, mistake one another for enemies, fire upon and destroy each other, while the foe rejoices over their folly with chuckling delight, and gathers strength for new contests.

After traveling through Switzerland, the scenery of northern Germany seems exceedingly dull and uninteresting. Large tracts of sand and barren heath frequently occur. There are no mountains here, seldom even a hill, but all a continuous uninterrupted flat. In some towns nothing but the towers and steeples are seen over the walls which enclose them. The buildings can only be seen after you enter the gates. Halle is noted for its Orphan House and University. The latter is a union of the former University of Halle and that of Wittenberg, where Luther and Melancthon taught. In the latter, Hamlet was a student. The king and his mother opposed his return.

> "For your intent
> In going back to Wittenberg,
> It is most retrogade to our desire."

Apart from its literary and beneficent interests, Halle possesses few attractions. Its narrow, ill-paved and ill-cleaned streets, make it most uncomfortably ancient. But science and charity cover a multitude of defects.

I spent a pleasant Sunday in Halberstadt. Instead of a country village, we are in an ancient city of twenty thousand inhabitants. I happened to reach the city on a Saturday, and repaired to the residence of Seminar Director S. ———, Principal of a well-known institution of learning, and a relative of a clerical friend in America. A ring of the door-bell brought a servant, who led me to the second floor, where the family lived. In this country many of the best families occupy only one story—there being as many families in the house as it has stories. Each story has its separate door-bell. A

venerable, gray-headed gentleman soon gave me a cordial grasp of the hand. Next came his wife, the sister of my friend in America, leading a little son and daughter by the hand. A beautiful lady, with easy, pleasant manners, perhaps ten or fifteen years younger than her husband. After the customary greetings, she seated herself aside of me, again grasped my hand, and said: "Then you really know my brother? And have been to his house? And know his wife and children, too? Be so kind and tell me something about them." Thus she kept on with her affectionate questionings, smiling so sweetly, while an occasional tear rolled over her charming face. She was a child when her then youthful brother had left home, and since then she had not seen his face, save in the photographs he had sent her. The children, too, had many questions to ask, and many greetings to send to their uncle. The mother seemed worried to know how she could sufficiently show her kindness to one who had seen her brother in the far-off land. To me this home seemed like a sort of earthly Paradise. Naught but gentle words gently spoken, by parents and children; not the slightest impropriety by any one; peace and good will everywhere. Mirthful conversation at their frugal meals, the attentive, quiet children catching and treasuring in their hearts every word that was spoken. In the afternoon the whole family took me to the Spiegel Berg, a shady place of resort, a short distance from the city. The innocent, frisking enjoyments of the children, the conversation of the parents, thither and back, I remember with joy. Till late at night we conversed about matters in Germany and America, of things on earth and things in heaven.

They were members of the Reformed Church. Pastor Adolph Krummacher, a poet and an able theologian, son of Dr. F. W. Krummacher, is their shepherd. Gladly do I go with them to church on Sunday morning. Several hundred people were present in a building that holds many more. The preacher wore a fine black robe. His text was in Matthew vi. 28, 30. "Behold the lilies of the field, &c." His theme was the instructive image of the lily. 1. Its origin. 2. Its history. 3. The estimation in which our Saviour held it. The connection between the lily and its raiment is inseparable. It is not made by art, but grows; grows in the earth. It adorns. Its beauty excels the glory of Solomon. Art is only a copy, an imitation. Nature is greater, higher than art. Flowers, plants, mountains, are greater than the painting of them. The Queen of Sheba coming from a far country passed many glories on her journey unnoticed, greater than that of Solomon. Thus spoke the preacher, analyzing the lily with a skillful hand.

In the afternoon we attended a Lutheran religious service in the Dom. The pastor preached on Acts xxiii. 12–24. He intoned or chanted some of the prayers, facing a crucifix on the altar, with his back toward the congregation. The benediction he sang facing it.

Towards evening, several hours were by invitation spent with pastor Krummacher. His manner and style of preaching, as well as his conversation, are calm, lacking the fire and energy of his father. He will never become the pulpit orator his father was, yet may perform a work no less important and permanent. Possessed with a genial, gentle heart, and a well stored mind, I found him entertaining and instructive.

Halberstadt seems to have a quieter Sunday than many other cities of Germany. The churches were on the whole well attended, and the streets comparatively free from the noise of pleasure and business. Seen through the glasses of American prejudices, one can readily pick flaws in the Sunday habits of Germany. I found much to praise. The earnest, devout demeanor of all the people when at church, their whole-souled singing, their freedom from all whining cant, the simple, unsuspecting faith of children, these and many other traits I must praise and love in the Sundays of Germany.

Wolmerstedt consists of a group of dwellings, clustering around a railway station, ten miles from the ancient city of Magdeburg. It was on a Saturday afternoon that I reached this hamlet. I strolled leisurely along a grass-grown path, winding through unfenced fields, and reached Glindenberg in an hours' walk. At the end of the village I inquired for the residence of Pastor C. ———, the brother of a clerical friend in America. A little boy, with cap in hand, offered to lead me thither. At the door of a plain building, in style like the peasant homes around it, the middle-aged village pastor bade me a hearty welcome as the friend of his brother, and as a brother in Christ.

Glindenberg has from six to eight hundred inhabitants. They are all laboring people; each has a parcel of ground, be it one-half an acre or five acres. None are very rich and none very poor. But few have horses; one or two cows will furnish butter and milk, and do the field-work for such small farming. The people are mostly dressed in homespun clothing—indeed are homespun throughout, in their habits and style of living. They raise the flax, break and spin it;

the village weaver weaves their linens, and they themselves make them up into garments. In like manner do they raise their own wool. The village shepherd keeps their sheep, the mothers and daughters spin it, the village weaver weaves the cloth, and the tailor makes the clothing. A frugal, thrifty life do these Glindenbergers lead. Outside the village is a manufacturing establishment, giving work to a goodly number of the towns-people.

Pastor C. ——— lives wholly for these humble villagers—has lived for them for more than twenty years past. He is an educated man; a graduate of one of the leading Universities, a thorough scholar, and an humble, devout Christian. Besides laboring earnestly among his people, he takes a lively interest in Christ's Kingdom in general. He is an author, known among a considerable class of readers. He writes for theological and scientific Reviews; has written some articles on the Greek particles. None could write such stuff without having the spirit of a martyr. Think of a laborious country pastor devoting his fragments of leisure to such sapless pursuits!

In less than an hour I was thoroughly naturalized in the home circle. A plain, thrifty housewife, and half a dozen children, the oldest a blooming daughter of sixteen, and the scholarly father, made up the family. Servants they seem to have had none. Evidently they rarely entertained an American guest at their hospitable board. My knowledge of the German language soon removed all reserve, and children and parents treated me as if I had been a cousin on his summer visit.

Full well I remember the evening group around

the hearth of the Glindenberger parsonage. Both parents were well read in matters pertaining to America. But they had many questions to ask which books fail to answer. Till near midnight they plied me with questions about the Government and Religion of our country. What proportion of a community, on an average, belong to the Church? How many of the members attend Church? How many commune? How many help to support the pastor? What is the pastor's support? Do the members give anything to the cause of Christ outside of their congregation? If so, how much? These and a hundred other questions were put as fast as they were answered.

The dear pastor in his enthusiasm seemed to forget the lateness of the hour, and the weariness of his guest. "Think of it," he exclaimed, "with you three out of four attend the services of the Lord's day, here perhaps one in twenty. And as for the Communion, it is no better." At the breakfast table, the next morning, he said: "Will you please and preach for me this morning? Tell my congregation what you told us last night." The subject proposed, and his earnest entreaties, raised a merry laugh around him. He seemed satisfied with my reasons for declining.

His church is a plain edifice, built to last for centuries. The services commenced at 10 a. m. There may have been several dozen persons present; nearly all these were women and children. Aided by an organ, they sang well. His sermon was very practical, and pointed. He unsparingly chided the apathy and indifference of church members, and, as is often done, belabored the few dozen of his most faithful parishoners

present, for the sins of the absent ones. And since I had refused to preach my answers to their questions given the previous evening, he freely used them as illustrations in his sermon. "Think of the Christians in America," he exclaimed, "where four out of five of the church-members attend divine services twice a day, and as many commune at the Lord's table! Where, of their own free choice, the people support their pastors, and offer richly for other good objects!" In this strain he proceeded for a while, with animation, giving American Christianity more credit than it really deserved.

In the afternoon a small party of young ladies from Wolmerstedt came on a visit to the younger members of the family, who chatted cheerily, and after supper were accompanied by the latter on their way home. On a brief stroll around the village, I saw the people busy at their work in the fields, whilst cow-teams passed to and fro in the streets.

"Have you seen how many people work on this day of rest?" said my friend. "Those working in the neighboring mills must work on Sunday, or lose their places. The people esteem their pastor, but refuse to obey him." In the evening he went to a neighboring family to baptize a child. He walked the street in his black robe and bands, in which he had likewise officiated in the morning.

Of course, this worthy brother is well supported, whether people will attend church or not. The Government gives him a parsonage, a small farm, and a fixed salary, and the members pay their taxes to furnish the means for this support.

The next morning I bade adieu to this estimable

family. The father accompanied me part of the way to Wolmerstedt. Among the green fields of his parishioners we embraced and kissed each other, each saying "Auf Wiederseh'n," as he went his way. Though their eyes will never see these lines, my grateful heart still prays: "God bless the pastor of Glindenberg and his family."

Bremen is an ancient city rich in interest, and venerable with age. I reached it during the sessions of the General Gustav Adolph Verein. These were held in one of her largest and oldest churches. Short, stirring addresses were delivered by representative men.

The reports and speeches evinced a great deal of enthusiasm on behalf of German Protestantism in Europe and other countries. The Society is looked upon with suspicion by the rigid Orthodox party, and perhaps not without reason. But its energetic activity is a cutting rebuke of the missionary indifference of those who lay claim to greater orthodoxy. How often must it be said of the benefactors of our race, "and he was a Samaritan." A happy evidence, however, of the growing Evangelical tone of the Society, at its present meeting, was the almost unanimous election of Dr. Tholuck as a member of the board of managers.

A very interesting part of the festive exercises was the dedication of a large bronze statue erected to the memory of Gustavus Adolphus. Dr. Mallet of Bremen delivered an address, in which he portrayed the prominent virtues of the Sweden King, his heroic devotion to the cause of religion, his piety which prompted him to pray with and before his army, his humility and meekness, which made him deplore and fear the idola-

trous reverence of his subjects and others; the humane and merciful treatment of his enemies.

In traveling "the eye is never satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing." The desire seems to increase with the enjoyment. The most delightful melodies only awaken sadness when they cease. The most joyous sensation produced by a rare painting, is the undefined and indistinct longing after some ideal. The highest mountain tops create longings to ascend higher, and the most charming scenery provokes wishes after something prettier still. But this only teaches us the glorious mission of Nature and Art—to point us to the great Fountain, where the boundless wants of our souls can alone be satisfied—lead us to bow and worship before the great white throne and Him that sitteth thereon, the Sun whence the Beautiful, the True and the Good unceasingly radiate.. And as we wander on from scene to scene, and from country to country, amid the ruins and wrecks of the past, the pageantry and splendors of the present, weaving rapidly their facts and follies into history, all admonish us to exercise faith in Him, "who orders the powers in heaven and on the earth, and appointeth their times and seasons." The world is like a picture-book, designed to teach us, who are but grown up children, the first lessons of religion, and prepare us to understand its higher branches taught in divine Revelation. The ideal for "which we sigh," is above, "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." What we now call beautiful, according to our conceptions, are but the images and shadows of those unfathomable beatific mysteries, which God has in reversion for all His children.

CHAPTER XIII.

LUEBECK. THE EVANGELICAL CHURCH DIET. BERLIN. POTSDAM. DR. F. W. KRUMMACHER.

The year 1848 threatened Germany with anarchy and irreligion. It makes one shudder to hear the recital of the wild and unbridled extravagance of otherwise reasonable men, which characterized that stormy and perilous time. In many regions wealth was denounced as a crime and the laws of property trampled under foot. Mechanics and common laborers ceased working, for in the social millenium which was to ensue upon the destruction of thrones and the expulsion of pastors and priests, all hoped for an easier way of living. School-teachers who had stood by their pastors for many years in training the young, suddenly turned their bitterest enemies, and left no stone unturned to effect their ruin. Under the cloak of opposition to the union of Church and State, they insisted to divorce religion from the schools. Teachers were forbidden to say anything about Jesus Christ to their scholars, not even to mention His name. The churches were abandoned. Some have told me with tears, how they were despised and persecuted for continuing faithful to their religious duties. In many places the few who ventured to attend divine service were hissed and hooted at when they passed through the streets. Families were bitterly divided among themselves. Parents turned against their children, and children against their parents. Hus-

bands labored for the ruin of the Church, while their wives remained faithful in their devotions and duties. The crisis was a dreadful suspense, like the premonitory throes of a volcano, whose heaving commotions make the very earth tremble with fearful expectation. It was not a question of civil liberty, but of religion or no religion. For they well knew that Christianity was the foundation of civil order. Had the so-called friends of freedom been successful, the lovely treasure of art would have been blasted by the sacriligious hand of unbelief. Even Straus, whose "Life of Jesus," and other writings, helped to put the match to this social powder magazine, shrunk with horror from such a portentous prospect. He refused to serve any longer in the cause of the revolutionists, because their success would be fatal to science and art. And what a sifting there was among the ministry! The hulls and chaff of rationalism were blown out in their true colors by the popular breeze. Some made political speeches in their pulpits. Others called mass meetings and influenced the populace by impassionate and eloquent appeals. Was it a wonder that all authority of Church and State was put at defiance, when their pastors led them on to it? All these were but the worn-out webs of the middle ages, like the withs of Delilah, no longer adequate to bind this modern Sampson,—the illuminated and progressive Man.

When the heavens were black with a tempest, and the billows of revolution and unbridled passion raged in all their fury, the friends of truth looked about them for some common ground on which they could unitedly oppose the flood of irreligion and barbarism, which

threatened their German Fatherland. Members of the four leading evangelical Churches of Germany, Lutheran, Reformed, Moravian and United, six hundred in number, met around the quiet tomb of Luther and Melancthon in Wittenberg, mutually to deliberate and devise means for the safety of the Church and the spread of Evangelical truth. Thus originated the German Evangelical Church Diet. It does not propose that any of these denominations should surrender their distinctive doctrines, or that all should be merged into one, but that each should labor for the spread of truth in its own way, and co-operate with the rest, so far as they have common evangelical ground to stand upon. It does not wish to connect the Reformed to the Lutheran, or these to the United Church. It has been accused for being too much given to doctrinal controversies, that it was the abettor of oppression, and assisted sovereigns to keep their subjects in chains. That it was instrumental in stemming the tide of revolution and anarchy, is one of its most glorious merits. It is very natural in a body, including among its leading spirits the greatest minds of the denominations it represents, that they should come into polemical collision on some questions. These free discussions, however, contribute greatly to a better mutual understanding of their systems among the clergy and laity. And after all, however useless systems of theology and theories of religion may be when they are studied and discussed abstractly, they are still the skeletons of practical living religion, and it is important to have a sound and well formed frame in order to develop a sound and healthy body. The Church Diet does not stop here.

Through the work of Inner Missions it grapples with all the social and religious disorders, a work in which a sound theology is an important factor. The revolution of 1848 discovered great social diseases, and in quarters where few had expected. That the masses were ready to fling the Church to the winds, pointed to a defective training, and only showed how little they were penetrated by the spirit and grace of Christianity. These disorders are not only inimical to the peace of society, but threaten the safety of religion. But if the Diet succeeds to diffuse more largely the leaven of Christian truth among the masses, and by making them better citizens, plays into the hands of sovereigns, who are wicked enough to abuse their authority, it would be a very unjust imputation therefore to call it the tool of tyrants. It is not responsible for the wrong use others may make of its good works.

The eighth German Evangelical Church Diet assembled in Luebeck on the 9th of September, of this year. Luebeck is one of the three free cities of Germany. The city and surrounding territory contain a population of fifty-three thousand. It is situated between two small rivers, the Trave and Wackeinitz, which flow entirely round its walls. It is just large enough to make it comfortable. The long promenades and thickly shaded parks are within the reach of a moderate walk. Its little harbor presents a brisk and busy display of steamers and merchant vessels. Its dwellings look remarkably fresh for such an ancient town, and its inhabitants are models of German hospitality. The attendance was not so large as on some former occasions, for several reasons. Luebeck is at the extreme

north of Germany, and therefore at an inconvenient distance to many who would otherwise have been present. For some months past the city had been visited with the cholera. Although it had almost entirely disappeared before the meeting of the Kirchentag, still our German brethren, who are not accustomed to so many railroad collisions and local epidemics, place a very high value on human life, and therefore some were deterred from coming to Luebeck. Still to me it was an imposing assembly, the largest I have ever attended.

The subject of discussion for the first day was "The revival of Evangelical Church discipline," opened by Dr. Sack, of Magdeburg. Church discipline has almost entirely fallen into disuse in the Evangelical Churches of Germany. The State has taken it out of their hands. The civil power punishes criminals. But there are many crimes in the Church, which the State cannot reach. The pastor can admonish his members, but has no power to arraign an offender before a church council, or suspend him from Church Communion for gross sins. In some States it is made a penal offence to attempt this. The most prominent idea in the discussion was that of excommunication. Is it right and proper, under any circumstances, to exclude a person from all communion with the Church? Is there not more hope of reclaiming him within the fold of the visible Church than outside of it? Here church-membership is made a civil duty. Every one must be baptized and confirmed, and partake of the Lord's Supper once, before he can enjoy the rights of citizenship. But this mechanical square-and-rule religion,

where the State nolens volens, puts it on its subjects, just like so many ready-made regimentals on her military, fills her Church with a most incoherent, heterogeneous membership. Here everybody, pantheist, atheist, infidel and skeptic, is drilled into the Church by the State, afterwards they can believe what they please, say what they please, do what they please—I mean with regard to the Church—with perfect impunity. Many would rejoice to be released from all connection with the Church by excommunication. While some speak of her with scorn and contempt, they must have their children baptized, instructed and confirmed by the ministers. But this also has its good effects just now. For since the ministry has become prevailingly Evangelical, when they instruct the youth diligently and faithfully in sound doctrine, and pray with them as only good pastors can, we have reason to hope, by the blessing of God, that the next generation will be better than the present.

But under such circumstances the question arises: Who are the proper subjects of church discipline? Should those who have withdrawn themselves from communion with the Church, or denounced her ordinances for twenty years, still be treated as her members? Or does not their irreligious conduct itself furnish a virtual exclusion? Dr. Sack maintained that they still were in the visible fold of Christ, though tares among the wheat, and therefore should be treated as members, subject to the rules and discipline of the Church. That in their present relations they would have to content themselves with a faithful attendance upon pastoral duties,

(Seelsorge,) that the pastoral office already included an important function of discipline, the faithful preaching of the word publicly and privately.

The morning of the second day was occupied by discussing "The call to the Ministry," introduced with a lengthy address by Dr. Schmieder, from Wittenberg. Our German brethren complain of the wants of the ministry, numerically and morally. That many are in the sacred office uncalled by the Master, to the injury of the Church and themselves. That many are not in, who are called, but refuse, to the great loss of religion. The clergy all come from the middle and lower classes. The rich and the nobility seldom furnish any. Count Zinzendorf still remains a solitary example of a missionary nobleman. This was ascribed to the prevalence of materialism among the higher classes. The love of gain, and an aversion to the solemn duties of the holy office, deter many from entering into the service of the Church. In all my social intercourse, I found that irreligion and contempt for the Church is far more prevalent among the educated and higher classes than among the lower. Pastor Meyer of Paris said there were at present twenty-three vacant parishes in the Reformed Church of France, entirely destitute of the means of grace. That they had the son of a wealthy banker, who was a faithful village pastor, and they had many excellent pastors, who were the children of street-sweepers. "If they only come, we care not whether they come from above or below. Yes, let them come from above, far above, from the Lord and Head of the Church." "The influence of materialism in modern natural science

upon the masses; how shall the Church meet and oppose it?" This theme was mainly discussed from a metaphysical point of view. Dr. Fabri, who made the opening address, remarked that materialism could not lay claim to any distinct system of philosophy. It has not even yet succeeded to disprove self-consciousness, and when logically pressed, must terminate in Nihilism. Theology and natural science do not necessarily contradict each other. They can be harmonized without torturing any of their principles or data. He deprecated governmental coercion. Materialism can only be successfully met and conquered by the use of spiritual weapons. The investigation and discoveries of Natural Science cannot be silenced by flat denials or the force of arms. They are facts, and facts have a tough vitality, and must be reasonably dealt with. Materialism takes it for granted that the Bible is an ordinary human production, because many of its statements conflict with and contradict the discoveries of modern science. It does not acknowledge the authority of an inspired Revelation. In this battle we must, therefore, have recourse to the weapons of science. Reason, which always must be held subordinate to the word of God, is entitled to unrestricted sway in the sphere of science. If we stultify it by an affected depreciation of its legitimate powers, we blunt the edge of our weapon, and are doomed to defeat.

Intimations were thrown out by some of the speakers, whether Protestantism was not in a measure accountable for the prevalence of Materialism. Has not the right of private judgment in the reading and understanding of the Bible, put a new weapon into the hands

of its enemies? Has it not tempted science to take presumptuous and profane liberties in its interpretation?

In summing up the arguments, Dr. Stahl remarked, that while Protestantism was measurably responsible for the revival and spread of Rationalism, Materialism existed in the Papacy anterior to the Reformation. Much as he respected and admired the investigations of science in the sphere of nature, he regarded it as transcending its reasonable limits, when it presumed to investigate and define facts in the domain of spiritual and eternal verities. It can discover natural laws, but it cannot explain them. It can discover planets, but it cannot tell us whether they are inhabited. It can discover and reduce to practice the electric telegraph, but it cannot explain the essence of electricity. Much less can it presume to be a judge of the hidden mysteries of God.

The theme for the third day was "The sphere of Woman in the Evangelical Church." Dr. Wichern, of the Rauhe Haus, near Hamburg, delivered an address nearly three hours in length, in which he gave a graphical picture of her present position, her trials, claims, and duties. It was an excellent production, and would be equally interesting, and perhaps even better suited, for an American latitude. As it will be published, it may possibly be translated for American circulation. The last theme was "The youth of Germany, in connection with taverns for traveling journeymen."

In Germany, all mechanics must travel a certain number of years, before they can become masters. When their money is exhausted, they work for a short time, and if they can find no work, they will beg their way

along. Every town has special taverns for journeymen travelers, most of which are schools of vice, moral and physical sluices of filth. These Wander-Burschen are exposed to all manner of temptation, and surrounded by a most demoralizing social atmosphere. Vigorous efforts have been made to better the condition of this numerous class, who will fill a large place in the coming age of German society. In many towns "Young Men's Christian Associations" have been formed to furnish a home and a healthful society to these pilgrims. New hotels have been established, which are conducted on a Christian plan. In Bonn there is one, in which religious devotions are held every morning and evening, which in one summer entertained eight hundred traveling journeymen in the course of four months.

In addition to these regular exercises, special conferences were held in behalf of temperance houses of reform, the observance of the Sunday, Christian art, the treatment of dismissed criminals, all subjects of the most vital, practical importance. A special conference of Reformed members was held, at which a convention of German Reformed ministers and laymen was appointed to be held in Bremen, sometime during the coming year. The remaining distinctively Reformed congregations of Germany have no ecclesiastical organization. They have no synodical, or any other meetings, to secure ministerial communion. The meeting at Bremen is designed, if possible, to effect some kind of an organization.

Dr. Stahl, from his official position, one of the leaders of the Kirchentag, is one of the greatest Jurists in Europe. More recently he wrote a pointed, and as

some suppose, a demolishing reply to "Bunsen's Signs of the Times." He is the leader of the ultra Lutheranizing party in the United Church. Small in stature, of marked Jewish features, (he is a converted Jew) with a piercing eagle eye, dark complexion, and awkward manners, his appearance strikes a stranger as very unprepossessing. In spite of his lisping, laboring pronunciation, his clear, vigorous style, and a mind which teems with the fullness of a comprehensive learning, his longest speeches commanded the almost breathless attention of his audience.

Since the origination of the Kirchentag, Von Bethman Hollweg has been one of its most active and energetic leaders. He has filled some of the highest offices in the Prussian Government. But with all the multitude of State duties that have pressed upon him, he has done more perhaps than any other person for the Church Diet. With him religion has become a matter of the deepest experience. Humble and unassuming, his external appearance is like that of a common subject. Traveling with him in the cars, a gens d'armes demanded his passport. He told him he had none. "Your name, sir!" "Bethman Hollweg." The functionary made a blushing bow, and hastened away.

He seems to be thoroughly penetrated with the spirit of the Gospel. In public or private, the burden of his conversation is always about religion. It is really touching, some one has said, "more touching than to hear the most eloquent sermon," to hear him, though occupying a proud position in the State, bear testimony to the goodness and mercy of God, which has converted him from the error of his ways, and declare before

the most imposing assemblies, that living faith in the crucified Redeemer is the only means for the salvation of Germany. During the interval of his official duties at Berlin, he lives at the Castle of Rheineck, one of the most charming spots along the banks of the Rhine. Here he labors late and early, day after day, for Inner Missions, and the spread of evangelical religion in Germany.

Besides the delegates from associations, and institutions of charity, from Bible and Missionary institutes from all parts of Germany, the Free Church of Scotland, the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, the Reformed Churches of Holland and France, were respectively represented at the Kirchentag. The discussions were free from polemical bitterness. Doctrinally, litttle was said to which any one of the churches represented could not cheerfully have subscribed.

Dr. B. S. Schneck, G. W. Griffith, Esq., and myself were delegates of the Reformed Church of the United States to the Church Diet. Dr. Schneck, the senior delegate, addressed the Diet in behalf of the delegation and the Church they represented, in an apt manner, to which the presiding officer, Von Bethman Hollweg, made a fraternal reply. In the evening the Reformed delegates from Germany, France, Holland, Scotland and America, held a Conference. Dr. Sack and Dr. Mallet were the principal speakers. I was hospitably entertertained in the family of Consul Minlos, whose genial home circle greatly increased the pleasure of my visit to Luebeck.

Having returned to Berlin, I shall tarry here for two months. In the Leipsicher Strasse, on the third

floor of a certain house, I rented a furnished room for eight thalers a month. For this amount the landlady furnished me a cup of coffee, and a few light cakes, morning and evening. These frugal meals I greatly relished, despite the black, unwashed hands and face of my hostess. My dinners I got at a restaurant, for from 20 to 30 cents.

In the summer of 1853, Dr. F. W. Krummacher was called to the Garnison's Kirche in Potsdam, by Frederick William IV, of Prussia. A strange city is this Potsdam, on the right bank of the Havel, about seventeen miles from Berlin, with 40,000 inhabitants. Two hundred years ago, the building of a royal palace was begun here, since then the Sovereigns of Prussia have erected others. In and around the city are four royal residences. What Versailles is to Paris, Potsdam is to Berlin. Frederick the Great, der Alte Fritz, as the Prussians, still proud of him, familiarly call him, laid the foundation of its present renown. A great man, and withal an odd genius, was this Fritz—half Christian and half Pagan. He built the palace of Sans Souci, at Potsdam, and surrounded it with step-like terraces, a multitude of ornamental trees, and gardens of oriental luxuriance. At the end of the principal terrace, Fritz buried his favorite dogs and his noble war-horse, which had carried him through the most of his battles. These graves were the favorite resort of the old hero, towards the evening of his life; hither he was borne in his arm-chair, surrounded by his dogs, a short time before his death. In his last will and testament he directed that he should be buried by the side of his faithful animals. This

singular request, however, was disobeyed. He was laid in a metallic Sarcophagus, under the pulpit of the Garnison's Kirche.

Many curious relics of his odd habits and tastes remain in the rooms of the Royal Palace. His writing-table, blotted all over with ink; music-stand, piano, with music composed and written by himself; green eye-shade, book-case, filled with French works; chairs and sofas, with their silken covers nearly torn off by the claws of his dogs, and soiled with the marks of the plates from which he fed them; all are here, without being cleansed or mended, just as he left them at his death, almost one hundred years ago. His truck-bed on which he slept, and on no other, has since been removed, because worn out and torn to pieces by unmannerly relic hunters. In his bed-room, at Sans Souci, the old clock is still standing. He always wound it up with his own hands. As his end approached, he was too weak to wind it, and his servants forgot to attend to it. The faithful clock stopped the moment the King died. From August 17, 1786, until this day, the hour-hand points to 20 minutes past two, and so will it continue to point as long as Prussia has a Ruler, and a people to revere and preserve the memory of its great founder.

These Potsdam palaces have had a singular effect on the architecture of the city. Many private houses are fashioned after their model. Even day-laborers live in puny palaces. "A town of palaces," it has therefore been called. Here the great Reformed Court Preacher, Dr. F. W. Krummacher, lived and labored for a number of years.

I had now spent well-nigh a month in Berlin—had spent it at hard study; studying the customs and geography of the Eastern world, worrying through the French Grammar, and occasionally attending a lecture in the University. On a pleasant Saturday morning, toward the end of October, I leisurely wended my way out the Leipsicher Strasse, through the Potsdam Gate, to the depot. Past Botanic Gardens, along banks of picturesque streams, skirted with tall pine trees, and by neat country villages, our train bore us to Potsdam, in little more than half an hour. The cars rolled along with a gentle, noiseless motion, without any of the unpleasant jarrings so common in railroad traveling. The country looked charming; the leaves had turned yellow; a genial sort of German Indian Summer it was. After spending a few hours at the Goldner Adler, the principal, yet plain hotel of the royal city, I presented my card at the door of an ordinary-looking dwelling; it was late in the afternoon; the servant soon returned, and led me to Dr. Krummacher's study. On my way from the hotel thither, and going up the stairway, I nervously pondered over the probable appearance of the good and great man. How would he look? and speak? and receive me? Other divines of Germany caught me around the neck and kissed me, as if I had been their son or brother; certainly this man, at the foot of Prussia's throne, will be more reserved—somehow I wished he would be; and so I found him.

As soon as the servant opened the door of his study, he arose and extended his hand, and greeted me cordially, with a deep sepulchral voice, saying—"Wir

haben sie schon lange erwartet. Unsere Freunde schrieben uns dass sie uns besuchen wuerden. (We have been expecting you for some time. Our friends wrote that you were coming.) Pray, be seated." Then followed a series of questions about his American friends—Dr. Nevin, Dr. Shaff, Dr. Schneck, Dr. Hoffeditz, and others; where I had traveled, how I was pleased with Europe, and with Berlin, and with the German Church Diet, and whither I expected to travel thereafter.

All this while, however, there was a strange air of dignity about the man, which kept me at a certain distance. His whole appearance partook of the majestic. Tall, somewhat portly, yet very graceful, with a massive forehead, an oval, earnest face, so benevolent that it looked as if he might take you into his arms, and press you to his warm heart; and a voice which, if allowed full expression, might make the windows of a Cathedral clatter. His dress was faultless—a suit of the finest cloth, tastefully made and tidily put on; not a frock, but a dress-coat, such as are always worn in the Court circles of Prussia; boots brightly polished; pants tightly strapped down; nicely starched standing collar, and white cravat—such was his apparel. The keenest eye could not detect a spot, a wrinkle, or a fault of any kind. Thus he sat on his chair, with his left arm resting on a plain study-table, erect as a statue, talking to me with a dignity, as if I had been the scion of some noble stock; yet a dignity, mingled with perceptible and felt tenderness towards me.

I describe him as he seemed to me, not with a view to find fault, but to give a truthful picture. Perhaps

my first impression was somewhat colored by a feeling of contrast. From my youth I had read his books with rapt interest, and heard him spoken of by his parishioners and intimate friends as the prince of European pulpit orators; the fearless, valorous "Elijah" of Germany, denouncing royal vices, and warning Kings to flee from the wrath to come.

Not to see the King, but Krummacher, had I come to Potsdam. In walking the streets, and looking at the palaces, methought the pastor of the Garnison's Kirche was a greater King than his royal friend, Frederick William IV. What Longfellow says of Nuremberg's painter and cobbler bard, I felt was true of Prussia's Court Preacher:

"Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard,
But thy painter, Albrecht Duerer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler bard."

All this I felt. Coming from my humble lodgings, on the third-story of a certain house in the Leipsicher Strasse, my head full with admiration and reverence for this great man, I might well feel somewhat timid at first in his presence.

His study was arranged in a neat, simple style. The floor was uncarpeted, but painted; his fine library lined the walls; the furniture was plain, but well suited; all the books were in their places; no scrap of waste paper or needless book was on the table! Alas! when I look at my table, at this present writing, what a contrast with his! A dozen of books, closed, open, half-open; some lying open on the back, others lying on the open pages; journals, portfolios, letters, blotters,

torn envelopes, scraps of scribbled paper, pens, pencils —all huddled together pell-mell before me, in spite of the repeated interposition of friendly hands.

Perhaps I ought to state here, however, that the condition of Krummacher's study on that Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock, ought not to be taken as its average appearance. On a certain morning I visited Dr. Ullman, of Carlsruhe. He was seated in the middle of his study, with books and papers on the table, and scattered all around him on the floor. This happened to be his study hour. Between four and five in the afternoon, the time for receiving visitors, matters would have presented a very different aspect. All the city pastors of Germany have a fixed time—usually from 4 to 5 p. m.—to receive calls. This time is printed, in connection with each one's name, in the City Directory, so that even foreigners may know when to visit them. The earlier part of the day they devote to study or pastoral labor, when they are rarely interrupted. Thus the study may present an appearance in the afternoon, very different from that in the morning.

In Europe Court preachers are often charged with being unduly influenced by the Court atmosphere (Hofluft). The inhaling of this is supposed to change their manners and habits. Within certain limits this ought to be the case. The man, be he minister or layman, who is unable or unwilling to conform to Court etiquette, is unfit to appear in the royal presence. It is natural that one filling a place like that of Krummacher, for a number of years, should, perhaps unconsciously, become somewhat formal and precise in his manner. He is a servant of the King, and ought to demean himself

accordingly. Krummacher's glory was, that whilst he honored his royal master, he revered the King of Kings more, and fearlessly preached His word, even at the risk of incurring the royal displeasure.

After conversing awhile, he took me into an adjoining room, where his afflicted wife was reclining on a sofa; a very kind-hearted old lady, who received the American with maternal greetings. Krummacher was greatly concerned about her illness.

After returning to the hotel that evening, I received the following card:

"F. W. KRUMMACHER,
Doctor der Theologie und Kœniglicher
Hofprediger,
bittet Herrn Pastor B. aus Amerika morgen Abend ihn zum Thee zu besuchen."

(F. W. Krummacher, Doctor of Theology and royal Court Preacher, invites Pastor B., of America, to take tea with him to-morrow evening.)

The following day was Sunday. To my disappointment Krummacher was disabled from preaching by a sore throat: thus it happened that I failed to hear the greatest pulpit orator of Germany. His church was closed. I had formed the agreeable acquaintance of another Potsdam family; these kindly invited me to attend them to the Church of the Holy Ghost, their stated place of worship. I soon found that they had no taste for Krummacher's preaching; he was too stern, legalistic, denunciatory—pietistic, as they said. In the morning their church was crowded. The military were marched on to the galleries. Every pew was packed. Pastor B. preached on the parable of the unmerciful

servant—in Matthew xviii. A right earnest sermon he preached, and the congregation demeaned themselves devoutly.

"Herr Pastor," said my friends, "you must go with us at three this afternoon, to hear Dr. E. We have two pastors in our church." At a frugal, free and easy dinner, such as you can only find in a German home, much was spoken about the Potsdam congregations and pastors, and of Prussian oppression; of such taxes and other tyrannies as they had to endure. They spoke to me as a confidential guest, who would not betray them to the Government. "For," said they, "we are watched, and so are others of our way of thinking." I soon learned that these kind people belonged to the free thinkers, who hated Krummacher on account of his bold and fearless defence of the truth.

At three we went to church again; this time it was not so full, although the more eloquent of the two pastors preached. The morning service is the principal one in Germany. Few people care about going to church in the afternoon or evening; and, save in the larger cities, they are rarely invited to do so. Dr. E. preached on the same text as we had in the morning—it was the Gospel for the day. His sermon abounded in "good hits." He is evidently a fine scholar, and, for people of his way of thinking, an entertaining preacher; but of the kernal of his subject we got precious little in his sermon.

"You must become acquainted with Dr. E.," said my friends. "We have invited him to our house to meet you. You will go home with us again." In a short time the eloquent pastor arrived. He at once sat

beside me, with his ear-trumpet in his hand, for he was hard of hearing. He was a middle-aged man, of medium size, with sallow complexion, and the appearance of a hard student, brim-full of learning, and possessing remarkable conversational powers. He at once commenced a tirade against the tyranny of Church and State in Germany. "My hope for Germany's future is in her people. All great events in her history have sprung from her popular religious genius. That is always right. What do the people care about the doctrines of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches? Mark it, sir, if theologians and political leaders presume too much on the submission of the people, they will soon be cast overboard." And so he went on, eulogizing German Democracy and belaboring the powers that be. In reply to his remark, I asked whether the popular observance of Sunday, on the continent, was approved of by the Christian sentiment of the people. He remarked: "The Sunday is intended to be spent according to our wants; whether we attend church, mingle in society, or labor, we do right if our wants require it. Depend upon it, there will be a Germanic Unity. Not a uniformity of faiths, not a union of views, not an adoration of the letter, but one wherein each can believe as he chooses, and yet all will mutually recognize each other as brethren. When, like the birds of the forest, each will warble his own song, and yet all praise the same Being." I thought of the quaint saying of Claudius: "Ein jeder pfeift wie ihm der Schnabel gewachsen ist," (every bird pipes according to the shape of its beak). A very strong and dangerous

man was Dr. E., one of the practical leaders of German Rationalism. I noticed a little son of my host, with pen and pencil in hand, taking notes of the brilliant sayings of his erratic pastor. He was the representative and leader of the Rationalistic and anti-Krummacher party in Potsdam.

With a sense of relief, I proceeded to Krummacher's in the evening. I was led into a plain, uncarpeted sitting-room, and made acquainted with the different members of the family. The oldest son, Adolph, I met at Halberstadt, where he is pastor of the Reformed church; the second one was absent at school; the four daughters, two of them grown, were just such modest, unaffected, intelligent, agreeable girls as one might expect to meet in a well-regulated German pastor's family. Mrs. Krummacher had partly recovered from her illness the day before. Two friends, besides myself, were invited to the little circle—one a plain-looking, elderly lady, the Duchess of———, the other a pious old gentleman, in regimentals, Major ———, an officer in the Prussian army. The subjects of conversation were chiefly religious. The state of Christianity in America, the condition of the American Indians, and the Christian home-life in our country, were familiarly discussed. How different Dr. Krummacher's conversation from that of Dr. E.! Mrs. Krummacher, seated on a comfortable chair (the German ladies have no rocking-chairs), had many questions to ask and answer.

The supper was a frugal meal, showing that the Oberhofprediger did not burden his servants with excessive Sunday-cooking. At the table the venerable

head of the family asked a blessing. The conversation was continued thereat. The Dr. seemed less courtly and more accessible than on the day before. The oldest daughter, Matilda, spoke English well, and remarked that the most of their friends spoke only German and French; that although they read many English books, they had comparatively few opportunities to engage in English conversation. Her preference to converse in English was quite a relief to me, as I deemed my American German scarcely passable for such a circle.

The Germans are slow eaters, and therein they show their good sense. A goodly time was spent at the table, and all the while some tongues were wagging pleasantly, making one forget the delicious dish before him. After returning to the sitting-room new subjects were introduced. The whole group seemed to feel like members of the same family circle, bating the occasional use of the title of "Græfin" (Duchess), when any one addressed the noble lady.

Most beautiful was the unaffected tenderness between the parents and their children. So gentle, open-hearted, respectful, familiar, and courteous in tones of voice, and modes of expression; in look, language and manner, there is a certain something in the intercourse between Christian German parents and their children, which one finds nowhere else. Their love is truly without dissimulation, neither shown from a sense of duty, nor for the sake of effect. Its presence charms the stranger, and sends him away with a blessing, dreaming over happy scenes of domestic life. In the hearts of German children it lives forever. Old and gray-headed men

are not ashamed to embrace and kiss their much older parents, and shed tears when they meet and part. So I found this peaceful, happy family of the Court preacher. How tenderly these daughters cared for and caressed their father. The well-ordered arrangement of his study, and his faultless apparel, spoke of their filial love.

CHAPTER XIV.

KIRMES OR GERMAN FAIRS. THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF GERMANY. THE UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE.

The Germans have ever been an industrious, hard-working people. And ever, too, a feast-loving race. But their festivals, like their work, rarely run into excess. The true German eats and drinks, works, plays and prays according to the dictates of reason. His seasons of toil are interspersed with gala days—with civic and religious festivals. He celebrates the birth-days of parents and children, of his nation's king and of the King of kings; and they are days of mirth and recreation. On them his muscles and joints, stiff with work, unbend, and for a brief season he forgets his burdens and frisks in youthful sports.

When wildly roving in barbaric freedom through the forests of Northern Europe, our German ancestors had their games and sports. And when the Christian Church had tamed their wild nature, this taste and need of social amusements was partly gratified in a higher form, by the festivals of the Church. In addition to these, they held, and still observe, a certain annual feast-day, called Kirmes. This is held in every village, and in many parishes of larger cities. It is the anniversary of the dedication of the parish church. In a country where church edifices get to be five hundred or one thousand years old, this memorial

service is invested with many historical and traditional reminiscences. It does not happen on the identical day of the original dedication of the church. It is commonly held in autumn, after the harvest has been safely housed into barns, and the juice of the luscious grape gathered into barrels. It thus becomes a sort of a "harvest home," when the people praise God for the bread of life as secured to them through the founding of their church; and for the bread that perisheth, just gathered into barns. German villages are usually close neighbors. Sometimes you find a dozen in a few square miles. All have Kirmes in the same season of the year, but no two of the same neighborhood at the same time. This makes the fall of the year in some districts a time of continuous festivity. Kirmes is a regular, fixed institution. When men and women hire out, or apprentices are indentured, the Kirmes days are always reserved. On them no work is done.

A great day is Kirmes to the people of a German village. Remote from large cities, they and their children learn but little of the refinement and follies found in these centres of Germanic life. Here and there one pays a chance visit to the market town. But, save on market days, this is not a whit in advance of his native Dorf. City folks have their social gatherings, concerts and theatres. Country people—and all country people live in villages—have fewer wants and fewer enjoyments. But such enjoyments as they have, accord with their simple rural habits.

Once a year the quiet current of their village-life overflows its accustomed channel. For weeks before,

busy hands turn their simple pleasant homes upside-down. All female hands are set to scrubbing and sweeping every nook and corner, from garret to cellar—points which in most houses are not very far apart. Wardrobes are renewed; old clothes are whipped, brushed and mended; new clothes are brought from the milliners and tailors. As the time approaches, laboring people save all their spare earnings for pocket-money. For this day some new thing must be bought; if not a bonnet, at least a new ribbon; if not a coat and pantaloons, at least a tidy cap.

In the German Dorf working people cannot all find employment at home. Many young men and maidens must go to service or the learning of a trade, ten and twenty miles from home. And many cannot visit home, save on Kirmes. Indeed, all home-comings of children date from and to this day. When apprentice boys leave home to learn a trade with some unknown and perhaps unfeeling master, with visions of hard work and the cruel rod before their minds, a ray of hope dispels their inner gloom; it is that "next Kirmes I shall visit home." When Ludwig Baltzer's Lisbet left home the last time, to serve at Mansfeld, fifteen miles off, she and her mother embraced each other at the garden-gate, weeping. And as Lisbet walked sadly away, her mother, holding her apron before her sobbing face, called after her: "Auf Wiedersehen bis Kirmes, mein Herzchen." (Till Kirmes, my darling; we shall meet again). And now, as the affectionate girl toils at her daily task, many a dreary thought is dispelled with the hope "Next Kirmes I shall visit home." And as the old people sit under

their nut-trees before the door, in the cool of the evening, speaking tenderly of one and another of their children—children whose industry and piety convert their old age into a season of daily peace—they say to each other: "Till Kirmes we shall see them all." Is it a wonder that a clean house, the best wine, and the choicest dish at their command, welcome them home? For one day parents and children enjoy themselves with the best their frugal means afford.

"Go with me to a Kirmes at Liebesheim." "Nicht wahr," says a newly-made village acquaintance, "to-morrow you will go with us to Kirmes? I want to show you how we people in the German-land enjoy ourselves. I will call for you in the morning." "Thank you; I have a great desire to go, and you are just the man to guide me." An hour after sunrise my friend pulls up his ox-team before the tavern—a fine yoke of smooth, yellow animals, hitched to a heavy wagon, with hay-ladders on it. Board seats are arranged on these, tightly packed with wife, children, brothers and sisters, and their families, all enduring their close quarters with the greatest good cheer. "Guten Morgen, Herr Amerikaner," says my good-natured friend, lifting his cap, "I have reserved the seat of honor for you, right aside of me, the captain of this ship. Should a storm arise, you will at least be near the helm, even if you cannot hold it." His son, a young man of eighteen, dressed in gray home-made woolen clothes, steers the ship. The lash of his whip is two yards long, and evidently plaited for this day. With studied skill he sweeps it over our heads, now and then cracking it with a noise which sets all the dogs along the street barking after us. For six

miles we leisurely ride over the smooth, level road—excellent road-makers these Germans have been for the last thousand years; making roads, too, in the world of thought, paths grown old by the treading of thirty generations. Nearly the whole length of this road is lined with tall nut and shade trees, on both sides. As far as the eye can reach, merry groups are wending their way towards Liebesheim. Spry maidens, with gaudy skirts and aprons of spotless purity, some with gay-ribboned bonnets, and others unbonneted; men with heavy, hob-nail boots and great cloth coats, with high collars and skirts reaching to their ankles, all the more valuable from age and long use; others coatless, in white home-made linen shirt-sleeves and snug little caps; all in such Sunday-suits as they can command.

The party on our wagon keeps up an incessant chattering, like swallows on a barn-roof. Fritz can hardly make the oxen hear his boisterous orders. Occasionally a sweet morning hymn is sung, mingling its notes with the early chant of the sky-lark, flapping upward, until its song dies away in the blue depths above. Even the oxen swing the red and blue ribbons tied on their great horns, with a seeming conscious pleasure. Instead of the heavy, drudging tread of their race, they trip along with nimble step. As we near the village, the road becomes more crowded. Along every by-road the people come streaming; and all in groups or families. For the Germans engage in their faith and fun, their religion and recreation, in households. They go to the beer-house, to baptisms and burials, in family groups. The wealthier few ride with horse-teams;

others with ox-teams; others with cow-teams; and others travel afoot. "Guten Morgen, Fræulein Morgenroth," said the flaxen-headed Fritz, as he lifted his cap to a blushing girl. "Wo ha, Rapp," cried the father. "See, see, Fritz, the wagon is turning against the fence." The poor fellow's girl made him forget his oxen. "Allez Rapp, forwarts du Canallie."

All the streets in the village are alive with people, insomuch that Fritz can with difficulty work his team through the crowd. The tavern, where we alight, is literally packed, where few find room to sit down, and a multitude is hanging around the front door, like the bees around the door of their hive in swarming time. At the time appointed for church, my friend takes me to the sanctuary. Holding his hat before his face, he pauses a few moments standing in his pew and prays for God's blessing upon the service. Although not accustomed to this posture at the opening prayer at home, I, too, hide my face in my travel-worn hat in prayer. I notice all the men reverently praying this way e'er they take their seats; and all the women in like manner fold their hands around their hymn books, tied in a white handkerchief, bow their heads in silent prayer before they sit down. And when seated, nearly all turn to some hymn in the book, and devoutly read or pray it, till the regular services begin.

At the side of the church a narrow pulpit is perched high up on a pedestal. In front of it is a small altar, with a railing round it. On the altar stand three vases with flowers, whose fragrance fills the church with sweet incense; a large vase between two smaller ones. And back of the large vase is a cross, ornamented

with flowers and evergreens. The pulpit is hung with garlands, and the doors, windows and organ are wreathed with tufts of pine. At ten o'clock the bells begin to ring. Ah, there's music in the church-going bell, as heard 3,000 miles from home. It rekindles the purer and holier feelings, the loves and faiths of one's earlier life. And for six hundred years past, this bell has called the people to church on every Lord's day, and to the Kirmes in the autumn of every year. This gives earnest people much to think about; and inspires them with devotion.

Aside of the pulpit hangs a black-board, about a foot square. On it are written with chalk two numbers —the numbers of the hyms to be sung. While the organist is preluding, all the people turn to the first hymn indicated on the board. And when he starts the first line, the pent-up praise of the congregation abruptly bursts forth like the first blast of a brass band. I cannot help but look at these simple people, in their odd costumes, with and without coats, old women with petticoats and jackets of twenty years' wear—the toiling burghers with horny hands, and the gayer young people, all looking reverently at their books, singing mightily with throats wide-open, as if trying to roll an infinite burden off their hearts. Many an unmusical and screeching voice is there, but they sound like the discords in the Creation, enhancing the harmony. My friend holds his book before me, to aid my singing. But somehow, I break down before I reach the end of the first verse, which weakness I try my utmost to hide, as we foolish men usually do. The gentler sex weeps outright, and cares not who knows it; but

we silly men, considering tears unmanly, are ashamed to have others see them. Here I sat sobbing, my heart-strings trembling under the mighty song of praise, as trembled the strings of David's harp, under the touch of his royal hand.

> "There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
> And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleas'd
> With melting airs, or martial, brisk or grave,
> Some chord, in unison with what we hear,
> Is touched within us, and the heart replies."

As the congregation sings the last verse, a pale, middle-aged man, a flowing robe hanging around his slender frame, with a closely-shaven face and hair just turning grey, steps out of a side-door into the chancel. After reading a passage of Scripture, and a suitable prayer from the Liturgy, he ascends the pulpit, and kneeling with his face on the Bible-board, he prays for the divine help and blessing. Meanwhile the congregation sings another verse. After reading his text, he preaches half an hour, about the piety and love their ancestors displayed in the building of their church, and worshipping in it; and about the love of God, who had thitherto watched over and greatly blessed their village and congregation, and who had continued to them the fruits of the earth and the blessings of religion. Every eye is turned to him with unflagging attention; even the crowd standing with uncovered heads around the open windows and doors, devoutly join in the service to its close.

Liebesheim gave the preacher no historical incidents wherewith to intersperse his sermon. Had he preached at Ober-Ingelheim, he would have reminded the people that their town had the honor of being the birth-place

of Charlemagne. If at Eisenach, he would have dwelt on the Denkwuerdigkeiten of that famous town. For did not the Minnesænger hold a grand Contest of Song on the neighboring Wartburg, in 1205? There Luther found refuge from his cruel enemies; and in this town Sebastian Bach was born, the greatest musician of his age, perhaps of all ages. Excellent material for a Kirmes sermon would these facts furnish. As a truthful preacher, our Liebesheimer man of God confines himself to the meagre stock of historical material, which his quiet village affords. His sermon is pointed and impressive, as the moist eyes of his hearers show.

After church the people disperse in various directions. The more fortunate go home to spend the day with their parents. Others dine with their god-fathers, who held and stood for them at their baptism. Some visit their relatives. Many seek refreshment at some bakery or beer-house. The most go to the tavern. In the house and garden, tables are spread. The premises are perfumed with the incense of soup, sausages, and sour-krout. But few find sitting-room. For these Dorf-Wirthshæuser are but small buildings. Save at Kirmes, they have ample room to accommodate their guests. Their whole arrangement is in the simplest style. Instead of being carpeted, the floors are strewn with white sand. Chairs and a long table adorn the principal room,

> "Where village statesmen talk with looks profound,
> And news much older than their ale goes round."

Their beds are narrow boxes on legs, boarded at the side, with high, heavy feather beds. The sheets are

white as the driven snow. Everything, in the smallest detail, is arranged with an eye to the useful. Nothing superfluous.

> "The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
> The varnis'd clock that clicks behind the door,"

each and all have their mission to perform, without any superfluous ornament.

When dinner is over, young and old stroll beneath the shade trees of the village forest, or visit some friend or family. Many pair off old-fashionedly, and fall in love; and thus it happens that many a betrothal dates from Kirmes. Not a few enter the gate of the God's Acre, back of the church, to drop a tear or flower on some grassy mound, which covers all that was mortal of some dear one.

At four in the afternoon, and no sooner, a small band prepares to tune its instruments. As old war-steeds chafe with uncontrollable fire at the beat of the drum, so the sound of music at the Kirmes, sets all heels a-leaping. Usually a board floor is laid under the trees, whereon musical feet trip away at their clattering tunes. Sometimes a large frame shed is erected for this purpose, with windowless holes to admit the light. Or possibly, the village landlord starts a set in his parlor. All dance. Parents and children, young men and blushing maidens, and their grand-papas and grand-mammas, skip over the floor with marvellous grace. Old men, worn out by hard work, who trudge after their daily tasks with limping gait, bound into the ring at the sound of merry music, and gracefully whirl around in the waltz, with the sweethearts of their sons,

forgetting the burdens of declining life. All seem young again—all goes, "merry as a marriage bell."

> "Dames of ancient days
> Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
> And the gay grand-sire, skilled in gestic lore,
> Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of three-score."

Mind you, kind reader, I am not writing in praise of dancing, but simply a scrap of its history. It is a mysterious habit, hard to be accounted for. Some one calls it "the music of the feet, and the gladness of young legs, and the poetry of motion." We might ask: Why is music, seeking and finding vent through the feet, more simple, than that finding utterance through the voice or hands? Wholly free from the dancing impulse, no musical being can possibly be. A certain grave clerical brother, whose piety no one disputes, has preached earnestly and ably against the sin of dancing. Seated by his side in a certain parlor, where fair hands discoursed sweet and cheerful music on a piano, I have seen his heels following the time and tune with emphatic motion. Possibly, they did it without his orders or knowledge. Still that does not excuse his sinning feet.

But we are getting away from our Kirmes. In the evening the older folks return home, as I return on the hay-ladders with my friend and his family. The younger keep up their merry-making through the greater part of the night. Usually these festivities continue for several days. After the first day no religious services are held. Although many abuses are connected with these anniversaries, much can be said, too, in their favor. This is the only social festival, where the toiling millions of Germany mingle in

merry, pleasing intercourse with their masters; the only season in which religion with its sacred recollections, and recreation with its health-giving enjoyments, walk hand in hand. Alas! that what originally was enjoyed with innocent glee, should so often be turned into a means of excessive convivial indulgence.

An eminent Pontiff of the middle ages compared the relation between Church and State to that existing between Sun and Moon. God has placed a greater and lesser light in the firmament of humanity. The lesser receives light from, and is subordinate to the greater. A very applicable figure if the planets on the earth would have fixed unchangeable orbits, like those in the heavens. But history gives us instances, where their orbits have been very eccentric, where they alternately made themselves the centres of attraction.

I was present at a confirmation service in Berlin, where several hundred were added to the Church. The large building was crowded by many who had perhaps not been inside of a church for ten years. The services, to me at least, seemed very solemn. The candidates evinced a knowledge of Scripture and the general rudiments of religion, which was as creditable to them as to their instructor. At the close of the services, the parents and friends presented their congratulations to the catechumens with embraces, and some with tears. It was a most touching scene. And yet the whole transaction left upon me the painful impression that the most of them regarded it as a day of festive joy, which made them citizens, not of the kingdom of God, but of the State.

When a sovereign befriends a religion, and pays large amounts for its extension among his subjects, while in his life and practice he tramples under foot its holiest and most vital principles, there is some ground to question his motives. It is very well that the Church should make good subjects, if possible, even for wicked rulers. But it is a wicked abuse of power, either for corrupt or Christian sovereigns to use her as a mere servant of the State, and give her such an appearance of dependence that her members lose all faith in her divine constitution. This has put a weapon into the hands of democratic rationalists. What they have said, and still say, that the clergy are the police of the State, is still believed by three-fourths of her members, though they say it not. It would be hard to say that there is not some ground for the charge, in their present relations. The State says go, and they go. She says do this, and they do it. In the eyes of the people this looks as if she derived her existence from the State, that at best she can be only a human institution, and as such depends wholly for her stability and permanence upon the mercy and patronage of the same.

Of course few princes or theologians would avow this in theory, but practically it cannot be gainsayed. Pastors may teach and toil never so faithfully, they are harnessed to relations which compel them to administer some of the most solemn ordinances of the Church with the authority of a "thus saith the State." By education and habit and a common every-day philosophy, the great bulk have come to look upon religion as a qualification for the enjoyment of State privileges,

that it is the duty of a good citizen to obey the injunction of the civil power, and therefore observe the few Church duties which are made obligatory upon him. Rationalism would never have gained such rapid ground, and have struck its roots so readily and deeply into the heart of society, had the soil not been previously prepared by a State rationalism, which practically stripped the Church of her essentially divine independence and self-existent character, and has given the masses the contemptible view that all her powers emanated from the State. And this is still one of the most formidable barriers to the revival of evangelical religion among the masses. It dulls the edge of truth, it weakens the practical efficiency of the means of grace, it places the ministry and the sacraments in a false light before the enemies of religion, it forstalls the minds of many so as to unfit them for a profitable reception of the truth, it lames and cripples the efforts of the ministry and throws many beyond the reach of their influence. All praise is due to the noble princes, who bear the royal stamp of Christian discipleship, who support and patronize religion from love to God and their subjects.

In Prussia the royal family supports all Christian institutions with a munificent liberality. But few have any conception of the vast amount which is annually disbursed for the building of churches, and the support of benevolent institutions and Christian associations, whose aim is the spread and revival of true religion. But even this well meant and pious beneficence, has a tendency to cultivate a sense of slothful dependence and penurious illiberality in the general membership of the Church. It only rocks them into greater apathy

and spiritual slumber. Their churches, in most cases, are built for them, their ministers' salary is paid for them, either by the State or out of the general funds of the parish treasury. Of course, in most cases the money indirectly comes from the Church, paid by the general taxes of the membership. But it reaches the Church in such a remote, roundabout way, that this manner of giving is poorly calculated to kindle and cultivate in the heart the divine act of giving. Besides, the system of taxation generally is ill-adapted to develop practical beneficence; it appeals less to the love of Christ which constrains us, than to our respect for "the powers that be." The union of Church and State, as it exists here, takes the external and financial duties of religion in the congregation so much out of the hands of the individual Christian, as a member of the body of Christ, that it deprives him of a field and an occasion for the cultivation of personal charity. This is clearly demonstrated by the actual condition of congregations.

Recently I became acquainted with a congregation of several thousand members, whose pastors are among the most pious and able men in Prussia. They worship in a magnificent church, with stained-glass windows, guilded arches and cornices, which the present King of Prussia, in his truly royal kindness, presented to them without any expense on their part. Now, however, the building needs some slight repairing, which will cost about $300. One of the pastors told me that they intend to apply to the King for the money. Perhaps one cent from every member would cover the whole cost. Many of our German brethren cannot conceive how it is possible,

with the voluutary system, for congregations of five hundred or a thousand members, to build a church every fifty years, pay the salary of their pastor, and the current expenses of the congregation, and besides give ten times as much for Missions as parishes here which number ten thousand members. Our membership have room, inducements and appeals for the cultivation of the charities of the Church. By their direct contributions to benevolent objects, and by their participation in her business and enterprises, they are trained to take and feel a personal interest in her welfare, to mourn when she mourns, to rejoice when she rejoices; where each one is made to feel that her interests are his interests, that her hopes are his hopes, that what he does and gives is for the glory of her Head, with which he is personally connected.

The theology of a nation is usually in advance of its practical religion. The former furnishes the seed to the sower, the latter is the seed sown and growing for the harvest. The vigorous evangelical tone which predominates in theology, has not yet penetrated "the lump" of the Church's membership. Just as the ministry had to labor and sow for a long while, before they could uncoil the faith and affections of the masses from the branches of the tree of life, so now they have to labor long before they can untwine their attachment to the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. The natural perverseness of the human heart is ready to receive a system of religion which will give scope to the gratification of carnal desires. And its prevalence devastates and hardens the ground of the heart, that there is little left but "way-side," "stony" and "thorny" ground.

What excellent pungeant sermons these brethen preach! What an unrivalled system of schools they have here, where all must receive an education, and where the seed of God's word is sown from early youth. Many of their religious privileges are unevasive, but all glide over the hearts of multitudes without point and without power. The precious seed, sun-shine and showers of God's mercy and love fall upon their hearts much in the same way that the sun shines on different objects. Some it hardens like mud, whilst others it softens like wax.

The field of religion here is like an unweeded garden. There are so many tares in the field that much of the wheat plentifully and prayerfully sown, either never strikes root, or grows for a short period, and then is choked. "While men slept the enemy came and sowed the tares." What shall be done with them? Root them up? "Nay, lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them." This passage has never forced itself with such clearness upon my mind as during my observations of the state of religion in Germany. As applied to individual Christians, I have seen many cases where the tares and wheat had so thoroughly intertwined and entangled their rootlets, that the pulling up of one would inevitably have pulled up the other. As applied to the hearts of individuals, I have had intercourse with many, in whom the tares and wheat had so entirely intercoiled their roots into a vital tissue, that the removal of the one would have destroyed the other. They are persons who stood on the undefinable critical boundary between truth and error. Some like the rich young man, whom Jesus loved with all his faults,

others like the one who was "not far from the kingdom of God," others like the despised Zacheus, who would be willing if properly approached, to make reparation for their past misdeeds, and gladly receive the Saviour into their house. What shall be done?

Our German brethren are placed in a critical dilemma. They have no Church discipline. There is such a predominance ot tares, such an absence of the spirit of discipline, that the general membership has neither a consciousness of its necessity, nor taste for its requirements. The want of all discipline is a great calamity, but under their circumstances its rigid enforcement would result in a still greater evil. It would throw three-fourths of their membership hopelessly upon the sterile desert of infidelity. The proper and most successful method of the Church to overcome evil has always been, not so much to root up as to plant, not so much to destroy as to fulfill. The progress and predominance of truth will choke error, just as much as the spread of tares will hinder the growth of wheat. Truth has a diffusive leaven-like vitality. A few seeds may penetrate and permeate large masses of error, and push it from its foothold. It may be in the minority, and by Providential design is generally among the "little flock," to show that it does not depend upon majorities and thrones for its power. The discouraging martyrdom of Stephen and the crushing persecution which led to it, were the means of sending the Gospel into different countries. Its defeats are victories, and its retreats lead to glorious triumphs. Its apparent ruins are the material for kindling fresh powers, its ashes contain vital sparks which the most adverse breeze will blow into a flame

that will burn itself through the chaff and rubbish of ages.

> "Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
> The eternal years of God are her's,
> But error, wounded, writhes in pain
> And dies amid her worshippers."

The ministry generally long for an emancipation from the trammels of the State. Some princes are favorable to a greater independence of the Church. Under their existing Governments, however, there is no prospect for a separation of Church and State, nor would this be much to the advantage of religion under the present circumstances. But there are many signs of the growth of liberal sentiments in favor of the Church, both among the rulers and the ruled, which we may safely interpret as the dim dawn of a better day, when Cæsar shall receive the things that are Cæsar's, and leave to God the things that are God's; when their interests and claims shall no longer be so confounded and entangled that persons are scarcely able to tell which is which; when professing Christians shall no longer be tempted to regard baptism as a sign and seal of the powers and privileges of the State; and when the rite of confirmation shall mean something more than the assumption of civil obligations which the parents had made in baptism; when their obligations shall involve more than the promise of loyalty and allegiance to the State; when those who are brought into the Church shall be practically taught that they must "fear God," as well as "honor the King." God speed the day.

CHAPTER XV.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE. THE LORD'S DAY. THE CONFESSIONS OF GERMANY—LUTHERAN, REFORMED AND UNITED CHURCHES.

Church attendance and the observance of the Sabbath are indications of the state of religion among a people. It would be unreasonable to expect, in detail, that the religious customs of all nations should square with our American standard. It would be a mark of sheer ignorance, and of a narrow mind and heart, to apply our views as the infallible measure, to which all countries and people must conform. But there are general currents and facts which we can measure by the general standard and spirit of Revelation, without a breach of modesty or charity. To pick at freckles because we happen to have ours on the other cheek; to pull at the splinters of others, because familiarity has made us lose sight of our own, is at best a small business, and a poor compliment to the bent of our talents. Perhaps my dwelling so much on the shades of the pictures may have the appearance of a fault-finding, flaw-picking disposition, and will expose me to the imputation of an uncharitable fondness for the dissection of bad subjects. The picture is not all shade, as the sequel will show. And what shade it has I must give, or it will not be a true picture.

It may be, that the general morality of the people,

so far as honesty and a refinement of manners is concerned, is equal to that of our own; only with this difference, that it is mostly a morality and refinement detached from Christianity, which needs neither Church, sacraments, nor any means of grace for its sustenance. In the larger towns of northern Germany, so far as I could ascertain, about one-twentieth of the members, on an average, attend public worship. According to a report made in 1851, there were about twenty thousand church attendants in Berlin, out of a population of four hundred and twenty thousand. Out of its present population of five hundred thousand, there are from thirty to thirty-five thousand that attend church.

I spent a Sabbath in a country village in Prussia of eight hundred inhabitants, where the pastor preached to twenty-five hearers. One hundred years ago, with less than one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, Berlin had as many churches as it has now. And now it is better provided for than it was formerly. Of late years a number of churches have been erected, parishes divided and sub-divided in different parts of the city. And the work is gradually progressing still. Out of forty churches, eighteen are supported by the State, and the most of the others out of the funds of the city. Several smaller congregations outside of the Prussian Church, which are not legally recognized by the State, support themselves. But what are forty churches for such a population? There are parishes here, and I found them in other cities too, with only one church building, which number from ten to fifty thousand members. Until within a few years ago, there was a parish congregation in this city that numbered eighty thousand

members, with only two pastors, and another one that had sixty thousand members.

Breslau, with a population of eighty thousand, has one church and six pastors less that it had two hundred years ago, with a population of twenty-four thousand. In Stettin, the capital of the province of Pommern, which is counted among the best, one-fourteenth of the members attend church. And in two years its criminal cases have increased from five to eight hundred. In many of the churches in Mecklenburg, noted for its ultra Lutheran orthodoxy, the principal Sabbath service is attended by from ten to twenty persons. Even in Berlin, where there are, comparatively, so few churches, many of them, on ordinary occasions, are not more than half filled, and some not even that. Churches which still retain rationalistic pastors, who feed their people on the husks of Christless moralism, have very slim audiences. They have starved all religious life out of the most of them, and those who have any seek better food in other churches. But where the Gospel is preached in its purity the churches are too small. If the people even had a disposition to attend public worship, there would only be room for about the tenth part of them. And in this respect the State shows a stinting step-motherly penuriousness, in not furnishing an adequate number of churches.

Notwithstanding the many collateral disadvantages under which pastors labor, the earnest, respectful presentation of truth commands the attention of even the doubting and the scornful. Besides, many after they have squandered their spiritual partrimony with riotous living, are beginning, like the Prodigal, to discover that

they have strayed into a land of famine, where they begin "to be in want." Here and there they shyly return to seek food for their famishing spirits, in the preaching of the word, where their lingering illusions are dispelled, and a burning power fastens a sense of their guilt and misery upon them and drives them to the cross. When Kapf, of Stuttgart, in whose character are beautifully blended the fearless rigor of Paul, and the meekness and love of John, denounces the desecration of the Sabbath, and the wickedness in high places, and warns men to repent and be converted before the judgments of God fall upon them, his large church often cannot contain all who press to hear him. When Arndt, of this city, preaches on the necessity of repentance and faith, with a clearness and point that his thoughts fall with piercing, unevasive power on one's heart, and make even Christians look within with trembling fear, hearers flock around him until his large church is completely filled. When Hoffman preaches in the dome church, with an astonishing boldness, his sermons on the New Testament prophecies of the second coming of Christ, where, with surgical skill, he thrusts his lance into the sores of society, and probes its bruises without fear or favor, and prescribes the "balm" which alone can heal them, the aisles and pews of the large edifice are crowded to the doors. There are those, who, with the spirit and courage of Elijah, uncover and rebuke the corruption among the higher classes and the nobility, and both come to hear them, and profit by them, too. The members which are trained and confirmed by such a class of pastors, will mostly become pious Christians.

Amid such a pile of wood, hay and stubble, the gold, silver and precious stones shine with charming splendor. "As night lustre gives to stars," so moral night in the world to God's people, who reflect the light of Christ. There is a spirit of solemnity, reverence and intense devotion in the religious worship of those with whom the truth has become a matter of deep earnest experience, which I have never met with elsewhere. I have sometimes been as much edified by this scene of devotion as by the most forcible sermons. Where every one approaches the beginning of the services with a silent prayer; where the sermon is received with an attention that betrays a hungering and thirsting after truth; where the prayers of the congregation rise up before the Lord amid such breathless silent awe, that they seem to come from one heart; where each one sings as if his heart had to unburden itself of a load of thankfulness to God, for goodness and grace received, and where, after they have been dismissed, the whole congregation bow their heads in silent prayer; here one must feel, and feel it with the profoundest reverence, that he is in "the house of God." And when they approach the Lord's table, how pungently they examine and prepare themselves, what a trembling sense of guilt, and yet child-like reliance upon the Saviour for help! Hard must be the heart that could remain unmoved and cold amid such a scene. I have communed with them, and often went to see them commune; for to see it, is even an edifying Communion.

Some years ago, an eminent divine said in a public address, and his saying has been repeated in a thousand forms since; "The strict observance of Sunday in

England and North America is unquestionably a principal source of the prosperity of the two freest and mightiest nations on the earth." A number of causes contribute to the general desecration of Sunday here. The very prevalent notion, that it is a mere human institution for the benefit of man, which he can use as his necessities require in the way of labor, rest, religion or amusement; the want of Sunday laws, and the non-enforcement of those which they have; the influence of the State, and of those who are in authority, in making Sunday a work-day, or in furnishing and encouraging carnal amusements, have all contributed to convert God's holy day into a day of general amusement and pleasure. More particularly along the Rhine, and in Middle and South Germany, labor is very general, and amusement seems to be the great object of the multitude. Officers parade their armies, whose martial music blends in a shrill discord with hymns of solemn praise. In many towns nearly all the stores are open. Mechanics work as on other days. Farmers labor in the field, and haul grain and hay during harvest. Master mechanics compel their apprentices to work, and manufacturers threaten to dismiss their hands if they refuse. Some pay higher wages on Sunday, to secure laborers. I have been at divine worship, when the voice of the preacher could at times not be heard for the rattling of omnibuses and wagons. It is true, the law, in most parts, requires the cessation of labor and the sale of goods during the morning, but it is scarcely ever enforced. Railroad companies run extra trains to invite and accommodate the multitude of pleasure-seekers. Theatres and operas make extra efforts, and have their

best days on Sunday. Balls are held and wine and beer establishments hold out special inducements, where the day is profaned with scenes of revelry. In many places Kirchweihe is held on Sunday. Here they herd together from a considerable distance, and spend the day in drinking and dancing. Out of four thousand annual fairs held in Bavaria, twenty-seven hundred are held on Sunday and on church festivals. Whenever of late years the cholera raged in any part of Germany, physicians generally reported far more cases in the earlier part of the week than the latter, which resulted from the dissipation on the Lord's day. I would not venture to say so much on the strength of my own observation, which has been very considerable, had I not the statistics before me.

"Ah!" said a clerical brother to me lately, "you have a public opinion in America, which is worth more than all Sunday laws." A very just remark, and where the tree has become old, it is stiff and brittle. A public opinion which is the offspring of the gradually acquired customs of several centuries, is hard to change. And then it has the sanction of the powers that be. Sovereigns hold their soirees on Sunday evening, hold parties and receive dignitaries in the afternoon. The truth is, it is hard to create a public opinion here, or to reform a bad one. Where all power emanates from the few, the many are not needed, nor trained to take any responsible part. The masses are exceedingly slow to move. The friends of the Church Diet and Gustavus Adolphus Society complain that they cannot get the masses to act. With us, with a free press, free speech, and a tolerable amount of practical sense, we

can reverse the popular opinion of the whole State in a few years. But here there is no way to get at it. Somehow it sits entrenched behind the thrones. And should the press and the pulpit direct their batteries on it, they might incur an unpleasant retort. The pulpit, in many places, does speak out boldly, but what can it do, when so few come within its reach.

The wine-clad hills of Germany are rich in crops and in scenery, but morally they are a fountain of evil to society. True, their wine is purer and less injurious than that in America, and their beer is said to be superior, but still "there is death in the pot." Here again, the wealthy, and those in authority, set the example. Many spend every evening and Sunday, too, in the drinking saloon. By them the custom receives a sanction, and the rabble follows. The criminal records show, that the most crimes committed on Sunday are committed in a state of drunkenness. Out of fifty cases of murder, which occurred in Baden during 1847, forty-five were committed on the Lord's day, in a state of intoxication. Here as in America prisons get their recruits from the taverns. Says a great and good man of South Germany, "I shudder when I think of the scenes of horror, of the godless strife, and contention which transpire in these dens of sensuality. Here it is, where a large number of our people receive their education, where they are taught to abandon all self-respect, and degrade themselves to a level with the irrational brute. Here is the black fountain of vice and crime; the rock on which many a happy family has made eternal shipwreck. And why do our governments refuse to stem this tide, and stop this fountain of woe? Many of those

in authority maintain that we durst not deprive the people of these enjoyments, that the State cannot forfeit the revenue which taverns furnish. Such views are a relic of that blindness which always attends a want of vital interest in Christianity. I will not unroll the sad picture, over which angels weep, the scenes of wild intoxication, of fightings and frivolous speech, which mock God and eternity, of men who stagger home at midnight, and with brutal cruelty abuse wife and children, of youths who are tempted and lured into paths of frivolity, infidelity and vice, by the power of bad example and debauched associates. And on what day does Satan celebrate most of his triumphs? On the Lord's day. O, who can estimate the number of tender and most promising plants, once in the Garden of the Lord, which have been swept away and destroyed by this flood of wine, beer and whiskey? What a deposit of corruption it has flooded over our domestic and public life! Could a Brahmin witness some of these scenes only for one hour, he would wonder why the Christian religion should be preferred to that of the Hindoos."

Some thirty years ago, Frederick William III, the father of the present ruler of Prussia, seeing that the confessional controversies between the Lutheran and Reformed Churches had apparently subsided, and both denominations seemed to be on friendly terms everywhere, he, with the assistance of theologians of that time, concluded that the period had arrived when both could be re-united, and an end be put to the strife. The King from noble motives, for it was a grand object, had the union consummated throughout his Kingdom, and made it the Church legally recognized by the State.

Though at the time the effort seemed to succeed remarkably well, feeble individual protests were raised in different quarters, a few shrugged their shoulders or whispered complaints of coercion, but not so as materially to hinder the work. Congregations unwilling to submit were not persecuted, but a variety of means were used to conciliate them to the measure. The matter became very general throughout Prussia. Afterwards a number of other Princes of Germany introduced it among their subjects. The importance and benevolent design of the work, enlisted the affections and talents of some of the greatest men of Germany, whose learning has enriched the theology of both hemispheres. And its present defenders are principally men of enlarged liberal views, who, while they breathe a Catholic spirit, are decidedly evangelical. Some of them sacrifice their earthly comforts and hopes, and their lives too, in its behalf.

At the consummation of the union, the prevalence of Rationalism in every department of science, had infused a spirit of torpor into German Protestantism, a lethargy which was insensible to denominational distinctions. It was not an agreement or positive reconciliation of the two Confessions, but total indifference to all that is positive in Christianity, which made the union possible. Like two combatants, who in the heat of the conflict partake of a drug which enervates their physical powers, and puts them to sleep while the difficulty remains unsettled, so these two Churches, by partaking too freely of a dangerous Theology, fell into a deep sleep, when of course they laid aside the weapons and the occasion of their warfare. They had not only lost their

denominational consciousness, but the vital consciousness of the Church. But with the revival of a positive Theology, their distinctive consciousness returned. During that earnest and intensely momentous battle for truth, the Theology of the Reformation was brought from the shelf, and its symbolical and doctrinal distinctions thoroughly studied. This roused many from their lethargic slumbers and kindled in them a preference, from conviction, for one or the other. Then the Lutheran and Reformed elements re-asserted their principles, if not publicly, at least with the muttering speech of half-suppressed conviction. The Lutherans now complain that they are forced to administer the Lord's Supper with a liturgical formula in which they cannot believe. And the Reformed, though more reconciled, complain of a similar coercion. They are told, that they may have their private views and still conform to the Liturgy, but this would require a duplicity which would reflect little credit upon their sincerity. Some of the ablest works in modern Theology have been called forth by the re-appearance of these conflicts, and were fondly hoped by many to furnish a quietus, or at least a plaster, to connect the fissure which was threatening to widen into a split. But neither quietus, palliative, poultice, nor plaster, have effected a cure.

The Lutherans in northern Germay complain to me that in Hesse, which before the union was almost entirely Reformed, the Lutheran element was becoming rapidly supplanted by the Reformed. And yet the Hessian pastors complained mournfully to me of their uncomfortable situation, and many long to get back to

the Reformed Church. In Prussia, the prevalence of the high-Lutheran element is a fact of general notoriety. Some of the periodicals boast, that the Prussian Church is all Lutheran but in name. The few men who principally control the external interest of the Church, are persons who out-luther Luther. This element is opposed by the Reformed and the liberal union men, who labor to avoid a breach. Both eye each other with sleepless vigilance. But that this Prussian Church is heaving with the tumult of conflicting principles, that she carries in her bosom the war of two elements, which, if she does not pacify and harmonize, will lead to serious consequences, is a truth which admits of no dispute. And their claims cannot be smothered or repressed by the sway of the royal sceptre, but demand their vital adjustment. It is no longer a secret, but published even in papers friendly to her interests, that "she is tottering to her very centre."

Had the posture of Theology, during the reign of Frederick William III, been what it is now, neither the powers that be, nor the threatenings of those which are to come, could have brought about the union. And I feel confident if the two Confessions were disentangled now, that all the learned men of Germany, with Frederick William IV, and his whole army to back them, could not bring them together. It is sad enough that the two bodies contain such irreconcilable principles, but to bind them together, while they cannot be together in peace, and make their union a race and rivalry of Confessions, is still worse. Had the project succeeded—it may succeed still—the union of the two leading Churches of the Reformation would have been one of the greatest events in modern church history, second

only to that of the Reformation. After two limbs have once grown out of the stem, though they grow side by side, it is hard to unite them again. You may bandage them together externally, and during the slumbering of vegetable life in winter, they may lay quietly together, but when the spring awakens in them fresh budding powers, and expands their bark and tissue, their union may torture and wound their rind, but will never make them coalesce. It will only provoke mutual irritation, and will cripple their growth, so that with extra attendance they will bear less fruit, than if they were left apart. And if you try to unite two trees by grafting, the life and fruit of the future graft will not be a union of both, but that of one. The stem in which the graft is put, may help to nourish and support it, but its identity is lost in the leaves and fruit, and gets little credit for either of them.

It is easier to produce a division in the Church, than to heal one. And the man, or set of men, be it king or subject, who could re-unite two branches of the Church, would certainly accomplish a greater work than the conquest of the mightiest Kingdom. This failure of a perfect reconciliation of the two elements, thus far points us to the manner in which their union originated. It did not grow out of a pre-existing adaptation, out of an agreement of positive doctrines, or any vital and mutual attraction between the two bodies as such. The union was *made*, and *ist nicht geworden*, like the Reformation, where men were but instruments, which obeyed the dictates of principles and wants that were beyond their control. Advantage was taken of the general lassitude of the Church, and her passive indifferent submission was mistaken for a

settlement of the whole difficulty. It seems to me the subsequent history of the union, especially since the revival of orthodoxy, where the two elements, though led into one channel, refused to commingle and coalesce, shows that the step was premature. That such a union will take place in the future, is a hope which we fondly cherish. But whenever that auspicious event shall arrive, it will not be *made*, but will grow out of a harmony of principles, and a positive attraction of their inmost life.

I deeply regret that a nearer acquaintance with the United Evangelical Church of Germany has shaken my confidence in her constitution, and dispelled many fond hopes which I cherished in her future mission. In the present divided state of Protestantism, it would be a great comfort to discern in her but one initiatory step towards the settlement of confessional strife, and the harmonious union of the two oldest Churches of the Reformation. From my present impressions, I cannot help but regard it, both in its origin and continuation, as a cutting of the Gordion Knot, and not a solution of the problem of church union. I should be very glad to find these statements erroneous. I made her acquaintance through men, whose life and inestimable labors are intimately identified with her history and destiny, whose learning, adorned with deep-toned piety, will ever make them bright ornaments in the history of the Church. We form our attachments to particular institutions, not so much from an estimate of their general merits or demerits, as from their ruling personalties. Thus my confidence and hope in this union were kindled by the works and personal acquaintance of some of its leading spirits.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RATIONALISM OF GERMANY. GOVERNMENTAL AND POLICE REGULATIONS. ITS BLOODY AND BRAVE BATTLES.

There is a striking analogy between the present state of the German and that of the Anglican Church of the last century; during the age of fox-hunting parsons, when the dominant party stifled all religious life by trying to force and fit it into her formularies, when preachers studiously abstained from touching on human depravity and the necessity of regeneration as subjects fit only for fanatics and dissenters, though they had to pray and sing them every Sunday; when their sermons were a gentle soporific service that put their easy congregations to sleep, mumbling them off in such an unconcerned monotonous style, that the most solemn truths would fall upon the hearts of their hearers "like drops of opium on leaves of lead;" with whom orthodoxy was hatred of Methodism, and conformity to Anglicanism certain salvation. I have elsewhere spoken of the earnest, pungent style of preaching among a certain class of German pastors, so that I will not be misunderstood. Should the high-Church principle triumph, and an effort be made to make it universally dominant, its narrow channel will overflow the moment that the Spirit of God will disturb the waters, just as it did in the Anglican Church, and make itself a new channel.

Evil is often forced unwillingly to serve the good. Gœthe's impersonation of evil says:

"Ich bin ein Theil von jener Kraft,
Die stets das Bœse meint, und stets das Gute schafft."

This trial of principles in the sphere of Philosophy and Theology in Germany, has been vigorouly prosecuted for more than a century. To examine its merits from a modern point of view, or measure it according to the present standard of science in England or America, would be unphilosophical and unfair. It can only be understood and appreciated from the point of view—the age, country and natural psychology—around and in which it occurred. Only when we understand the history out of which these principles grew, and their tenacious vitality as grown out of, and into, the heart of the past; when we understand the political relations which partly manacled the functions of the Church, and the torpid, earthly condition of the masses consequent upon the thirty years' war and its fertility for evil; when we bear in mind that Philosophy had fled from Mount Zion to Olympus, and got its weapons from pagan systems instead of the Bible, that Poetry, instead of courting the muses of Zion, drew its inspirations from Parnassus, and re-distilled them into popular poems, suited for modern palates; when we remember that the battle against Infidelity in the sphere of science was won under such circumstances, we will see that its lustre eclipses the grandest victories of modern times. The immense disadvantages under which it was achieved, admonish us to judge the imperfections consequent upon the wide-

spread devastation of the battle, with the eye of charity. It is with the Church as with individuals. Long does she bear the half-healed scars which she receives in her militant conflicts.

> "What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?
> The heart bleeds longest, and but heals to wear
> That which disfigures it."

Some one has said that Governments are like coats; they answer very well for those who are large or small enough to wear them. To give the Germans or French a Republican form of Government in their present condition, would be as poor a fit as the armor of Saul on the person of David. During their earlier history, they had strict Republican regulations. While they yet roved as the wild children of the North, a terror to civilized nations, the leaders of their clans were chosen by the people. And through all their trying vicissitudes, their love of liberty has not been extinguished unto this day, only that with many it has degenerated into a love of lawlessness. The security of social order could not bear much relaxation of the reins of government in their present condition. They have become so accustomed to have others to do their ruling for them, so trained to the paternal system, that if they were suddenly fledged, they would fall flat to the earth.

Pauperism, wherever there is any, cannot obtrude itself upon travelers or the general public. Every parish must provide for its poor. Begging is strictly prohibited, because the poor are amply provided for otherwise. And these Gens d'armes are very useful servants of society. Their diligent vigilance which is constantly on the alert for the disturbers of the public

peace, and their skill in feretting out every variety of professional, gentlemanly robbers, secures a degree of safety to a traveler, which more than compensates for any little inconvenience which they may occasion. A pickpocket has no place yet on the criminal calendar of Germany. A good police is an indispensable wheel in every well regulated Government. That they sometimes deal with travelers in a somewhat summary style, is not their fault. If they demand your passport, it is often with a seeming reluctance, and always with a courteous bow. When I first arrived in this city, the person before whom I passed muster, only looked at the outside, and then returned my passport without opening it, for which perhaps his ignorance of the English was entitled to more praise than his intrinsic leniency. And afterwards an athletic German, whose mouth was concealed beneath a bushy moustache, called on me to translate my passport for him, so that he could furnish me with a permit for a temporary residence in Berlin, and asked half a dozen pardons for his obtrusion. All praise to men, whose keen scent and iron grasp the most cunning rogue cannot elude, who sweep from the streets the daring confusion of wicked youth and poor drunkards, (where they are kept I know not,) whose courteous, gentlemanly manners can render the otherwise unrepublican severity of the police regulations unoffensive even to a republican.

The general complexion of society looks not a whit more sad and oppressed than ours. Socially, the people look as free as we do. Nothing to remind one of chains. No political spies or eaves-droppers that peep through the key-hole, or culinary censors to prescribe dishes.

No proscription of republican roast-beef, nor compulsion to eat sour-krout. The children laugh, skip, and are happy, and their parents love and caress them with the same tenderness as they do in other countries. Every man is the sole owner of his person, property and money, provided he gets honestly by it.

Taxes are enormously high, but how can it be otherwise, where there are no public lands as a source of revenue, where the immense governmental expenses must all be paid by means of taxation. Their standing armies are an important item of expense. In addition to those in the regular service, there is a large number of superanuated officers, who receive pensions during life. Such a large number of non-producers, who not only live off the government without giving it anything in return, but are parasites on the body politic, are an immense burden to a nation. Common-sized towns have a garrison of from five to ten thousand. Berlin has over fifteen thousand. All they do, except during war, from one generation to another, is to be drilled, parade, and indulge in those vices which are the offspring of idleness. These they bring with them from the army into private life, which often leave an indelible blot upon their character. In countries where neither rank nor fortune furnish an exemption from military service, this tends greatly to vitiate public morals. During the existence of the Germanic Empire, there were not so many rival and conflicting interests to protect, and therefore less need for so large a standing army. But after the dissolution of the Empire into so many petty sovereignties, furnishing temptation to all the mutual jealousies and suspicions, inseparable

from a close proximity of rival powers, each had its standing army in time of peace and war.

There is a peculiar charm in the early history of nations, when they first come upon the theatre of history proper, which often possesses greater attractions for the student of humanity than the subsequent achievements of their more civilized existence. What a marvellous and mighty phenomenon were those innumerable hordes, emerging from the undiscovered wilderness of the North, whose unexpected appearance startled the Roman Empire; as if some hitherto untrodden part of the earth suddenly swarmed with a new race, which like the locusts of Egypt rolled from country to country, leaving ruin in their track! Pagans by birth and training, they brought with them from their unknown homes virtues that eclipsed many in the Christian Church; a bravery which all the civilization and prestige of proud Rome could not subdue; a respect for and social elevation of woman which no other heathen nation possessed; and Treue and Gemuethlichkeit, terms for which the English has no equivalent, all virtues which are indigenous to the Germanic character. What a tremendous fact that migration of nations was! The introduction of a new tributary into the stream of history. How the proud Empire of Rome crumbled away before its resistless masses, and how at last an untutored Barbarism triumphed over civilization, that the latter might mingle with its leaven, and transform it! And what a boiling and heaving commotion in the stream of Church History, while these crude elements were being assimilated; and though brave enough to conquer the mightiest kingdom on the earth, how

meekly the conquerors bow and submit to the sceptre of the Christian religion offered by the conquered! How one sees the hand of divine Providence, bringing these barbarians, like the rough unhewn blocks from the quarries of untamed nature, into the bosom of the Church, to dress and fit them for the great building of His Kingdom. At a time when the decrepid civilization of Rome was tottering with infirmities, how important the introduction of the element of an incipient nationality, which in a short time succeeded to the rule of Church and State. And then what colossal personalities loom up in the subsequent history of the Church! Charlemagne, Barbarossa, and a number of others, who, with all the dross of mortal imperfection that clave to them, belong to the grandest characters of the world's history. After the founding of the German Empire by Charlemagne, A. D., 800, Germany became the most important theatre of Church History. Here those political, moral, and religious battles of the Middle Ages were chiefly fought. Principles found their representatives and defenders in men—mortal, fallible men—who settled their claims by the sword or the word, as circumstances would permit.

Germany has a hard experience behind it. Few towns that cannot point to some adjoining battle-field, whose houses have not at some time been razed to earth, or their soil enriched by human gore. When the thirty years' war commenced, that part east of the Rhine had a population of seventeen millions; when it ended there were four millions left. Some towns were totally destroyed, others so nearly that the few survivors used the remaining battered timber for firewood,

until but a few dwellings were left. Depopulated country villages left large districts without owners and cultivation. This mighty German Empire has existed for one thousand years, in spite of its social, political and religious convulsions. We are told that its fifty Emperors exhibited not one tyrant, and not one fell a victim to the fury or treachery of the people. And the virtues which they brought from their Northern forests, have survived every hurricane of trial. Still the German is distinguished for his Treue and Gemuethlichkeit. The former enables him to be faithful to his promises, and firm in his adherence to principles; the latter to be warm, genial, frank, and true in his friendships. Had the nation been of a mean, servile spirit, reckless of every principle of right and honor, they might have enjoyed a disgraceful tranquility long ago. After the dissolution of the Empire at the beginning of the present century, thirty-eight of the independent sovereigns, including Prussia and Austria, and the four free towns, Frankfort, Bremen, Hamburg and Luebeck, formed the German Confederation.

CHAPTER XVII.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES AND STUDENTS. CHURCH BUILDINGS. FORMS OF WORSHIP. CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS. HENGSTENBERG, NITZSCH, RITTER, AND ULLMAN.

The morality of a nation is, to a great extent, moulded by its schools. The twenty-four German Universities, with more than one thousand Professors, are fountains which course their waters in numberless streams through the society. In a country where the civil Government is so authoritative and paternal, one would expect these institutions to be models of academical order. But it is just the opposite. The students are the most privileged class in the country, and in several Universities among its greatest outlaws. If our students would take such liberties, they would be forever banished from American colleges. The students at Oxford give a grave, dignified complexion to the whole city. Their square caps, long robes, and manly deportment in passing along the streets and in their colleges, impress a stranger with profound respect for the government and morals of the University. The motto over the entrance of one of the colleges, "Manners make the man," seems to be the guiding star of general conduct. Here, however, it is often the reverse. Even many who expect to assume more dignified habits in after life, will join in the lawless excesses of

the students with unwonted freedom. In Germany, with the exception of Berlin, perhaps, the students impart an undignified and libertine complexion to the town. In Heidelberg, Tuebingen and Goettingen they fight duels almost every day, some days three and four. Many faces bear the marks of their folly. More recently, societies have been formed among them for their suppression. Several months ago, one hundred and fifty students of Heidelberg went to a neighboring country village, and after getting on a "rausch," they outraged the quiet villagers, who resented their insults. The following day they made preparations for a more successful battle, but the Board, with the aid of a strong police, prevented their execution. The Board of the University then determined to break up their duelling clubs, and compelled them to surrender their badges. Fearful that the police would not be able to enforce submission, they were reinforced by a regiment from Mannheim. The riotous students marched to the proper authorities, each leading with him his dog, which animal most of them possess, around whose neck he had tied his badge. The Board were obliged to receive their colors from the hounds. They were severely assailed from various quarters for infringing upon students' rights.

The students are notorious beer-swillers. When a lad drinks beer with a keen relish, it is common to say, "he will make a good student." Crowds of them spend whole weeks, from morning till night, in the "beer-kneipen." One of their number boasted to me, that some evenings he drank fifteen mugs of beer without any injury. And his tub-shaped body showed

its distending powers. Universities are liberally patronized by the Sovereigns. They seem to respect the students and humor them in their follies, for they have in them the future leaders of the masses. They hold liberty meetings with impunity, and indulge in acts which would bring common citizens into prison. Here lawyers, physicians and statesmen receive their training. With few exceptions, they mock, in word and practice, at all serious experimental religion, and the masses are glad that they have the example of learned men to sanction their want of godliness. An educated man must have had firm, religious habits, if his morals have not been poisoned at the University. Of course theologians constitute a society among themselves, and are not exposed to the same temptation. A friend of mine told me, that he once received a challenge, theologian as he was. He said he could not refuse; for that would have exposed him to the derision and contempt of the circle in which he delighted to move. They appointed the hour, and as a preliminary he told his second to fix up a target mark for him, into which he drove the nail, and thereby gave his enemy such a dread of his skill as a marksman, that they dropped the difficulty. Even for theologians, he said, the safest plan is to become skillful in the use of the sword and fire-arms, if possible, so as to give others a dread of your powers.

The church architecture of Germany is far more solid and durable, but less comfortable than ours. Its buildings are designed to stand at least five hundred years. Some in present use have come down from the eighth and tenth century. Many are a mixture

of different styles, few are purely Gothic. Much as I admire the latter as the Christian style of architecture, it is far less adapted for Protestant than for Catholic worship. For the Catholic Church, which puts the pulpit below the altar, the choir and transcepts, the lofty pointed arches and massive columns have a meaning, and present no impediments to the worshippers. Where half a dozen priests officiate at different altars at the same time, and where the congregation comes less to hear than to sacrifice, they are perfectly in place. But what can Protestantism do with the choir? We have no high altar. Where the sermon is the principal part of the service, the pulpit should be within sight and hearing of the congregation. But the columns conceal the preacher from many, and his words are lost in the high arches before they reach half his hearers. Many of the grandest specimens of Gothic architecture were built and used by the Catholics, and at the Reformation were converted into Protestant churches. The choir has either been filled with seats or converted into a sacristy. The transcepts are mostly left vacant, and the shrines in the side chapels have been displaced by some faded mediæval painting, or the bare walls. The pulpit is left where the Catholic Church has placed it, at the side of the narrow nave, often attached to the breast of a side gallery, or even in the centre of the church sometimes. Generally all on and under the one gallery, are behind the preacher. And the nave being proportionally narrow and long, he has the body of his congregation almost directly to his right and left, and but a small part of

them before him. In some churches half of the congregation cannot intelligibly hear the sermon. The same objection applies to the Anglican Church. In all their larger churches a person has to be very near the pulpit or desk to understand the minister.

The element of convenience and ease is considerably neglected in the constructing and furnishing of churches. According to the American standard the religious worship here would be pronounced uncomfortable. They have no cushioned pews, but rich and poor sit on the bare wood, and seem to worship as contentedly as the five hundred dollar pew holders in some New York churches. They have no spittoons, would not for a moment tolerate such receptacles of defilement in the sanctuary. Few churches ever have any fire during the winter. How these people can devoutly worship several hours without injury in churches with uncarpeted pavements, amid such a vast amount of stone work, which seems as cold as walls of ice, is a mystery to me. Some can wrap themselves in their furs, but many must come sparingly clad.

The German Churches still retain much of the liturgical spirit of the Reformation. The use of a good Liturgy produces uniformity in worship, and prevents the hap-hazard random habit of mind, which profanes our approaches to God and distracts the simple devotion of worshippers. Their Liturgies are generally very good; clear and expressive, without being mechanical; simple, yet dignified, brief, yet comprehensive. Much depends upon the liturgical temperament of the officiating clergyman. Some run over them in such a mechanical by-rote style, that

they become more of a hindrance than a help to devotion. Many of the Anglican pastors drag their flocks through a drawling, monotonous recitation of their excellent service, so that in spite of one's desire to inhale its unction, and worship in its spirit, it becomes a wearisome mechanism, that inspires dullness rather than devotion. These German brethren, however, have most excellent liturgical talents. Their native geniality (Gemuethlichkeit) already adapts them for it. Their liturgical services are generally free from the recitative and mechanical, of course excepting rationalists, who often make it a mock service, a mere lip business. They do not labor to throw life into it, but permit its own life to come out.

They also differ from the Anglicans in their style of preaching. The latter almost invariably read their sermons in the same recitative, unmodulated tone of voice with which they perform the liturgical service. Their Episcopal brethren in America are far more free from liturgical defects. I have never heard a read sermon in Germany—have not even seen any notes before the preacher. They seem to enter the pulpit in the fullness of their subject, and speak as if they wished to be understood and felt. They are less given to textual preaching than we, on isolated Scripture passages. They preach more on the facts of Christianity. In homiletics they dispose of their subjects more by analysis than synthesis, bringing out what is in them, rather than drag into them what is outside. Many abound with apt illustrations and pious wit. Their style is generally clear and unevasively pointed. What they have to say, is told

in simple, unambiguous language, in the Volkssprache of Luther. The "objective" or "subjective," "the abstract" or "concrete," "predestination" or "reprobation," are terms which seldom occur in their sermons. They are alike free from technicalities and cant. They point and aim their weapons with faultless skill. "Allen den Frieden, den Lastern Krieg." They have neither two much light like the Scotch, nor too little warmth like the Anglican Church, nor do they send their thunder before the lightning, like many of the Methodists. They blend the instructive with the awakening, reason with fervor. And the present low state of religion, in spite of their superior preaching, only shows how difficult it is to bring the people under the influence of the preached word.

The ministry generally receive a competent support, not only during actual service, but after they are worn out. They are not harassed by the anticipated anxieties of dependence and want in after life. But their situation, while in the active field, is no sinecure. While the pastor in the humblest country parish ministers to his flock through the various ordinances, he must keep pace with the progress of German Theology. And in this war of systems, amid these resurrections of old and decay of new theories, this is not an easy task.

In modern times the German Church has made laudable efforts for the revival of the institutions of deaconesses, in the sense of the Apostolic Church. Their work and mission corresponds with that of the Sisters of Charity in the Catholic Church—to nurse the sick, and labor for the amelioration of the

suffering poor. They have several large institutions where females are educated for their office. It is refreshing to visit some of the hospitals under their care, where they give a comfortable home to the friendless and homeless sufferer, moving around the couch of distress like angels of mercy, and while they minister to their bodily wants, tell them of the "balm in Gilead" and "the bread of life." In the suburbs of this city they have a large establishment, very appropriately called Bethany. In passing through its several apartments, and observing the comfortable condition of its inmates and the sympathy and unremitting care bestowed upon them, I thought how sweet such tender attendance must taste to those who cannot enjoy the kindness of a mother's love. And then to see these ladies from pure love to the Saviour, and pity for the distressed, make a voluntary sacrifice of all the present and prospective social privileges of their sex, literally leaving father and mother, sister and brother, to spend their days in acts of unrenumerated well-doing! Ah, there is a meaning in such a profession of religion. There is a neat chapel connected with the main building, where I attended worship on Sunday afternoon. Forty of the Sisters were present, all dressed in black, with white caps. There was nothing ascetic or gloomy in their appearance. They looked so happy and contented, so serenely cheerful, and sang their melodies of praise with such manifest joy, as if they felt eager to give utterance to the praise of their grateful hearts. A holy atmosphere seemed to hover around the place, and the silent awe that pervaded the services, indicated the

hallowing presence of Him who dispenses mercies to the merciful.

There is a peculiar interest in forming the personal acquaintance of men, whose learning and spirit one has previously enjoyed, and communed with through their writings. And as we ponder for days and weeks with intense interest over their precious pages, we unconsciously form in our minds an image of their manners and appearance. But how often, when we approach them face to face, must we throw aside our mental man, as a spurious likeness, and strive, with no little effort, to convince ourselves that the one we see is after all the man. Thus my imaginary portrait of Hengstenberg represented him as a grey-headed veteran, whose life was fast waning towards evening. So firmly had this image impressed itself upon my mind, that an evening of the most friendly, familiar conversation with him could not shake off my doubts, whether after all he was not another man. It seemed incredible that he should still be in the prime of life, of such a bland, affable, personal appearance, with a face that looks as if no cloud had ever flitted athwart its brow. The bitter uncompromising polemic seems a very unsuitable tenant for such a John-like physiognomy.

In person he is above medium height, somewhat inclined to corpulency, with a pleasant, oval face, that seems to beam with good will to all men. His manners, without any perceptible effort, indicate the graces of a polished gentleman. His tidy dress, arranged with faultless precision, shows that he or somebody else is not wholly unmindful of the outward man.

He is a very good-looking man by nature, and of course art will not make him less so. In this respect he differs widely from his great compeer Stahl, in whose puny, awkward person the sparing hand of nature will peep through all the outward polish and tinsels of art. Hengstenberg has a clear, musical voice, and a free, fluent delivery; the very opposite to Stahl's lisping speech and weak, unsonorous accents. His lecture-room is crowded with attentive hearers. All his lectures bear the stamp of thoroughness. In dissecting and unravelling the intricate theories of Rationalism, he sometimes resorts to the use of sarcasm, and often dismisses the dismembered subject with the gibe of ridicule. He knows no medium or affinity between the two Confessions, and is strenuously opposed to the Synodical and representative form of church polity. Religion as well as ruling must be done for and given to the people, but not done through them. The Government must give the people their Church, and manage it for them. Why, he says to me, what can we expect from the people at present constituting the congregations? If we leave it to their choice, a large part would vote away the Bible and all true religion as superstition and nonsense. They would elect Satan as their pastor. Which is not without its truth under existing circumstances.

Nitzsch is altogether of a different stamp. Considerable beyond the meridian of life, his seemingly uncombed, bushy hair, fast turning gray, and his care-worn features, indicate the severe student. When he lectures or preaches his trembling hands (he seems to be very nervous) apparently embarrass his manners.

Though lacking animation and fluency, he is a very instructive, and even impressive preacher. His sermons are elaborate, yet clear and simple. He tries to win his hearers more by entreaty than threatening, more by holding up before them the love of God and the beauties of holiness than the terrors of the Law and the vileness of evil. He has a familiar conversational style. You cannot help but feel that he wishes you well. He leans forward upon his crossed arms on the pulpit, with the air of a man who would say, "Come now, let us reason together." Sometimes he will press his hands and look at them in a half vacant manner, as if his mind were wandering, while he entreats with paternal anxiety. He speaks to his hearers with such child-like, unpolemical simplicity, that he seems to forget the theologian in his pious ardor "to persuade men." He has labored hard for the union of the two Churches, and this is still the burden and object of his anxieties. I shall never forget the last sermon I heard him preach. It was during the meeting of a convention of ministers from the whole Kingdom, which many had hoped would warmly support the Union. But to the grief of its friends, a few days' deliberation proved the contrary. He preached on 1 Cor. 3: 21–23, words into which he poured the emotions of his plaintive spirit with melancholy eloquence. How his mourning heart grieved over the hindrances to Christian sympathy, how he spoke of the duty and pleasantness of a forgiving, forbearing communion of Christians, and the bliss of its final, complete enjoyment, untrammelled by the passion and prejudices of earth, left upon my heart an impression which I trust may never die.

Ritter, the celebrated geographer, belongs to the sages of Germany. Though among the oldest men of science, he yields to none in zeal and perseverance in his department of study. In spite of his advanced age, he still seems strong and active. His tall, erect form, and full, clear voice, show that time has dealt gently with him. When he enters his lecture hall, an almost breathless silence ensues. His silvery locks, carefully brushed, and his tasteful attire, show that age had not made him neglectful of the elegance of correct dress. He sits before his class, like the father of a large family, and speaks with an authoritative confidence that always becomes the wisdom and experience of age.

In Ullmann, in Carlsruhe, author of "the Reformers before the Reformation," I was likewise greatly disappointed; a small, elderly man, so unassuming and unostentatious, that he looks like meekness personified. When I first saw him, he emerged out of a little world of books and manuscripts on the floor and his study table, and approached me with an unsuspecting smile, stranger as I was, and with the frankness of an old friend. He was full of questions about the American Church, her varied polity and prospects. He is one of those men, whose exterior is no complete index of their mind. At first sight a person would take him for a good, rather than a mentally great man. He seems entirely free from polemical rigor, and speaks even of his enemies in terms of love and kindness. He seems penetrated by the charity of the Gospel, which one cannot help but feel in his presence. Such a soothing, genial atmosphere surrounds him,

that when you part from him, you feel a desire to return and linger about him longer. Of course a man of his spirit could not well help but labor for the Union. The Ecclesiastical Board of Baden formed a new Catechism out of the Heidelberg and smaller Lutheran Catechism, which was chiefly the labor of Ullmann, a work for which he seemed eminently qualified.

The elite of German cities get their fashions from Paris, the great fountain of the universe for taste—good and bad. But in many places the substantial peasantry still wear the short breeches, long-bodied vests and broad-brimmed hats, which they wore in the days of Frederick the Great. They sip their wine and beer, and whiff clouds of tobacco fume from their yard-long pipes, as their great grand-sires did. But few reapers or grain-drills have yet profaned their fields, nor threshing-machines their barns. They still reap their harvests by the slow process of the sickle, and thresh it with the flail. They have the same skinning, skimming, two-wheeled, half-wagon plough they had when my father was a plough-boy on the Rhine. In Science and the fine Arts there has been progress in every branch, though it was sometimes downward. But in the mechanical arts they have not advanced a step, up or down, for many generations. The stove in Luther's study on the Wartburg is nearly the same as those in common use now, only with some changes, which his inventive genius suggested. The wagons, harness and general farming implements are the very opposites of practical utility. They point to a period when the first crude conceptions of agri-

cultural art struggled for expression. Some of their tools show a supreme contempt for all mechanical laws, excellent only to increase the labor, and diminish the power to perform it. Their churches, houses, habits, customs, all are old and fixed.

The Germans take more time for everything than we do. They take more time to eat, more time to drink, more time to labor, more time to rest and enjoy. They are slower in good, and slower in evil.

The man of riper years can live on the result of his past labors. So Germany has a fund of mental energy, a literary vitality, which neither admits nor requires any of this helter-skelter, time-saving method of acquiring great ends.

The literature and life of Germany, are peculiar. Ours is more like a stream, shallow, broad and brawling. Theirs like one that flows narrow and deep. We are practical, they profound. Both united, make a consistent and useful compound. Both have their advantages and dangers. Shallow streams are only for light boats, and when they are upset in a gale, we have a hope to reach bottom. Deep streams are more navigable, but many sink therein to rise no more. We are too much given to a certain (*vielwisserei*) intelligence, which would know everything. Some of our authors write and talk about things in the heavens, on the earth, and under the earth. Write a book in a few months, which will run through several editions before the end of the year. Here a man will spend a long life-time in writing on a Greek article, or in spinning out the web of one idea; and perhaps even leave that but half finished when he dies. We, in our youthful hurry,

pick up grains of truth on the surface, and we sow them again on the surface. The Germans are the miners in literature and science. They burrow among the ore, and the abundance of this in some of their works makes it difficult for practical minds to see the gold. Their furnaces do not always separate the gold from the dross. The ore in some of their works gives us more trouble than we are willing to bestow.

They have a different national and social temperament; the surface is like a waveless calm, while there is often a wild and fearful commotion underneath. It is so now. Germany is apparently in a state of perfect tranquility. Yet I see under-currents and repressed passions, which, should they boil to the surface, would raise another tempest whose waves and surges would lash upon every shore of Europe. With us, everything, good and evil, moves and ripples at once to the surface. We have not yet been taught the art of concealing the passions. We make no secret of our weaknesses. A slight gale in the political firmament will stir up a short bluster, in the form of a local riot, or a Faneuil Hall indignation meeting, to permit the escape of popular foam. Germany is not irritable, though its subjects are characteristically so. Its powers of endurance are astonishing. An old, full-grown dog seldom notices the barking and biting of young puppies. And when it does turn, it is with the dignity and ripe experience of age.

Our progress and success in the mechanical arts, and the constant demand for them, excites and nourishes a passion for the practical, at the expense of the

profound. The study of the mechanical and material, monopolizes the field of investigation. We are prone to forget that however important labor-savers, time-savers, and distance-annihilators are, that the steam engine and electric telegraph will hardly regenerate society. In the great sum of means they have their relative worth; but ideas mould mankind. But here, many are profound to a fault. They dive so much, that they are mostly beyond hearing distance of those for whom they write. They expect men to receive their metal in the mine, instead of bringing it up to the surface. Still, in point of originality, productiveness and solid erudition, they are far our superiors. It would be blindness to deny this. And indeed this need not excite our jealousy, for it would be a great shame if they were not. Let us once have five more centuries behind us, in which to appropriate the treasures of other nations and assimilate them to our own, as they have done, and we can likewise show the world glorious fruits of our riper years.

The universal custom of living together in towns gives a peculiar complexion to country life. Here we find no farms, in the American sense; where the owner is snugly nestled amid his broad acres, a paternal monarch of his little kingdom; where thriving orchards, waving grain fields and verdant and flowery meadows, sloping gently down to some stream, spread out before his contented vision; where the sprightly country maiden can find room to go a maying, or gather wild berries, and where the boys may canvass the fields and woods after game. Woe unto the man who wilfully kills a bird or rabbit on his own premises

here. All the game on his lots belongs to the Jæger, (hunter) who pays the Government of the district a fixed annual sum for the privilege of hunting. Here you find little of that lordly, substantial independence, so common with our farmers, which makes them the bone and sinew of our Republic. I do not know why it is, but I have been in many places where a Bauer (farmer,) was synonymous with a rude, uncouth fellow —a *boor*. During the busy seasons their villages present scenes of bustling confusion. Imagine a village of five hundred farmers, crowded tightly along compactly built streets, each having his house, barn and stables, skirting a square piece of ground, where the whole would often not be large enough to contain a common size bank-barn; where the streets are narrow and no back alleys, to permit the egress and ingress of cattle; where the domestic arrangements are constantly hampered and encroached upon by animal impertinence; imagine what a sudden transition of the village into solitude, during the busy season of hay-making and harvest, when all, men and women and children, are out reaping; what continuous lines of loaded wagons from morning till night, when they gather in their crops; and then what a volley of sounds during the winter, when a thousand flails are thrashing away wearily at their grain, from day to day! All these combine to form a most striking contrast to rural life in America. Where such a multitude of different interests are crowded together into such a small compass, the most precise regulations must be observed to maintain order and right. The village must have its cowherd, shepherd, swineherd and geeseherd; each

has his flock to attend to, which he daily leads to their respective pasture. In the morning each will blow his horn along the streets at a fixed hour, as his signal for departure, and in a few minutes the whole army responds most loyally to his call.

A great many of the German towns, even down to the smallest villages, have been founded by the Romans. Much as we should respect the ancients for their many eminent qualities, they certainly knew little about planning towns. Even larger towns often look as if their streets had been started and finished by accident. Crooked, narrow lanes, intersected at all possible angles, except right angles, parabolas ever approaching, but never meeting, are perfect puzzles to a traveler. Some, through which I have gone a dozen of times, still remain inscrutable mysteries to me. In Augsburg I could scarcely venture a hundred yards from my hotel without being lost. In my wanderings I crossed familar streets, I knew not where, nor how. And when I aimed in the direction of known points, the imperceptible curves would lure me to quarters diametrically opposite. To me they were so mysteriously obscure, that they became subjects of the profoundest study. Good pavements are a rare luxury throughout Germany. In Cologne, Halle, Wittenberg, and many other cities, there are no side-walks at all. The streets are paved, but the stones expose an uneaven surface, joined by empty crevices, which make them painfully unpleasant to walk upon. Though provided with thick-soled boots, my suffering experience impels me to designate them as Coleridge did the walks of Cologne :

"Pavements fang'd with murderous stones."

As these evils have been entailed upon the Germans by the Romans, they rather deserve our pity than reproof. And a remedy would require a reconstruction of the towns, which would be impossible. Besides, the citizens are measurably compensated for this unavoidable inconvenience by their pleasant promenades through gardens and groves. The Germans are fond of nature; they love birds and trees. Their disinterested love for these are shown by a thousand little acts. Some of the roads are lined for miles with trees, old and stately; every town, often down to the rural villages, is skirted with parks. Some are dense forests, where trees are growing in their native wildness, among under-bushes and birds, penetrated by promenades fringed with plants and flowers. The present generation ramble among trees, which their ancestors have planted five hundred years ago; and they again are planting many for a distant posterity. I confess the planting of a tree for the benefit of a coming generation, is such a pleasing mark of an unselfish heart, such a purely disinterested act, that this prevalent characteristic of the Germans has greatly elevated them in my estimation. In Germany, trees have become a municipal necessity. They are seldom found through the town. Their parks are all outside the towns and cities. They are quiet places of retirement, where we can enjoy the sanctuary and solitude of nature, unmolested by the rush and dust of business; where the birds warble their melodies in their native freedom, on their own trees and branches. Here in Berlin, through the centre of the city, I am within fifteen minutes' walk of the *Thiergarten*, a park that looks

as forest-like and unartificial as some of our western wilds. The walks crawl through under the closely-woven canopy of overhanging limbs, forming natural arbors, several miles in length. The Spree, a stream remarkably modest and reserved, steals gently and cautiously along its winding path. Here and there large swans move slowly along its banks, amid a hush like that of a house of mourning. In my daily rambles through its leafy streets, I meet many persons, old and young, who resort hither to spend an hour in quiet retirement. Clusters of children lead each other by the hand, vainly looking and listening for summer birds. They have all departed. Occasionally I am startled by a slight rustling among the leaves, caused by some poor female gathering small pieces of wood. Sometimes I see aged persons sitting in some concealed corner for hours; while the yellow leaves are falling fast around them, and the gentle breeze that blows them down, softly waves their silvery locks, they seem to be lost in musing over the spirit of autumn, which is settling upon them. Childhood, age, the seared leaf, and the spirit of super-earthly stillness that hovers over this solitude of autumn! O, it prophecies of something better, it points to an approaching spring, when leaves will bud and birds will sing again.

> "O, Reader! had you in your mind
> Such stores as silent thought can bring,
> O, gentle Reader, you would find
> A tale in everything."

And then their love and talent for music often throw additional charms around these shady re-

treats. In Germany you find music everywhere. The smallest *Dorf* has its village choir, which excites in the young a love for song. Every considerable town has its bands, which during the summer season diffuse the "sweet melody of sound." Early in the morning I often heard them under a tabernacle of dense foliage, through which a thousand birds were chirruping and piping their untutored accompaniments. And such birds as they have here, real Jenny Lind's among the feathery tribe. A short time ago I was inadvertently thrown into a fit of patriotic indignation, in being told by a German traveler, that we had no singing birds in America. Why, said he, your nature is fundamentally unpoetic. You have no mountains which deserve the name; your birds can't sing, your very dogs are a set of mean, sneaking, pilfering animals, that are even void of faithfulness, a common attribute of dogs in other countries. You have nothing but your primeval forests, but they are so remote that they are rarely seen. In my own heart I pronounced this an untruth. For my part, I never could see much poetry in dogs. And with German dogs, it is a little like with some of their masters; if they are more orderly and faithful than ours, it is not the result of nature or choice, but of a coercive oppression. The rights of dogs are shamefully trampled upon here. They must do the work of horses, are hitched to regular wagons, and tug sadly along outside of their natural sphere. Whatever good there is in our republican dogs, is not tied on them by harness, but is practiced by them from principle. Besides the birds of Germany cannot all sing.

The stork is a very good-natured bird, whose parental affections are very tender and strong, but it has no ear for music. Its habits put every principle of poetry at defiance. Yet its society is courted by all classes. Cart-wheels are placed on chimney and house-tops, to invite them to build their nests there. If they accept the invitation, it is considered a mark of respect, and an omen for good. If any person kills one, he must expect that its death will be avenged on him in some form or other. But let the truth be fairly spoken; the nightingale sings most charmingly. Its plumage is exceedingly plain, and its habits so timid and shy, that it has often reminded me of some bashful maidens, who though able to charm the ear of others, shrink from it in their presence with timid fear. But one can easily steal a song behind a bush or under a thicket; while it warbles and modulates its cheerful notes, its puny form is mostly concealed among the foliage. Modesty and merit are qualities rarely combined, and wherever found, elicit our warmest admiration. And then the skylark, whose voice is a little more harsh and shrill, and its habits more bold and aspiring, possesses qualities equally pleasing. Larger and gayer in its dress, it naturally looks a little more to outward show. But its habits and the spirit of its song are always elevating, and are rich in poetry and prophecy. It is the "excelsior" of its race. It is a deeply interesting sight to see it start from the earth, singing cheerily as it flaps upward, its ringing notes becoming clearer as it gains the higher and purer air, mounting higher and higher still, until its form is lost in the blue sky,

and its song dies faintly away, but sounding upward still. Does not this ascension of song, this upward flight of animal instinct, point to a "better country" above the bondage of sin, and the fetters of sense, to a home

> "Far from these scenes of narrow night,
> Where boundless glories rise!"

Earthly ties clog our praises. The higher in grace and its attainments, the purer our praise, and the more fearless our flight. It seems to me our birds excel theirs generally, in rich and gaudy plumage. But theirs are less exposed to danger than ours. To destroy or rob a bird's nest, or in any way injure singing birds, is, in many places, a serious offense, and severely punished. They are treated with all the respect and deference due to useful members of the community, and receive the protection to which their helpless innocence entitles them.

The season of autumn is always more or less sad. Unusually so was the one I spent in the great city of Berlin. A stranger in this great Prussian capital, I felt loneliest when least alone. Amid the busy throng of the crowded streets, one's thoughts would wander far across the sea. Strolling through the fashionable street, "Unter den Linden," the yellow leaves sadly filled the air, and fell thick, like great colored snow-flakes, upon the walk between the stately trees. At such a time, the few friends one has in a strange city, however frank and warm their kindness, can afford but a feeble relief to the spirit of sadness that broods over the mind.

Daily I strolled through the Thiergarten, the large park close by the city. There the fading and faded leaves fell all day long in unceasing showers. Every step I took in the path sent forth a rustling sound, like the knell of the year. Here and there a few children searched under the leaves for nuts; occasionally a shy squirrel came to view, busily engaged in laying in his winter store. An old, invalid organ-grinder daily stood at the same place, aside the path, where I had seen him for months past, sadly grinding out his doleful music, when not a soul was in sight to hear it, patiently waiting for an occasional kreutzer; his gray hairs, sad, furrowed face, threadbare clothes, crushed and dispirited looks, made him appear like the impersonation of closing autumn, still faintly hoping against hope for a reward. Six weeks before, this forest resounded with the cheery warblings of myriads of birds. Not the faintest note can you hear now. How sad and forsaken this whilom beautiful forest seems! And I, wandering daily along its deserted paths, am in melancholy sympathy with it.

A few Sundays before, I had heard a sweet hymn sung in one of the Berlin churches, to a very plaintive melody. As sometimes happens when we hear certain sweet music, it struck a chord in my heart, which, without any effort on my part, vibrated pleasant sounds through the spirit, and shed its lovely notes through weeks thereafter. For hours, in certain abstractions of mind, I hummed snatches of the words to the music, which mingled with the rustling of leaves, disturbed by our tread.

At this thoughtful season one loves to loiter among

the graves of the departed. On a hazy afternoon, resembling the dreamy days of our American Indian Summer, I wandered outside of the city in quest of the Dreifaltigkeit's Cemetery. The road wound a few miles through a fenceless, fertile country, almost as flat as a western prairie. Compared with Laurel Hill and Auburn, the Cemetery looked very plain. Although the dust of great and wealthy people reposes here, one sees comparatively few costly, showy monuments. I asked the keeper a few questions; among others as to where was the grave of Schleiermacher. He directed me to a certain part of the Cemetery. Long and patiently did I search for it. I had taken it for granted, that the grateful students of this great man, and the city which his learning and great name had adorned, had reared a costly monument to his memory. At length I found it at an unexpected place, near a rude fence; his grave marked with a very plain tombstone. This neglected grave of a great and good man started my mind in a pensive reverie. Thus men whose unselfish and unrequited life blesses a whole continent, are left to sleep in neglected graves.

As is the custom in German Cemeteries, groups of people were here and there engaged, nursing or watering the plants over the graves of their loved ones, and dropping a tear over the turf above them, as they went about their affectionate work.

Trees, birds, music—these are pleasing instructors, which elevate and refine. Who does not remember with fondness some familiar tree near his parental dwelling; some favorite bird, as an acquaintance from childhood; some familiar tunes, which have vitally iden-

tified themselves with his early education? The sight of a tree, the cooing of a dove, the sound of a sacred tune at church, have often in this remote country called up a thousand pleasant associations of home and its memories. The Germans act wisely in giving all classes of society access to amusements which refine and instruct. They are extremely fond of out-door life. What Gœthe said of the Strasburgers, may be said of the Germans generally: "They are passionately fond of walking, and they have a good right to be so." Old and young, rich and poor, wise and unwise, all walk; walk through the same walks, among the same trees to hear the same music; walk every day, and walk long, too. This practice has its bodily uses. As a nation, the Germans are remarkably healthy. You meet few hot-house plants, or persons of a sickly appearance, who seem to have been shut out from sunlight half their days. The climate may be entitled to some praise for this, but their habits do more; their life in the open air and diet. Their diet is far more simple than ours. They begin and end the day with a very light meal; they do not eat so much heavy, hot, half-baked, undigestible food as Americans do. Their cooks, like their authors, do not deal so much in omnibus dishes. They prefer to undertake less at a time, and attend to it thoroughly. Hence dyspepsia and its train of suffering, are unknown to them.

The Germans pay great respect and veneration to the resting-places of the dead. Their burial-grounds are delightful places of resort, which are visited during all hours of the day. The hillocks are interspersed with shrubbery; the walks are lined with trees, and

during the summer flowers bloom on almost every grave. The "God's Acre" is a spot in which the whole community feels a deep interest, for each has some kindred dust reposing there. The tombstones are nearly all in the form of a cross, with a short inscription, a short passage from Holy Writ, or the beautiful phrase, "Auf Wiedersehen,"—which cannot be rendered into English; often it has greeted me from the abode of the dead, and from the lips of the living, but always kindled new hopes in me for "the land of the blest." The crosses and monuments are hung with wreaths woven by the hand of affection. Bouquets are strewn on the green turf, while plants are beautifully blooming as symbols of hope over their dust. Each Cemetery has a dead-house, where persons must be placed soon after their decease, until the day of burial.

On a pleasant morning in August I visited the Cemetery of Munich; in its dead-house were eight corpses, whose coffins were strewn with wreaths of evergreen and flowers. Every grave was a flower-vase, edged with turf. At one end was a basin of water for the use of the whole Cemetery. A crowd of well-dressed and ill-dressed persons, rich and poor, were scattered along its walks, fondling some floweret on the grave of a departed friend, sprinkling the hillocks with water, and putting holy water into the little basin. I will venture to call even the last act a virtue, the token of a tender and well-meant recollection. Each had a little can to carry water. Some brought chaplets with them to hang on the cross. A little girl was carefully winding garlands around and across a little grave. I asked her for whom she wove her "Kranz." She replied,

"fuer unsern Heinrich." When she had carefully done her work, she walked around it with a slight quiver of emotion on her features, and wondered whether he saw her, and then turned to me saying: "Nicht wahr, wir sehen ihn wieder?" I pressed her little hand in mine, and told her of the "Spirit Home" in our Father's house, where all the good shall "meet again, ne'er to sever," and how happy the meeting of His children there, and of their everlasting, unbroken fellowship, where there shall be no more

> "Sinning nor sighing,
> Nor weeping, nor dying."

This daily bestowment of affection upon the memory of the dead, tenders and soothes the hearts of the living. It makes the grave a spot of pleasure, rather than grief, a thin veil, which separates time from eternity. It enables them to treat the departed as those who are still members of their household, with whom they can enjoy a communion as real as when they were visibly with them, if they are "members of the same body." They are to them like those who have gone on a journey, and they can feel pleasure in the prospect of following them. They have only crossed the boundary, which

> "Like a narrow stream divides
> That heavenly land from ours."

The early Christians were in the habit of celebrating the days on which their friends died, as birth-day festivals. They would assemble around their graves on each returning anniversary, and sing hymns of praise to God, for having redeemed and triumphantly

taken them to Himself. So the Christian now can look into the grave; "Since Jesus has lain there, he dreads not its gloom." And there is a heavenly meaning in hanging a coronet of evergreen over the dust of the pious dead, or twining festive garlands around their turf.

CHAPTER XVIII.

STREET LIFE IN BERLIN. DRESDEN. HERRNHUT. BOHEMIA. PRAGUE. VIENNA. TRIESTE. VENICE. MILAN. GENOA. FLORENCE.

"It is surprising that the foundation of a city should ever have been laid on so uninteresting a spot; but it is far more wonderful that it should have grown up, notwithstanding, into the flourishing capital of a great Empire." So says one, whose judgment ought to have weight.

Built on the Spree, which in America we would call a creek, in a flat, unpicturesque country, it has grown to the metropolis of the German Empire, one of the first cities of the civilized world. Its attractions, according to the American standard of municipal taste, do not compare favorably with some of our larger cities. With the exception of Unter den Linden, its streets are more solid than showy. The houses impress you with their substantial appearance, built for durable service, rather than beauty of architecture. Like the palaces of its Emperor and Princes, their massive walls are built to stand for centuries.

Every large city has its own type of city and social life. So, too, has Berlin. Unter den Linden is its principal street; or rather, this fashionable thoroughfare has five streets side by side. One street on each side, next to the sidewalks for conveyances to use; next to these are two rows of large linden trees on each side,

which form two shaded avenues for promenades; between these two is another broad avenue, roofed by the great linden limbs, used for the same purpose.

Among the great mass of people thronging this street, you always find a large proportion of gayly-uniformed officers of the army. With a sword dangling at their sides, they proudly step through the crowd with an air of lofty superiority. For, usually these military promenaders belong to the less worthy men of their station, who are greater on a parade than in battle. Their toilet and trappings are arranged with faultless precision, and in their path they scatter the odor of rare perfumery, and stalk about among the civilians of Berlin, with an air of great consequence.

In Prussia public opinion ranks the position of a military officer very high; higher than the legal, medical or clerical profession. Berlin builds monuments to her military heroes, more than to her great men of science and of State. Although, unless an officer of high rank, he has but a meagre salary, he is a favorite in society, and his company is courted by people of rank. To fair ladies of fortune, members of "the best families," the straps and feathers of a soldier have a wonderful charm. As you watch the plumes waving above this sea of heads on Unter den Linden, you have an index of the strength and the weakness of a great Empire. The bayonets and prowess of her soldiers shield her against her foes, and secure her rights, whilst these hundreds of thousands of warriors produce nothing, and consume all. Respecting the true wealth of a nation, they are like an army of grasshoppers, reaping where they have not sown, and gathering where they have not strewed.

Every day at 12 M., a fine military band plays towards the lower end of the street, near the royal palace. Often would I throw aside books and papers at noon, and hasten to this open air concert, free to all the people. Most enchanting music did they discourse, and a choice, yet vast audience did they attract. Men, hoary with age, and decked with the glittering marks of honor, the servants and the votaries of science, the sage and the youthful student, paused in their walk to catch the pleasing music. The first notes brought nurses and servants, with the little children in their charge, hurriedly to the spot, all enjoying the concert with bated breath.

These nurses form a peculiar feature of Berlin life in Unter den Linden. The most of them are women from the country, retaining their simple, picturesque village costume; a short red petticoat, a snow-white apron, a blue bodice, and a white or colored sort of turban for a bonnet. The most of them still look unspoiled by corrupt city life, and unspotted as when they left their country homes. With patient leisure they here seek to amuse and interest the little citizens of the world, as they carry them on their arms, or push them about in little coaches. Their costume, conduct and looks indicate that they feel strange and ill-at-home amid such surroundings.

As in all large cities, Berlin abounds with corner-loafers, poor people, and some not very poor, who have, or wish to have, nothing to do. Against posts and corner-houses they lazily lean. Here and there one of their number accosts you in a strange brogue and manner: "Alte Kleeder zu

ver Koofen" (have you any old clothes for sale)? Thus both Jew and Gentile are eager to convert the thread-bare, cast-off goods of their fellow-men into merchandise and money.

Among this street life the horse and his driver are prominently represented. Like the humanity of Berlin, its horse-life appears in two classes. The nobler horse serving royalty and people of rank, gayly prancing along the street in gold-mounted harness, sleek and nimble-footed, with arched neck and flowing mane, proudly champing his bit, gently held by a liveried driver more proud than he.

Very different from him is the ordinary cab-horse of Berlin, than which you cannot find anywhere a more distressed and forlorn-looking member of his kind. Poor in flesh and vitality, his ribs you can count, and see if one is broken or missing; his legs stiff-jointed, his bones lifting the skin to angular elevations; so lifeless and sleepy does he look, that your sympathy is touched by the sight of him. Ever and anon he changes his legs, as he stands aside of the curb-stones, seeking to relieve his fatigue or pain by standing on three, and resting the fourth. Meanwhile his driver sulkily sits in his narrow place; a coarse fur cap, with the number of his cab on it, covers his bushy, unkempt head; a beard as bushy half covers his red face; wrapped in a heavy, coarse cloak, from under which his clumsy wooden shoes partly peep out—such is the Berlin cabman. A coarse, ungainly man, who never lifts his cap for anybody; yet honest and independent; unlike the American cabman, he never clamors for a job, never even asks you to hire his cab. If you wish

to have his services, you will have to ask for them, for he will certainly not ask permission to serve you. He is prompt to resent a wrong, and to claim his rights. Last fall the government increased the tariff on the cabmen's business. At once they combined on a strike. And great was the trouble, for people had either to go afoot, or ride in dog coaches.

In Berlin, large draught dogs are in common use, mostly in smaller truck-wagons, where the owner guides the wagon, by keeping his hand on the tongue, which usually is at the rear end, while the dogs pull it through the street. When the cabmen strike, many people ride in smaller coaches, propelled by dogs. And it is surprising what a heavy load a team of dogs can pull. As soon as the team stops, they lie down and rest, at the same time watching the wagon. Woe to the man who touches it in the absence of the owner! This use of the dog gives him a high value in some European cities. The raising and training of draught dogs is a special business. Indeed Berlin has a so-called dog park, where dogs are washed, sheared, and taken to board.

One naturally feels somewhat lost upon his first entrance into a city like Berlin. At the city gate an official demands your passport. The streets seem strangely built, and many of them crooked. The hotel seems so far off. After spending a day or two there, you seek more private quarters. In certain streets many bills are posted on houses, announcing rooms for rent. Families live on flats or floors, each floor or story of the house being occupied by a separate family. Many of these do not need all their rooms,

and rent them to students or others. At 34, Leipsicher Strasse, on the third floor, lived tailor J. ———. I paid him $3.00 a month rent for one room. When the biting, cold December weather began, he gave me the use of a second room, with a stationary stove, for a small additional sum.

The furniture consisted of a bed, a table, and a few chairs, but no carpet. For a frugal breakfast and supper I paid Madam J. ——— 12½ cents a day. Dinner I usually ate in a restaurant, costing from 15 to 30 cents, according to what was eaten. For this you could get very good soup, roast-beef, potatoes, &c. Sometimes an extra cup of coffee and bread was taken between the hours of the regular meals. Here many people eat five times a day; but never much at a time. Early in the morning they take bread and coffee; later the breakfast; dinner at 12 or 1; at 4 p. m., lunch; later in the evening, supper.

The stove in my room was in the shape of a square chimney, seven or eight feet high, and two feet in diameter. The outside was covered with smooth tile. For every heating I paid my landlady a groschen, equal to two cents and a half. She never heated it so as to afford much comfort in cold weather. The room remained cold; by crouching closely to it, I felt the warmth slightly on one side of my person. Had there been room to lie on it, I would have sought comfort in this way.

Here I lived for a period of two months. From one to two hours I would daily spend in strolling through the Thier Garten and Unter den Linden. The most of the day was spent in studying rare

works taken from the Royal Library. An hour a day was devoted to the study of French, with a private teacher. A vivacious polished Frenchman he was, who could speak little, save his own language. When he got beyond my depth in the French, he called in his wife, who helped us out of the difficulty with the aid of her smattering knowledge of the German. Like most of his countrymen, he was a man with a tender heart. Although our intercourse was mainly confined to the laborious lessons, he took my leaving Berlin sorely to heart. Tears rolled down his cheeks at our parting, as he embraced and blessed me with a final adieu.

Dr. E. is an eminent Berlin physician, widely and favorably known. A slight illness led me to hand him a letter of introduction, which an American friend had kindly given me. After inquiring about the symptoms of my ailment, he playfully prescribed the following treatment:

"To-morrow evening at 8 o'clock we shall have a family gathering at our house, to which I and my wife cordially invite you. Please do not fail to be present."

It was the birth-day festival of my friend. His brother, Baurath (architect) Dr. E., a celebrated naturalist, who had been three years in the service of the King of Prussia, on a scientific expedition to Egypt, and his maiden sister, were the other guests. The table was frugally, yet tastefully spread. Two roasted rabbits, potato salad, a box of sardines, thinly sliced nice fresh bread, several kinds of fruit, and several bottles of wine, constituted the chief articles of the

feast. On the middle of the table were two large cakes—a pound-cake and a fruit-cake. As pieces of these were sliced off around the outside for the guests, the centre scooped out, contained burning alcohol, which helped to shed light on the festive scene. At the close spread butter-bread and cheese were handed around. Aside of each plate was a wine goblet. After a long, yet not immoderate meal, (for the Germans are very slow eaters), Baurath Dr. E. uncorked two bottles of wine, then turned to the guests, saying:

"My dear friends, fill your glasses, and join me in greeting our dear brother, and wishing him much joy, on his forty-fifth birth-day."

"Not so, dear brother, it is my forty-*fourth*," exclaimed the physician. "The forty-FIFTH," rejoined the Baurath. "The forty-FOURTH," was the reply, amid the boisterous merriment of all at the table, the brothers included. Thereupon the family and guests arose, touched goblets, and cordially greeted the host. The conversation was cheerful and unrestrained by fashionable etiquette. The whole group consisted of Dr. E., his wife and three charming little daughters, his brother and sister, and myself.

Upon leaving, the sister kindly invited me to attend a social gathering at her house the following evening. At the appointed time, I rang the door-bell of Baurath E.'s house, or rather the bell communicating with the second floor of the house, on which he and his sister lived. I was led into a neatly furnished parlor, with a painted floor, instead of a carpet, and a piano. The number of guests was larger than those of the previous evening at Dr. E.'s house. As they severally

entered, each would first approach and greet Miss E., the lady of the house, passing by, without noticing, all the rest. This seems to be the invariable custom in the cultivated circles of Germany. After this ceremony, the person arrived is introduced to the other ladies present, then to the gentlemen. Besides Dr. E. and his wife, the party consisted of Licentiate Strauss, son of the celebrated Court preacher, Dr. Strauss, Prof. Lepsius, the celebrated Chief of the Prussian Scientific Expedition to Egypt, Prof. Jacobi of the University of Kœnigsberg, Prof. Mueller of Buenos Ayres, South America, and eight cultivated ladies.

After spending part of the evening in pleasant, social intercourse, the company were led to an adjoining chamber, where a table had been spread. The feast was "with simple plenty crowned," containing amply enough, and of substantial dishes, without a wasteful display of luxury. The Germans are not given to the American folly of extravagance in social entertainments.

During the entertainment of the evening, the most of the ladies sat around a table, knitting, whilst they chatted with one another, and with such gentlemen as were near them. The latter moved about in the room, conversing on topics mirthful and grave.

A remark was made by some one, touching the sensitiveness of the clergy, to which the venerable Prof. Jacobi replied: "The clergy are often too sensitive. They are accustomed to present their views from the pulpit, where no one is allowed to contradict, or reply to them. At church the people must keep silent, even though the preachers preach false doctrine. But a person who is thus in the habit of expressing his views,

where no one is allowed to question him, as to whether he preach truth or error, does not learn to brook contradiction. Hence many clergymen lose all patience, when the correctness of their views is called in question."

The social customs of Germany lay great stress upon titles. In conversation each one is called by the title of the office which he holds, and his wife receives the title of her husband, with a feminine termination. The treasurer of a village or town is called Herr Einnehmer (Mr. Receiver), and his wife, Frau Einnehmerin (Mrs. Receiver). A Justice of the Peace is called Herr Justizrath, and his wife, Frau Justizræthin. An architect is called Herr Baurath, and his wife Frau Bauræthin. A minister is called Herr Pfarrer, and his wife Frau Pfarrerin. A physician is Herr Medicinalrath, and his wife Frau Medicinalræthin. Think of the embarrassment one at first feels in German society, as he tries to keep the run of such titles as the following, in his conversation with the honored ladies who bear them. Frau Ober Seminardirectorin, Frau Ober-Hofpredigerin (Mrs. Court Preacher), Frau Friedensgerichtschreiberin! How strange it would sound to our American ears, to address a Judge of the Supreme Court in a social gathering, as Mr. Chief-Justice, and his wife, Mrs. Chief-Justice! Even foreigners are addressed with most high-sounding titles. In addressing a letter to me, a friend called me "Your Reverence." Another dignified me with the august title of "Hochwohlgeboren" (High-well-born). Many an awkward blunder and mortifying breach of social etiquette do foreigners perpetrate with their delicate endeavors in this titular practice.

The two months which I spent in Berlin were more a preparation for future, than a rest from past labors. Through the kindness of the American Minister, Mr. Vroom, I received access to the Royal Library, containing over 600,000 volumes, which furnished me varied and apt reading matter. Besides, the privilege of attending lectures in the University, studying French, an occasional letter or correspondence, and a number of pleasant acquaintances, made the time pass agreeably, and with more than desirable rapidity. There is a certain intoxication of enjoyment in traveling, which would make such a period of unemployed repose intolerably dull. For several weeks I looked towards the 14th of November with increasing delight. And when it arrived, a few hours sufficed to pack, prepare and depart; to be what the Germans call *reisefertig*. For where little is, there is little trouble, but that little becomes doubly important.

I had just remained long enough to see how Berlin looked in dreary winter, for I made my way to the depot through the first snow storm of the season; but even this could not becloud the cheerful anticipations of renewing my journey. The day alternated between snow and sunshine, and the country through which we passed, corresponded to these changes. Pine forests, sandy plains, and cultivated regions, which might look very pleasant, when the snow leaves them. Saxony is more undulating than Northern Germany, where gentle hills and valleys flow into each other with pleasant and easy succession. I stopped at Dresden, where I spent part of the following day in visiting its natural curiosities. It happened to be the market day, and

these large markets are theatres of country habits and city tastes. Here one can see a vast assemblage of plain, toiling country folk, which in every different province have a peculiar dialect and dress. Here you can see what the country produces in the vegetable and animal department, what game runs wild in their forests, and what fish their streams afford. And above all, you can without impertinence see what the people eat. A nation's food often gives complexion to its laws. It furnishes instructive hints of its weaknesses and worth, of its appetites and abstinence. I find much philosophy in these markets. It is not very flattering to give so much prominence to the material man, but where eating is ostensibly a *conditio sine qua non* of human life, a function whose rational use is neither despicable nor unpleasant, it becomes no mean item in the sum of human duties.

Desirous of spending the Lord's day in the quiet seclusion of Herrnhut, I deferred seeing more of Dresden, until my return. For a considerable distance the road to the retired Moravian village is a constant ascent, which the falling snow rendered more difficult, so that the train jogged heavily along over the short distance, for more than three hours. The following day the snow was several inches deep, and the weather cold enough for mid-winter.

Herrnhut is the mother colony of the Moravian Brethren. A mile from the village is the Palace of Count Zinzendorf. Here he lived, when during the religious persecutions, in the beginning of the last century, he offered an asylum to the fugitive Moravians. At first a small village arose around his dwelling, but

afterwards he founded Herrnhut for the colony, which still continues to be a flourishing Moravian village, of 1100 inhabitants. His ancient residence is on the side of a hill, that slopes down to a contiguous little stream, along whose banks the village of Bethelsdorf spreads out. The two villages are connected by an avenue of trees extending across the intervening hill. The chief Board of the Moravian church, which has the nominal control of the whole denomination in every country, resides in and around the palace. The building has nothing of the superb and costly elegance of modern, princely palaces, and yet it is adorned by the memory of one who has achieved more glorious victories than the conquest of the mightiest kingdoms on earth; victories untainted with cruelty and carnage, and which carried peace and salvation to the remotest parts of the world. He belonged to the true nobility, the pedigree of "a royal priesthood," who are destined to wear a coronet of unfading glory. He once said: "I will no longer be a Count, but a Christian;" for he well knew that the latter was greater and more glorious than the former. While others compassed sea and land, and slew their fellow-men to gratify their unhallowed ambition, he traversed seas and continents to proclaim the Saviour, and comfort his oppressed followers. In the centre of the Cemetery, on a beautiful hillside, facing Herrnhut, lie his remains beneath a plain, horizontal monument with a modest inscription. There is some comfort to stand aside of the dust of such a man; one feels it a real joy to linger around his grave, to ponder how he lived and died. The Cemetery is intersected by long arbors of trees, whose square, flat

tops look as if the hand of man had cropped them perfectly even, and whose trunks appear from a distance as if they supported artificial arches.

Herrnhut has one plain, home-like hotel, and one church. The landlord is a genial, intelligent gentleman, who seems to feel a personal interest in his guests. He is thoroughly posted in the history of the town and of that of the Moravian Church. He cheerfully serves the visitor, in place of a guide-book for the village and its surroundings. His guests were all orderly, and showed a perceptible interest in the Christian religion. During the four days which I spent with him, I saw no one drinking liquor here.

Herrnhut remembers the Sabbath day to keep it holy. A violent snow-storm made it unusually quiet. At 8½ in the morning, a devotional meeting was held in the church. For such an inclement morning, the attendance was good. Several hymns were sung and a few prayers offered. At 10 a. m., the regular Lord's day services began. Through the deep snow, breasting the howling storm, the Herrnhuters bravely streamed churchward, until the large building was almost filled with worshippers. Like all Moravian Churches, this is a plain building, without any ornament. The low pulpit looked like a speaker's stand. It had plain, if I remember correctly, unpainted benches instead of pews, and no stove. Despite my heavy cloak, I shivered with cold all through the services. These good people are unused to the luxury of warm churches in winter. Indeed, on the continent one very rarely finds a stove, or any other kind of heating arrangement in a church.

The sermon consisted of a simple exposition of

1 Cor. 15: 58. The minister wore a robe and white neck-band. The choir consisted of ten ladies. Their tunes were simple and sweetly sung. Some of the anthems were sung alternately by the choir and the congregation. The worship throughout was liturgical, the pastor, choir and congregation respectively taking an audible part in praying, as well as in singing.

Each sex sat in separate parts of the church. The ladies wore no bonnets, but each, even to the little girls, wore a snow-white cap. Each cap was ornamented with a ribbon of peculiar color, according to the age of the wearer. The little girls wore a dark, the young ladies a pink, the married ladies a blue, and the widow ladies a gray or white ribbon.

At 7 in the evening another devotional meeting was held in the church. The services consisted of singing and prayer, and an exposition of a Scripture passage. The preacher delivered his discourse sitting on a chair.

"Would you perhaps like to attend a baptismal service?" said mine host one day. "At 3 o'clock this afternoon such a service will be held in the prayer hall of the church." Thankful for his information, I repaired thither at the appointed hour. A large number of the school children and the parents were present. The pastor, in a white robe, sitting on a chair, explained a passage of Scripture relating to baptism. A lady led the singing on a piano. The pastor and the congregation sang responsively, each a few lines in turn. While assuming the vows, and answering the questions put to them by the pastor, each sponsor laid the right hand on the head of the child. After this the pastor cate-

chized the children and young people present about their own baptism, and their baptismal duties. Every baptismal service is thus publicly held and improved for the benefit of the children, and parents of the congregation.

Herrnhut is to the Moravians what Jerusalem is to the Jews. It is a model Christian village. Its government is strict, but paternal. No scenes or sounds of drunkenness and profanity annoy the stranger on its streets. Each day is begun and ended with prayer and praise. In the morning each family holds worship at home; in the evening at church. The houses are all plainly built in a uniform style, and plainly furnished. The people all seem to be industrious, contented, thrifty and pious. Not a single person did I see loafing around the street-corners, depot or tavern, who looked like a village drone. No one is very rich, and no one very poor. The poor are all well provided for, yet not so as to encourage idle or wasteful habits. The children are cheerful and happy. At their school and church service they sing like birds of a June morning. On their little sleds the boys dashed adown the snowy hill-sides at the edge of the village with boisterous glee.

There are no homeless people in Herrnhut. The congregation has three homes for unmarried and widowed persons. A brother-house for the single men, a sister-house for single women, and a home for widows.

Around the palace of Zinzendorf a group of houses has been built, which are known by the name of Bethelsdorf. Each village has an excellent school, in which much time and attention are devoted to the study of music.

Along a gently sloping hill-side, between the two villages, is the large, quiet God's Acre. Here for the past one hundred and fifty years thousands of Moravians have been laid to rest. It is enclosed with a tall thorn-hedge. All the graves and tombstones are alike. Over each grave lies a plain, flat stone, whose inscription only contains the name and age of the deceased, without any post mortem eulogies. The poor have as pretty a grave and monument as the rich.

Instead of being buried together in families, the dead are laid side by side in rows, according to their age, and the time of their death. When one dies, he is laid aside of the one who died before him. On an elevation, in the centre of the Cemetery, called Hutberg, are a few graves with larger stones than the rest, but of the same material and shape. They cover the dust of Zinzendorf and his family. The inscription on his tombstone is somewhat longer and more eulogistic than those of the others, yet praising him no more than he deserves. Large, old trees shade the walks among the graves. Their tops are flat, as if cropped by the keeper, and their long branches form a leafy arch over the walks.

This is exclusively a Moravian village, the mother colony of the Moravian denomination. In 1721–25, a number of pious people were driven out of Austria, by the persecutions of the Jesuits. Count Zinzendorf, then a Saxon nobleman, invited them to a shelter, lands and a home here. This district was then an unbroken forest. In the midst of a grove, near the road, is a monument, which marks the spot where in 1722 he caused the first tree to be felled in clearing the ground for these

new settlers. It is said that he derived the name of Herrnhut, from Psalm 84: 10. "I had rather be *a door-keeper* in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." The word door-keeper in the German is Thuerhueter. Instead of making *himself* the Hueter, he calls his new colony Herrnhueter (Lord-keepers) or Herrnhut.

On my return I remained a short time longer in Dresden. It is a beautiful city, in a picturesque region of country. The Elbe divides it, and imparts a peculiar charm to its scenery. I visited the gallery of fine arts, one of the most celebrated in Germany. After I found Raphael's Madonna and Child, the rest seemed unsatisfactory. And even with this I was partly disappointed. I had unconsciously formed an ideal of the appearance of the Virgin and the infant Saviour, which this painting has not realized, nor will any other. The highest creation of art cannot body forth the divine. It cannot rise above the human. It is our privilege to believe and trust in the divine, but what tongue can describe, or what pencil portray it on the canvas? The Virgin's face blends an expression of melancholy sadness and submission, as if she foreknew the trying life and death of her child. The infant Jesus has a countenance beaming with the "Wonderful." His dark eyes shine with an intelligence not common to infants, which peer out into the future, almost with the earnestness of manhood. And yet Jesus must have looked just like other children. After studying it awhile, my disappointment partially vanished. I saw a depth and peculiarity of expression, a more than human spirituality glowing on the canvas, which I never had seen before. Again

and again I returned to look at it for the last time. I felt sad that I should perhaps never see it again, and yet how much more wonderful and glorious will He appear, when "we shall see Him as He is." For three hundred years this painting has been admired as a wonder of art, and it remains a wonder still.

The railroad from Dresden to Prague passes along the Elbe for some distance, through Saxon Switzerland. The mountains look like massive ruins, shattered by some mighty convulsions. In many places lofty pyramids of natural rocks, formed of loose, rounded blocks, overtop the trees, and almost look as if the hand of man had piled them there. Narrow valleys are formed between the steep mountains, with a few humble huts here and there, whose inmates scrape a scanty subsistence from the unfruitful soil. As soon as we reached the Austrian boundary, our passports and baggage were examined. And before we reached Prague the police officers passed through the cars, and collected all the passports to be examined again by the regular police authorities. One can readily observe the difference between Austrian rigor, and that of the Principalities, as soon as he crosses the boundary. It would be hard to smuggle contraband politics into Austria, unless it were closely packed. Every avenue is strictly guarded so as to leave no one in or out of the country, without the requisite qualifications. These police sentinels perform a two-fold office. They stop the leaks of a worm-eaten, decaying ship, and they pump the water out of the leaking vessel to keep it from sinking. If a traveler utters sentiments obnoxious to Austrian politics, he will be sure to fall into the hands of spies

appointed for the purpose, who will at once transport him over the boundary of the Empire, and there let him fly. I generally made it a point to transact my own business with the police, in order to form their more intimate acquaintance. When I entered the office at Prague to get my passport, these officials were surrounded by a crowd of strangers on similar business, whom they snapped and barked off most insultingly. I looked on for awhile, in the meantime endeavoring to cool down my temper to a passive, unresenting submission, trying to prepare myself for the worst. Handing one of them my card, he asked who I was, and where I was from, whereupon the growling official at once put on the amiable gentleman, and handed me my passport with a smiling courtesy, that seemed to designate me as the greatest favorite in the crowd. Perhaps he wished to conceal the tyrant before a foreigner, or was it because he respected my country? I had to think of the magic power of Roman citizenship during the blooming period of the Empire. *Civis Romanus sum.* But it was not this, for our institutions find precious little sympathy in Austria. The few persons who expressed any, would most generally look around whether there were any spies about.

The ancient city of Prague has doubtless seen its best days. It is not without its business activity, but its vast amount of pauperism gives a sad complexion to its population. The city lies on the banks of the Moldau, a stream as large as the west branch of the Susquehanna. A massive stone bridge connects it, which is five hundred years old, and was one hundred and fifty years in building. Higher up the stream a

large wire bridge spans it, which is quite a contrast to the unprogressive aspect of the city. On the east bank is a steep hill, crowned by the old palace of the Bohemian kings, which affords an interesting view of the old city. Some great and decisive battles have been fought in its vicinity; but my pen shrinks from dwelling so much on scenes of carnage. One is poorly edified by tracing up and dwelling upon acts of wholesale slaughter. What one nation may call bravery and the triumph of Right, another will designate as the unscrupulous cruelty of Might and committed murder in the name of war.

During the last twenty years we have heard so much of the political vices of Austria, that one is prepared for the worst in traveling over its territory. There is evidently more governing done here than in the other German States. The taxes are heavier, the police regulations more vigilant and rigid. The general aspect of the population in Bohemia looks melancholy. Its country villages resemble those of Ireland, consisting of low, thatched huts, with little above ground but the roof. The land is in the hands of a few, some of whom keep their tenants in a state of hopeless poverty. Such pictures of misery as I met with in Prague, I have seen nowhere in Germany. Whether it is owing to a bad Government, or a want of thrift and industry in the Bohemians, or perhaps to both, I do not know.

Prague, the old capital of Bohemia, is one of the four largest cities in Germany, if German it may be called, for the Bohemian is mostly spoken. Jerome of Prague and Huss preached in this ancient city. The goose-quill in Luther's dream reached from Bohemia to

Rome. At the western end of the city a chapel crowns a hill-top, marking the spot where the Bavarians put an end to Protestantism in Bohemia by the sword. The churches of Prague are mostly built in the Byzantine style, and look like the sacred monuments of many centuries. They have grown black with age, and the small arched windows near the ceiling have become so dark with dust, as to admit just light enough to produce a dim twilight, which half conceals their grand ornaments. The doors are beset with beggars, whose ragged, pitiful appearance forms a sad contrast to the vast profusion of gold and costly decorations within. One is tempted to say, despite the merits of bringing Art into the service of Religion: Why were not these things sold and given to the poor? After all, the first duty seems to be to relieve the suffering. But, perhaps, Prague had not so many poor when these churches were built. In one church there was a large crucifix. Few passed it without kissing its feet, which were considerably worn by the practice. Others would kiss the glass over a painting of the Virgin and her child.

A long and tedious day's ride on the cars brought me to Vienna, through a country where mountains and valleys continuously alternate. At a country village along the way an Austrian soldier entered the cars, who had been on a short visit to his native home. His parents followed him, weeping. When the brave man started he endeavored to dissemble his grief by waving his cap out of the window, and singing his "Hollah! hollah!" a short chorus of a soldier's song. With a choked utterance he shouted back a parting "lebe wohl!" and then sat himself down to give vent to his

suppressed emotion by weeping. Perhaps he felt that he was the stay of their declining years, and would fain have comforted their old age. A hard life many of these poor soldiers have. Many a one I have seen taking a meal from his knapsack with only black bread and salt.

CHAPTER XIX.

VIENNA. TRIESTE. VENICE. MILAN. GENOA. FLORENCE.

I arrived at Vienna late in the evening of November 21st. As my custom was, I at once started out from the cars, discarding cabs and their boisterous drivers, down a broad street, which I afterwards found to be the Baterstrasse, seeing the sights, and in the meanwhile looking out for a hotel. Guided by my traveling instinct, and the stream of people, I crossed the bridge over a branch of the Danube into the old city, which led into a ten-feet wide street, and soon conducted me to the Hotel de Londres, which made my stay in Vienna very comfortable. Early the next morning I sallied forth through the narrow streets in quest of churches, which in Catholic countries are open from five in the morning until evening. Large cities have so many things in common, that it is a waste of time and patience to run after any and everything, which the "Guide Book" considers worthy of being seen. Next to the churches, I found the most interesting collection of natural curiosities on the Bourse, or Stock Exchange. These Exchanges are the Mammon markets of the country, where men can acquire and cultivate that peculiar disposition of heart, which the Scriptures call "the root of all evil," and on this account are assembled exhibitions of a certain phase of human nature, which if not very creditable to possess, is at least

worthy of being studied. The Vienna Exchange differs from all others which I have seen. My first impressions of it were those of a row, where dozens were about to engage in mutual floggings. The large multitude were parcelled off in smaller squads surrounding the auctioneer, or owner of saleable stock. For awhile they would nibble cautiously; a bid or two would increase the demand, and then a dozen would rush with uplifted, clenched fists and excited features toward the salesman, all screaming their bids at the top of their voices. Some stamped with their feet, and looked as if they would leap at him over the heads of the crowd, until he was carried along with them into some corner. His face became red with intense excitement; the bidders bellowed their railings at him for not heeding their offers, and he screamed with his stentorian voice at the multitudein reply. Others observing the excitement, quickly approach, asking the first they meet, "Wie stehts?" and then shouting their bid of ten thousand, or fifty thousand, add their part to the confusion. In the meanwhile clusters are gathering in other quarters, the beginnings of similar tumults. And while this is going on, scores are pressing through the crowded hall in quest of some one, trying their utmost to cry his name loud enough to be heard above the noise of the excited bidders. The whole scene is a tumult of greedy, grasping natures, whose faces show that their souls are burning with a passion for gain.

Vienna, in point of intelligence, ranks far above Prague. The churches of this city even excel those of Prague in splendor. Several byzantine churches are

indescribably grand. The sides and pillars are covered with stuccoe work, the lofty arched ceilings with Scriptural paintings and raised frescoe; the side chapels are lined with arched roofs of the finest marble, which looks like one solid piece. These together with numerous paintings decorating every shrine, make such an infinitude of ornamental work, that a person is utterly confounded in their examination, and yet it is an agreeable confusion.

On Sunday I heard several sermons on the final judgment by Catholic priests, which, with a single exception, would have been equally adapted for a Protestant audience. During the afternoon I was present at service in the Church of St. Stephen, the largest in the city. At Vespers a large crowd assembled. It was a dark, stormy night, and the interior of the Church derived but faint light from the few flickering tapers along the columns. The ceiling and lofty pillars, one hundred feet in height, are almost entirely black. The building was finished five hundred years ago. Beneath this dark canopy, whose outlines could be dimly traced by the imperfect lights, they sang their Te Deum, a plain, simple air. I stood at the far end, over three hundred feet from the high altar, which was at the extreme end of this dark vista, whose dazzling, ornamental work reflected back the light of the candles around it, over the large congregation, and increased the surrounding darkness. Some knelt, some stood, a few sat in the stalls, but all sang their "heilig, heilig," with simple, pathetic devotion. Its effect was something different from that produced by the splendors of Art.

We can mistake the impressions of enrapturing music or excellent paintings as pure devotion, when they are perhaps nothing more than what an educated unbeliever might experience. But here there is something which is "spirit and life." It need not be within a splendid Cathedral, to produce this effect. To feel its sweetest charms you must wander among alpine solitudes. As you reach a quiet village at night-fall, the Vesper-bell calls to prayer, upon which the laboring villagers will flock to their chapel. Those who cannot, will respond to the summons by repeating their prayers with uncovered heads in the open fields and streets. Others retire from labor, with their scythes, hoes and other working implements, repair to the sanctuary, and close the day with religious worship. The perceptible fatigue of the day; their plain, working-day apparel; their common, simple Vesper hymn, sung with the voice of simple praise, make a far deeper impression than the grandest piles of art. I cannot disguise it, that the scene and the song have often pleasantly haunted me for many days.

I need not here repeat all the peculiar practices of the Catholic Church, which shock our sense of religious propriety; their worship of the Virgin Mary, praying to Saints, and many others. I have seen so much of it, as to convince me that some of them cannot well be designated by any other terms but superstition and idolatry. But I do not envy the man who can see nought but unmixed superstition in the fervid, daily devotion and childlike praises of many Catholics. It may be said that their acts of worship become a mere habit, but we must at least allow it

to be a very good habit. The Catholic Church has doubtless gained much for herself and her members, by making religious worship such a prominent every-day duty. Her chapels are frequented during all hours of the day. The beggar here and there meets a wayside chapel, in which he can kneel down aside of his knapsack, and worship his Maker. The laborer in the midst of his toil will give a few moments of his precious time to religion. Often have I seen them with their aprons and tools beside them, kneeling in the retirement of the sanctuary in prayer. And their intense, undivided earnestness, their undissembled contrition shows that they have a sense and desire for eternal things.

Vienna is a city of suburbs, in which the most of its population resides. The old city, or Vienna proper, contains about sixty thousand inhabitants; with the suburbs it has nearly half a million. The former, like most old cities, abounds with narrow, crooked, disjointed streets. Many are arched over by superincumbent dwellings. A wide moat, a branch of the Danube, and a large park separate it from its thirty-four suburban districts, with which it connects with twelve gates. The old city is not very unlike New York, in its noise and confusion of business. From morning till night its narrow streets are filled with the deafening clatter of vehicles and anxious faces, which look as if they were bent on business of some kind. The windows along its narrow streets are hung with a costly display of merchandize, and the houses are so lofty, that some of them are seldom cheered by sunshine. The suburbs are less crowded because they have wider streets.

From some cause or other, the city is frequently visited by violent currents of wind. It is said to have scarcely forty days in the year that are without their storms, which my own experience confirmed. For several days violent rain storms prevailed, when persons would push their flapping umbrellas through the streets, weathering the storm with stubborn determination. Some held on to the tattered wrecks, others had them twisted and tortured into inverted shapes; some held on to their hats, while others with provoked mien and uncovered heads pursued their fugitive slouches with eager haste. So I bravely defied this storm through the uninviting streets for nearly two whole days, without serious accident, and the small result of my labors seems all the more precious from its cost. I could not evade the fury of the storm, but my faithful cloak, though often dripping wet, sheltered me from the copious showers.

Vienna has thirty-one Catholic, and two Protestant churches. The latter have nine thousand members. The number of Catholic churches seem small for their membership, but with their custom of worshipping during the whole day on the Sabbath, they can accommodate more comparatively, than the same number of Protestant churches could. And a large number of their members take up little room. If they were all good Catholics, their churches would not be large enough. The perceptible morality of the city seems no worse than that of other German cities generally. Of course it is natural that the metropolis of a vast Empire, abounding in wealth and commercial activity, should have its vices and follies. If Austria pines

and droops beneath the fetters of despotism, the passing stranger can discover little of it in its capital. Catholic Vienna has even a better Sunday than Protestant Hamburg or Berlin. There is far less traffic here on the Lord's day. I did not see a single store open from morning till night. The city had at least the outward appearance of cessation of labor, which, however, cannot be said of all Catholic cities. Balls, theatres, and all places of amusement did their utmost to desecrate it in another direction.

From Vienna I reached Trieste, on the Adriatic, in thirty-four hours. A railroad has been constructed across the Semmering, by means of fourteen consecutive tunnels. The scenery over this mountain yields little to some of the finest portions of Switzerland. Some of the mountains were dotted with small patches of arable ground to the top, doubtless made so by the pressure of want. On the top of the mountain we were enveloped in a heavy snow-storm.

At three o'clock the next morning we reached Laibach, the present terminus of the railroad. From here the passengers were forwarded in coaches, or rather a species of wagons which I chiefly remember for their want of comfort. Three horses fastened to it with ropes, tugged the heavy craft along with great exertion. The chief apartment had two seats; the other was occupied by the conductor, and outside sat the postillion. Four were the sum total, two attendants and two passengers, for this nondescript equipage. We jogged along at a snail's pace over the long, cold way of a dreary country and season, whose dullness was relieved occasionally by partaking of

some unpalatable refreshments by the wayside, which, however, were not always refreshing. At one place the landlady had set a greasy table for a dozen passengers, and received us two with an air of disappointment. One dish gave us much labor, which I soon dismissed as unmanageable, but my companion tore and stripped at its tough fibres with desperate perseverance. But one may be glad if he fares no worse. Fortunately my fellow-traveler was a well-read and well-traveled gentleman, who had spent some years in the United States, so that we beguiled the tedium of the journey in discussing politics and the merits of authors. We converted our gloomy, clattering cell, with its lack of physical comfort, into a scene of mental diversion. At length we arrived on the ridge of a mountain, from where we saw the numerous lights glimmering from the streets of Trieste far below us, which we reached in about an hour by a winding descent.

Trieste derives its importance chiefly from its maritime position. Its harbor is crowded with vessels from every port, and its streets are thronged with Germans, French, English, Americans, Italians and Turks, whose various costumes present a varied scene. I spent a day in seeing its curiosities, among which its large market, extending through whole streets, was not the least.

I left Trieste in a steamer for Venice, which we reached in six hours. From the steamer I rode to the hotel in a gondola, a narrow, nimble, long skiff, the customary cab of Venice. A short spell of ecstasy would be pardonable, in approaching this famous resort

of poets and invalids, but at this season there is little reward for either in paying it a visit. On a day like the present (first of December), there is little poetry in its sky or scenery. While I am writing, a furious snow-storm is blowing over the city, which commenced last night. The snow flies with a profusion that would be creditable to a Lapland winter. This morning a few sharp claps of thunder were heard. There would be nothing unpleasant in a snow-storm by a comfortable fire, but fires are seldom found here. There is a stove in my room, which I ordered to be heated this morning; but the Venetians are so ignorant in the art of fire-making, that the whole force of servants could not kindle it. So I wrapped myself in a large cloak, and wrote till my fingers became numb, then hurried to the *cafe* for a cup of coffee to warm me again. Thus I have worried through the day, until near its close. While visions of home-comforts, a warm study, and smiling friends pass through the mind, I wonder where to find "sunny, smiling Italy." If I am prosy, this cold shoulder which Venice has turned me, is somewhat to blame. Furs and winter clothing are more abundant here than in the North. The Italians are very much afraid of the first changes of autumn; they cover their faces as if there were poison in the atmosphere. The citizens have a sickly appearance. The beauty of a Venetian winter is all a dream. The most pleasant season, especially for invalids, are the early months of autumn, about Sept. and Oct. The dwellings are constructed with a view to shelter against excessive heat. But the damp cold of the winter, which would be tolerable with northern fires, penetrates the rooms, and renders them very uncomfortable.

This little State, once a power dreaded by all nations, has a checkered history. Once it was a democracy, then a monarchy, then an aristocracy, with twelve hundred noble families to rule over it. In 1848 it declared its independence from Austria, but could not maintain it. Its glory has departed, its palaces are faded, and many of them deserted. Its past, combining much virtue and folly, is the storehouse for poetry and song. Once its canals resounded with the airs of its merry boatmen, but now—

> "In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
> And silent rows the songless gondolier."

But a most singular city this is, whose principal streets are canals, and whose wagons and carriages are all boats. No horse or wagon is seen in all Venice. Its broadest streets are scarcely twelve feet wide, and some not half that width, and these lined with piles of six-story palaces. Nearly all the principal palaces, six hundred in number, front on the canals, which penetrate the city in every direction. The numerous bridges are all crossed by a series of stone steps. A few streets are thronged with a stream of people. Many are almost entirely deserted. The population has dwindled down to a hundred and twenty thousand. The Rialto, a large bridge, which spans the grand canal with one arch, is lined on both sides across it with small stores and shops, and still, as in Shakespeare's time, remains a thoroughfare.

> "Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
> In the Rialto you have rated me
> About my monies, and my usuries."

The abundance of traffic still attracts many a greedy,

Jewish Shylock to Venice. From the rag-dealer in the damp cellar, to the wealthy banker, he shows his keen scent for gain, and still, in some form or other, here as elsewhere—

"Sufferance is the badge of all his tribe."

The Bridge of Sighs, connecting the Doge's palace and the prison, has become famous by its use in admitting prisoners, and by the allusions of the poets. Many a poor criminal has sighed on its arch.

"The Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structure rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand.
A thousand years their cloudy winds expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles."

The Lion, the State Symbol of Venice, still looks down from almost every church and palace, shorn of the proud strength of its former years.

I spent part of an afternoon with a friend in rowing over some of the principal canals in a gondola. The gondolier, in his tidy uniform, making his vehicle skip over the water with astonishing speed and precision; the Venetian ladies, folded in their furs, looking all comfort and ease; the authoritative officers, whose commanding looks show that they are superior in rank to somebody; the citizen and the stranger darting along without the clattering of wheels, all looking so easy, and yet so active, combine to form a novel scene. To see the shady side of Venice

one need only visit the neighborhood of the Rialto, where half-clad objects of charity whine at the passing crowd for a pittance—some peddling poultry, others a few heads of cabbage, auctioneering their merchandize into market with hideous screams around gay shops and stores in which bankers, shavers and merchants calmly coin their fortunes. The numerous churches, once crowded with worshippers, are little frequented. Some have as many officiating priests as members of the congregation. The churches abound with antique busts and statues. The Church of St. Mark is said to contain the remains of the Evangelist of that name. The horses over its portals were conveyed to Paris by Napoleon I as trophies, but were afterwards restored again.

From the lofty tower of St. Mark I had a distinct view of the whole city, which looked like a hazy vision that rose out of the sea. Venice has forty squares or market places, but only a few of them are used for that purpose. The most of them have a well in the centre. In the morning they are the theatre of bustling confusion, when the Venetian females draw water with long ropes. The maidens wear high-crowned Tyrolese hats, resembling the shape of a sugar-loaf. All have uniform copper kettles, which they suspend at each end of a stick and balance them across the shoulder. It is amusing to hear the chattering noise of their sprightly language, as they hurry on or wait upon each other.

There is still much luxury in Venice. An old saying has it: "Venice turns night into day." It is a custom with many wealthy females to rise and

breakfast at noon, to dine at six in the evening, visit the theatre from nine to twelve, and make calls at one in the morning.

The Emperor and Empress of Austria are spending the present month in Venice. He is still a young man, tall and somewhat slender, with a countenance that looks as benevolent as that of most men. There is nothing of the tyrant in his physiognomy, nor has he shown much of it during his reign. He looks as if his crown sat lightly upon him. But he evidently is not merely the puppet of his counsellors. He visited the arsenal and other royal institutions, which are important agents in his reign. I saw him at church on Sunday morning. He engaged in his devotions with an earnestness, which looked as if he felt his dependence upon something higher and more enduring than temporal principalities. His dress was as plain as that of his subjects; a gray military overcoat, and a low, flat, unadorned cap sheltered him from the rain as he led his wife to St. Mark's. He even declined the offer of an umbrella. As he passed along the street, crowds ran after and around them with uncovered heads, to whom he touched his little cap, and the Empress made her courtesies in passing. They look like a modest, happy couple, but doubtless are harassed by greater anxieties than many of their humblest subjects. Thrones are often as frail as those who are on them. They fall from a greater height, and with a more crushing ruin than those beneath them. His past belongs rather to his immature years; his future will develop the good or evil of his heart. It is said he will spend several months in his Italian dominions.

On a dark morning, several hours before dawn, a skillful gondolier rowed me over the winding canal to the depot. Naught was heard but the measured beat of the oar and the slight plashing of the water, and the occasional cry of a gondolier shouting a signal to avoid collision with some unseen bark. We narrowly escaped a shower that was poured out of a lofty garret, to which my attendant replied with a menacing tone of voice. Taken all together, Venice is quite an original place. A city whose streets are canals and whose cabs are barks, which is free from the rumbling of carts and carriages, in which no horse or beast of burden is ever seen, possesses features which have few equals. The source and scene of so much fiction and fable, it is not strange that a nearer acquaintance with its winter climate should dispel the illusion of a fictitious Venetian winter. Those who never make the experiment may fondly cherish their dreams of its perpetual, balmy spring, which they get from poets and travelers. But a winter without stoves is so chillingly real that it disappoints poetical expectations.

The road to Milan passes by Padua, famous for its University. In many places the country resembles a continuous garden. Fruit orchards and mulberry gardens extend over large districts. Long, leafless vines joined the trees, which must form an enchanting scenery during the summer.

It is natural that an American should look for the Lombardy poplar in traveling through Lombardy. A few straggling rows I saw, but in tall, stately proportion they seemed inferior to their transplanted offspring in America. The Boza at Venice, a violent fall wind,

which sometimes overturns the cumbrous diligence by its sweeping current, had prepared me for the keen damp atmosphere of Milan. Snow fell during every night, and the air was so biting as to defy the shelter of clothing. While the fur-clad nobility were shivering through the streets, bare-footed mendicant friars, with nought but a loose brown robe and sandals, bore the cold without any apparent discomfort. A most singular class of Christians these friars are, who are poor from principle and make a virtue of begging. It would seem more meritorious if they would employ their powers in habits of industry, by means of which they could benefit the Church and their fellow-men.

The Church of St. Ambrose, in the western part of the city, was built on the ruins of the temple of Bacchus in the fourteenth century. Within her gray walls the dust of Ambrose reposes. Here he administered the Holy Supper when he locked the door against Theodosius, until he would repent of his cruelties to the Thessalonians. I mused for a while in the old court of the church, which was most likely the scene of this bold act of ministerial duty. A weak unprotected bishop, from an honest impulse of duty, tells a proud and mighty monarch his crimes, and bids him withdraw and repent before he approach the holy sacrament. The Emperor, in extenuation of his guilt, refers him to the sins of King David. Ambrose replied: "Thou hast imitated David in thy crimes, imitate him also in thy repentance." And Theodosius regarding him as a messenger from God, betakes himself to seek repentance and pardon.

The Dom of Milan, "the eighth wonder of the

world," next to St. Peter's at Rome, and the Dom of Seville, is said to be the largest in the world. It was commenced more than five hundred years ago. In 1805, Napoleon I. ordered its completion, but it still remains unfinished. About forty millions of dollars have already been spent in its erection. It is entirely built of white marble, even down to the window sash. Fifty-two columns, eight feet in diameter, rise majestically, until they blend with the tesselated roof, one hundred and fifty feet from the floor, all ribbed into an endless variety of frett-work, like large, petrified leaves. Three large windows at the end of the choir contain three hundred Scripture paintings. Each pain has a distinct painting, extending from the Creation to the day of Pentecost. The one window is entirely covered with Gospel scenes, commencing with the marriage of Mary. When the sun shines on them, their rich coloring beams with indescribable splendor. On the roof one is surrounded with several hundred marble spires, each crowned with a statue. Thousands of marble flowers, chiseled into perfectly-formed petals, cover the roof, no two being alike, and five thousand statues ornament the vast edifice in its various parts.

A person is never done seeing it. Every successive visit discovers new symbols, and reveals new features of architectural beauty. The silence of a holy solitude seems to dwell beneath its lofty arches, where, even among a crowd, one feels alone with God. Even the visiting skeptic is afraid to speak above a whisper, lest he might disturb the solemn hush of mute grandeur. Often and long as I had pondered over it, I felt eager

to linger longer amid its wonders. And when on the point of leaving, I hastened back once more from the ticket office to catch the brief delight of a parting moment. And yet it is strange that we should be so much charmed by the lifeless images and copies of works, which we see in such free abundance around us, growing and throbbing beneath the touch of the Omnipotent Architect. The flushing colors of life, the leaves and limbs, and human bodies that grow from an animating principle, possess qualities high and mysterious, of which painting and sculpture must ever come infinitely short. While the one bodies forth shapes and images of Nature, the other is the growth of the substance. Why should we marvel more at the shadow than the substance? Art developes and decays, is faulty or faithful. Nature in its types neither changes nor decays. The cedar of Lebanon, and the oak of Germany just look as they did three thousand years ago. Its life principles will always develop the same symmetrical forms in landscapes and living bodies.

"States fall, Arts fade—but Nature doth not die."

Very often a church seems all the more sacred for being empty. Visiting it alone, you can collect and calm your thoughts, without any visible earthly disturbings. Charles Lamb, speaking of this difference of feeling, which attends us between entering an empty and a crowded church, says: "In the latter it is chance, but some present human frailty—an act of inattention on the part of some of the auditory—or a trait of affectation, or worse, vain-glory on that of the preacher—puts us by our best thoughts, disharmoni-

zing the place and the occasion. But wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness? go alone on some week-day, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton, traverse the cool aisles of some country church; think of the piety that has kneeled there—the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there—the meek pastor—the docile parishioner. With no disturbing emotions, no cross-conflicting comparisons, drink in the tranquility of the place, till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that weep and kneel around thee."

How grand seem the master-builders of the Middle Ages! Creating the design of a glorious temple, and spending a life-time in laying the foundation—leaving the finishing of it to after ages; and these after ages taking hold of the work in turn, carrying it forward, through centuries, to its completion. Somehow their faith taught them to toil patiently from sire to son, without expecting ever to see the completion of their work. Who would not be willing, or able to work so long and so well, on a work for God? Twelve months for the building of a church is now a long time. It is well that we can build so much sooner; for living and dying as fast as people do now, we must needs do the work of God more quickly, but alas, not so well. It is refreshing to study the lives of these old masters, who carved their grand thoughts in stone, and graved sermons of Love and Life into the undecaying rock.

In 1835 the family tombstone of Erwin of Steinbach was discovered in the small court behind the Chapel of St. John, in the Cathedral of Strasburg.

And along the wall is his statue, carved by himself. One seems mysteriously to sit at the feet of this ancient builder, as he strolls through this building. His spirit, with noiseless footsteps, attends your goings. His thoughts you read in the durable work of his hands. So is it here, so is it in the streets, galleries and churches of many old European cities.

Passing from Milan to Genoa was like a sudden transition from January to June. A genial, vernal atmosphere hovers cheeringly around the city. Delightful breezes waft in an exhilarating temperature from the gulf, making winter clothing rather an encumbrance than a comfort. The city is beautifully situated at the southern base of the Appenines, which form a natural rampart to shelter it from the blighting storms of the north. The mountain extends around it like an amphitheatre. The trees have just received the first golden tinge of Autumn, while the ground is still clad with verdure, and the gardens with the freshness of spring vegetation. It is refreshing to enjoy in December the genial atmosphere of a mild May-day, and the scenery of June, blending with the first tinges of the seared leaf. Around the receding suburbs large terraced gardens, interspersed with orange and olive trees, rise one above the other.

The city covers several steep knobs around which its streets of palaces are steeply piled in grand magnificence. In passing through some of them the topmost buildings seem to rest on the roofs of those below them. Some are eight and nine stories in height. Some can only be approached by winding footpaths.

An old proverb says, "Genoa has a sea without

fish, a country without trees, and men without faith." But I have eaten of the fish of its sea, seen the trees in its gardens, and if the outward is a correct indication of the inward, its crowded churches show that its men are not all sceptics. The churches were mostly filled during the whole Sunday. And its worshippers manifested their devotion in their own way, as fervently as those of other cities. But outside of the churches, the city was like a hive of heathenism. While the priests were chanting their psalms, venders of merchandise had fixed their temporary stores around the church doors. Blind minstrels, street actors and jugglers, all had their audiences. Others played a sort of Italian "ten pins," or exhibited feats of bodily agility, all within sight and hearing of the church doors. I have seldom felt more lost and forlorn on the Lord's day than here. In the afternoon I worshipped with a little Scotch Presbyterian flock, in "an upper room" of a deserted palace. They sang Devizes, an air which carried me back in spirit and memory to the period and congregation in which I was first taught to sing God's praise. A Scotch brother preached on John 6: 44. Some of these Scotch brethren have a dry Theology. The second part of the sermon was taken up in a series of manly efforts to extricate his hearers out of the fatalism, into which the first had entangled them. It is a strange policy to tax the minds of practical, unlettered congregations fifty-two Sundays in the year, by trying to explain the inexplicable mystery of a subordinate doctrine. Still I could easily forgive him the indulgence in his favorite dogma, for the comfort which I derived from worship-

ping with them. The following day was a Festival, during which the churches were even more crowded than on the previous day, and the confusion of the street amusements more noisy.

The Genoese females excel in modest apparel. Their plain, but fine clothing, resembling those of the Quakers, with a long, white scarf of thin, transparent gauze, hung across the head, giving them the appearance of a tidy simplicity. The name and history of Genoa have become identified with the discoverer of America, but it is uncertain whether he was a native of the city, or of the neighboring village of Cogoleto. In the evening as our steamer bore us out of the harbor, the moon, at short intervals, peeped a smile from behind the clouds, to reveal another glimpse of the beauties we were leaving. Some streets resembled huge steps leading to the top of a hill, whose crowning palace looked like the apex of an inhabited pyramid. And the mountains with their bleak cones, barren, save where the hand of man had made them fertile, shone through the dim, fleeting moonlight, embracing within their sheltering crescent the lovely city, just as they did when Livy described, and the brother of Hannibal destroyed its predecessor. Just then, too, the Vesper-bells called to prayers. Some spoke in familiar tones, in language which I seemed often to have heard.

> "Those evenir g bells! those evening bells!
> How many a tale their music tells
> Of youth and home, and that sweet time
> When last I heard their soothing chime."

While engaged in these pleasant reveries, the swell-

ing sea tossed our boat into one of those long-sided gallops, which soon dissipated all sentiment. I thought to brave the disgustful monster, but there was no escape, until the stomach paid its tardy tribute to the Mediterranean. This sea sickness is a ludicrous affliction when it is past, but most woeful while it lasts. I threw me on my couch, hat, boots and cloak on, as I wore them all evening, and so I lay till next morning, with not enough resolution to put either of them aside. Such is life. We are often "such stuff as dreams are made of," a succession of pleasure and pain, of romance and reality. Next morning I awoke in the harbor of Livorno, where we were kept waiting three hours before we could go on shore. Here my passport was examined thrice, and the baggage twice in the course of an hour. Thence I departed with the train for Pisa and Florence. The former city is noted for its leaning tower, on which Galileo discovered the law of gravitation, and of the latter one says:

> "Of all the fairest cities of the earth,
> None is so fair as Florence."

In some Italian cities the inhabitants have a strange way of disposing of their dead. And in Genoa a very unchristian practice seems to prevail. When a person among the Jews died, the nearest relatives would close his eyes and kiss the corpse. Thereupon the remains would be washed and wrapped in a large, clean linen cloth, or bandaged with narrow strips of grave-clothes. The careful and costly embalming, which Jacob and Joseph received, was only accorded to persons of wealth and royal lineage. As persons who had touched a

corpse were considered ceremonially unclean, and were excluded for a fixed time from the privileges of the sanctuary, the dead were mostly buried soon after their death, to prevent this ceremonial defilement. Besides, in such warm, eastern climates it is, for sanitary reasons, unwise to delay the burial of the dead. Their burial-places were usually outside the towns, (Luke i. 12; John xi. 30), save in the case of kings and prophets. (2 Sam. xxviii. 3; xxvii). The tombs consisted of natural or excavated caves. Whoever could afford it, had a family burying-place. (Gen. xxiii. 30). Not to rest with one's "fathers" was a sad misfortune. Burial-places were specially provided for pilgrims, strangers, and poor people. (Jer. xxvi. 23; 2 Kings xxiii. 6; Matthew xxvii. 7). Here and there a monument would mark a tomb. (2 Sam. xviii. 18). The graves of evil-doers were covered with a heap of stones. (Joshua vii. 26; viii. 29). To this day the passing Moslem hurls a stone at the monument over Absalom's grave, outside the walls of Jerusalem, until a large pile of stones has accumulated.

The early Christians, like the Jews, buried their dead; the heathen custom of burning them was discarded. The funeral ceremonies were decently and devoutly performed. When Stephen was stoned to death, "devout men carried him to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." (Acts viii. 2). In the reign of Charlemagne some of the Saxons burned their dead, whereupon this monarch made such an offence of burning punishable by death.

The early Christians used to hold their meetings of worship around the graves of the saints. They had

such a deep veneration for their dust, that they consecrated their graves by building churches over them. Thus St. Peter's of Rome is built over the alleged grave of the Apostle Peter; and St. Paul's in the same city is on the reputed tomb of the Apostle to the Gentiles. In the process of time superstition ascribed miraculous power to the bones and dead bodies of the saints. The relics of the dead acquired a fabulous value. Cities fought bloody battles to get possession of the ashes of the saints, whom they persecuted and tortured while living.

There is a touching fitness in the old custom of burying the dead in the "church-yard." What place so well suited for their rest as the ground and grove consecrated by the deeds and devotions of their pious life; right around the sanctuary, where the living and the dead remain in peaceful company. And as one after another falls asleep, their near repose in the "God's Acre," helps to keep them under the eye and in the heart of their survivors.

> "I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
> The burial-ground God's Acre! It is just;
> It consecrates each grave within its walls,
> And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.
>
> "God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
> Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
> The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,
> Their bread of life, alas! no more their own."

In Italy and the East some large churches have underground apartments, specially arranged for the storing away of human remains. In a building in the Convent Garden at Mount Sinai, the dead of centuries are treasured up. One room contains the

bones of priests, the other those of lay-monks. After two or three years the dead bodies are laid on iron grates in a separate vault. After that the bones are separated and assorted. The arms are laid on one pile, the legs on another, the ribs on a third, etc. The bones of archbishops, whose bodies, with their clothing and property, are always brought here after death, are kept in small wooden boxes. In this abode of death one feels strangely and solemnly impressed. The members of this silent family are steadily increased by the yearly arrival of new ones.

"It must be a solemn feeling, one should think, with which the monks repair to this spot, and look upon these relics of mortality—their predecessors, their brethren, their daily companions, all present here before them, in their last earthly shape of ghastliness; with whom, too, their own bones must so soon, in like manner, be mingled piecemeal, and be gazed upon perhaps, like them, by strangers from a distant world. I know of no place where the living and the dead come in closer contact with each other, or where the dread summons to prepare for death, rises with a stronger power before the mind."

Such an arrangement is only feasible in a very dry climate, as is found in Egypt and Arabia. In the south of Europe it is attended with more disagreeable and damaging results. Dickens tells of a custom prevailing in Genoa, which is an outrage on civilization.

"There is very little tenderness for the bodies of the dead here. For the very poor, there are immediately outside one angle of the walls, and behind a

jutting point of the fortification, near the sea, certain common pits—one for every day in the year—which all remain closed up, until the turn of each comes for its daily reception of dead bodies. Among the troops in the town there are usually some Swiss, more or less. When any of these die, they are buried out of a fund maintained by such of their countrymen as are residents in Genoa. Their providing coffins for these men is a matter of great astonishment to the authorities. Certainly, the effect of this promiscuous and indecent splashing down of dead people into so many wells, is bad. It surrounds death with revolting associations, that insensibly become connected with those whom death is approaching. Indifference and avoidance are the natural result; and all the softening influences of the great sorrow are harshly disturbed.

"When the better kind of people die, or are at the point of death, their nearest relations generally walk off; retiring into the country for a little change, and leaving the body to be disposed of without any superintendence from them. At Rome there is a similar arrangement, where many of the poor classes are dumped down like so many hides into tanners' vats.

"It is a comfort to know that the Genoese and Romans find few imitators of these inhuman customs. In many an Italian Cemetery, beautified by nature and by art, the rich and the poor meet together, and peacefully slumber, side by side.

"Few men are honored with so grand a monument as Charles Borromeo, who sleeps under the altar of the Cathedral of Milan. He was a great and

good man. So faithfully did he minister to the young and old of his flock, that it was said of him he knew but two streets in Milan; that which led to the school, and that which led to the church. He turned his back upon the world, and spent his vast fortune for the relief of the poor and afflicted. He founded 740 schools, manned with 3,040 teachers, and 40,000 scholars are recorded. He wore out his life in serving the sick and dying during a great plague. He sold his furniture and his plate to buy bread for the poor, even gave them his straw-bed, and slept on a board. For three hundred years, Catholics and Protestants have alike revered his memory. Beneath the lofty arches, in an underground chapel of one of the grandest churches ever erected by the hand of man, repose the remains of the good man. The man who wore the plainest clothing, and discarded all ornaments, that he might the better be able to relieve the poor, now lies imbedded in gold and silver, jewels and precious metals.

"The tapers which are lighted down there, flash and gleam on alte-relievi in gold and silver, delicately wrought by skillful hands, and representing the principal events in the life of the saint. Jewels and precious metals shine and sparkle on every side. A windlass slowly removes the front of the altar; and within it, in a gorgeous shrine of gold and silver, is seen through alabaster the shrivelled mummy of a man, the pontifical robes with which it is adorned, radiant with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, very costly and magnificent gems. The shrunken heap of poor earth, in the midst of this great litter, is more pitiful than if it lay on

a dunghill. There is not a ray of imprisoned light in all the flash and fire of jewels, that seems to mock the dusty holes where eyes were once. Every thread of silk in the rich vestments seems only a provision from the worms that spin, for the behoof of worms that propagate in sepulchres."

Florence has at present an American Indian Summer (15th of Dec.) Warm rains and a few hours of sunshine in the afternoon still give nature a fresh appearance. The mountains clustering around it, covered with country villas, lawns and lofty avenues of evergreen, look very pretty. With considerable effort I clambered on the top of a few, from where I had an enchanting view of Florence and its environs. It looks like other Italian cities, with its full share of the filth, rags and beggary, so inseparable from municipal antiquities, with which the muddy waters of the Arno flowing through it are in full keeping. These mountains on which Dante dreamed and Galileo watched and followed the course of the stars, seen beneath the clear blue sky, and through the transparent atmosphere of Italy, cannot easily be described. Here a knightly castle crowns a steep knoll, and there an unfrequented chapel moulders in vernal solitude, around which a world of beauty spreads out before the vision.

> "Its upland sloping deck the mountain side,
> Woods over woods in gay theatric pride,
> While oft some temples' mouldering tops between,
> With venerable grandeur marks the scene."

The Italian atmosphere, so clear and transparent, adds much to the beauty of its scenery. Objects, and especially natural scenery, can be seen at a distance of

many miles as distinctly as if they were near by. The churches of Florence, of which it boasts 170 for its 100,000 inhabitants, are not equal to those of some of its northern neighbors. From the number of chapels and priests the Florentines should be a goodly people. The streets abound with the latter, whom one readily recognizes by their polished shoe-buckles, short breeches and grotesque hats. The church of Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence, contains the dust and monuments of Italian genius. Italy excels all the world for cruel ingratitude to her great men. She has canonized them for a martyrdom, which she herself has inflicted; and builds the tombs of the Poets and the Philosophers whom she has killed. How cruelly she hunted down poor Tasso and other favorites of the Muses. Here in this sacred temple Florence perpetuates with costly marble the memory of her three sons, whose life she embittered by desertion, imprisonment and exile. Machiavelli is honored with a noble monument, and his house is preserved as a sacred relic, in which he sought relief from famishing want by poison. A splendid monument tells the fame of the immortal Dante, who, after fifteen years of exile, spurned the invitation to return to his native city. And after his death the Pope forbade them to remove even his remains to Santa Croce. On his splendid marble sarcophagus is inscribed in letters of gold.

Ornate l'altissimo poeta.

And then her Galileo, whom she incarcerated for making one of the greatest discoveries that ever had dawned upon the world, and made him end his life of unmerited ignominy and suffering in his cell. But

even England that boasts of great humanity, left another star in astronomical science pine away in want.

> "No mortal spirit yet had clomb so high,
> As Kepler—yet his country saw him die
> For very want! the minds alone he fed,
> And so the bodies left him without bread."

Within these damp walls Michel Angelo is buried. But monuments more enduring than that around his tomb, are in some of the Florentine galleries of Fine Arts. These contain some of the best works of the old masters. The present generation of Italian artists are chiefly copyists. The productive period of Italian Art is past. In everything she is dependent upon her past. Her halls of Art are crowded with busy artists, but all copy. In strolling through the two principal galleries for several days, I was sometimes almost as forcibly impressed by the physiognomy and peculiarities of the copyists as by the paintings. And I thought in my simplicity, if I were a painter as much as I am not, I would like to give to the world a painting of this original scene. The isolating Englishman, whose nicely parted hair over the back of his head and tight choking little collar, are symbolical of his partitioning disposition, and the adventurous young Jonathan, whose dashing, hopeful looks show a disdain for inherited reputation; the dark-eyed Italian maiden, with hair glistening like the feathers of a raven, and the matron of the north peering over, under, and through her spectacles to get the correct features; the starched, bejeweled Parisian fop, and the poorly-clad menial with greasy, thread-bare garments; the gray-headed, care-worn sire and the aspiring youth making his apprentice efforts;

all were grouped together on stands, chairs and tripods, brushing and penciling the canvas for money, fame or bread. To multiply works of merit, so as to bring them within the reach of many, copying may be of great use, but as a branch of the Art it falls infinitely short of the true idea of Painting. It does not express the thoughts of the artist himself, but simply gives a transcript of those of another. The works of the copyist are all quotations.

In early life, everything that we see and hear, is educational. Blessed are the young, who hear and see much that is refining and ennobling. Italy is favored with great beauty of scenery. Its landscapes are unequalled. And chief among these is that around Florence. Mountains, holding lovely glens in their embrace; fruitful valleys, sloping down to Arno's banks; trees of large variety, receiving richest coloring from the peculiarity of atmosphere and climate—all combine to make Florence

"A gem
Of purest ray, a treasure for a casket."

This has for many centuries made it the attraction of artists; and these, in turn, have enriched it with their rare works. On these lovely landscapes Michel Angelo looked from a child. He caught his grandest inspirations from this school of Nature. To him there was no place like the quiet, pure retreats of the mountains. In later life he fled from the Spaniards when they besieged Rome. Entirely alone, he sought peace and safety among the hills. When he was brought back, he sadly exclaimed: "I have left more than half my soul there; for truly there is no peace but in the woods."

CHAPTER XX.

SIENNA. ACROSS THE APENNINES. ROME. FRASCATI. ALBANO. TIVOLI. THE VATICAN. THE POPE AND THE PEOPLE. THE CATACOMBS. THE GHETTO OR JEWISH QUARTER.

It was on the 15th of December, before day-break, as I drearily walked toward the depot in Florence. On the dark cold streets I met many people going to early Mass. At Sienna, a Tuscan city, thirty-one miles south-east of Florence, I tarried a few hours. A host of impertinent porters and guides would scarcely let me pass along the street, seizing hold of my satchel in spite of my remonstrance. From here I proceeded by diligence.

On a pleasant afternoon in the middle of December, I climbed on the coach that was to carry me to Rome. I took a seat with the conductor on the top, so as to have a view of the country through which we passed. Soon we were overtaken by showers, which hid the moon until the view extended only to the boisterous postillions, who beat their limping jades along with laborious cruelty. Sometimes we had eight horses tugging us up the mountain—once six horses and four large oxen pulled us up at a tedious pace. We had already reached the second night, in a dreary, uninhabited region, where the guide books and the lovers of frightful stories put robbers. A young Pole sat him beside me to indulge in visions of the terrible.

For a long distance we met with no dwelling. Each mused in silence over the dismal scene, when at length my friend remarked: "In truth it looks robber-like enough." Looking out into the dark void, all fell into a dreamy hush again, until the conductor broke the long silence by exclaiming "Rome!" when lo! a few straggling lights shone dimly through the dark, misty distance; and there was Rome. It was a charming sight, those little glaring tapers, and called up thoughts of the stars of ancient Rome, as they still shine down upon us through the hazy night of many centuries. They evoked visions of her glory and her shame. The city of the Cæsars! how gratefully I approached her gates; for even to afford me shelter from another cold and dismal night, in the unprotected Campagna, was not a trifling favor.

One may well give way to a thrill of joy, when he emerges out of a dreary waste, haunted by robbers and wild beasts, and sees himself approaching the ancient city, once the metropolis of the civilized world, with a prospect of standing upon the theatre, where the eventful drama of ages transpired, and ponder over the decaying vestiges of her power and glory. A formal glance at us by a stern-looking official at the gate, and our cumbrous coach rumbled through a series of interesting, narrow streets—interesting, because the beginning of Roman sight-seeing, for they looked as bleak as midnight well could make them. Then into a large court, and the heavy gate was barred behind us. After a short custom-house ceremony, I went with my Polish friend to convenient lodgings. The following day we sallied forth in search of a

more permanent residence, which gave us a lesson in the rudiments of treading in the mysterious and crooked footsteps of the ancients. I found a room near the base of the Quirinal. Here, then, I will erect my tent for a month, while I stroll along the banks of the Tiber, which twenty centuries have strewn with ruins. Ruins! strange that we should delight to look upon the decay of other countries when we mournfully shrink from a contemplation of that of our own. But every one will first look for these, and so I forthwith betook me to the Forum and the Coliseum, and often repeated the visit since, and still I go. In my haste I passed by Christian churches to see heathen temples. Indeed many of the ancients were very respectable people, Pagans as they were. These temples are monuments of their earliest searchings and gropings after "the unknown God." But for the grace of God, and His revealed Word, the present generation of our race would be no better.

During the flourishing period of the Empire, the country around Rome was covered with villas or country seats. While all traces have been lost of some, others are partially preserved in honor of their worthy occupants of yore. I look upon my country excursions as the most delightful reminiscences of my visit. One of unusual interest I made in company with a friend to the Alban hills. We started on one of those pleasant days, neither cold nor hot, for which the Italian December is so famous. To Frascati, a distance of twelve miles, we took the cars. From here we ascended to the crest of a lofty hill, the site of ancient Tusculum, the birth-place of Cato. Its few unten-

anted ruins still gave proof of its ancient power. Immediately below is the villa of Cicero, commanding a view of the bleak Campagna, with Rome in its centre, like an isle in the sea. Leaning against the murky walls I feasted for a short time on the prospect, and then reaching up to pluck a few ivy leaves from what once was a stately dwelling, and a few dahlias around the front, as mementoes, we descended into a narrow valley covered with cane-fields and grazing herds. Then ascended another knob crowned with a little village; thence along a beautiful ridge to Lake Alban.

This lovely sheet of water spreads out in the crater of an extinct volcano, and is about six miles in circumference. The ancients, fearful that its waters would burst their banks and deluge the adjacent country, constructed a subterranean canal through the mountain to draw them to a safer level. Its banks now rise perhaps four hundred feet above the surface of the water. In some places olive groves slope to the water's edge, and fertile vegetable beds adorn its borders. Its banks, a little mountain embracing the lake in its circle, are partly covered with aged elms, overhanging one of the most enchanting roads I have ever trod. In one direction lay the vast Campagna, and in the other, far down, the placid little lake, with a solitary bark floating over its dimpling, clear surface. Beyond it runs a succession of bleak volcanic cones, separated by dells of scanty vegetation. But this charming little sea!—it is like a precious pearl in a diadem—like a calm, bright eye beneath a care-worn brow, through which a pure, serene soul beams with peace upon us. On the outside declivity is Albano, associated with classic

memories. The apple trees on Tusculum, and the numerous vines creeping over cane frames around the base of the Alban hills, reminded me of their luscious vegetable fruit, of which Horace and Virgil sang. On a projection of the mountain in front of the village is a grove commanding an extensive view. After our pleasant, but fatiguing rambles, we spent the hour of closing day here. For awhile we mused over the dreary, dreaded country,

> "Where Campagna's plain forsaken lies,
> A weary waste, expanded to the skies."

But as the sun approached the horizon, a sheet of red, luminous haze bathed the earth's surface. The Mediterranean shone like a sea of molten silver, bearing here and there a sail, while the departing rays shone with a mellow, half-shaded light upon Rome, which gave it the appearance of a beautiful painting. The wheat, grass and cane-fields were bathed by the sunset in various colors. The distant bleating of flocks; the jingling of mule-bells, and the urging shout of the drivers; the hammering of the smithy; the laugh and prattlings of childhood in the distance; the chirping of a solitary bird aside of me, and finally the deep peals of the Vesper-bells—these furnished a feast upon which the spirit regaled with mute delight. It was a happy day, which a bountiful Providence filled with more than a common share of joys. How gratefully we sat down to our repast that evening in the town of Albano. It was already going towards a late hour as we sat together in mute reflection. At length I broke the silence, after thinking of another pleasant country toward the setting sun.

"Tell me, Roland, the cause of thine unusual silence."

"Something not very relevant to the pleasant business of this memorable day," he replied. "As I sat here, thoughts of home came over me, and thou knowest we cannot well forget that either."

"That is just what I have caught myself at. Perhaps this cheerful, crackling fire on the hearth is somewhat to blame for it."

"Well, if it is, I feel grateful to it for awakening such pleasant images and memories."

"But I have told thee so much of my short, prosy history, tell me something of thine."

"Mine," said my Polish friend, "is barren in interest and results, with many vexations and little success. It is soon told. My ancestors emigrated to Poland from Germany. They shared in its darkest trials and misfortunes, which my parents yet tasted in a more than ordinary degree. They intended to educate me for a jurist, a profession of which from my early youth I was passionately fond. After I had gained a number of the first honors, I graduated in the Gymnasium. But as only the nobility have access to the Universities in Russia, I could not complete my studies. For two years I sought admission, but in vain. At length I was forced into the mercantile business, for which I have neither taste nor talent. Whilst thou art contentedly laboring in a sphere for which nature and grace have designed thee, I am in one for which I have neither. Part of my young life has already been turned into a winter of discontent. But now my only plan will be to make the best of my unwilling calling. Ah, my friend, thou dwellest

in a happy country. Mine is now passing through the last ordeal of extinction. Formerly, we had two flourishing Universities in Poland. But these were taken from us; and now it has come so far, that only the sons of the nobility can attend the Gymnasia. Those who will complete their studies, must visit the Russian Universities, perhaps a thousand miles off. All this is to strip us of the last vestiges of Polish nationality, and infuse into us the torpid spirit of serfdom. But the Czar will find it a labor as ignoble as it is laborious to make us Russians. If Russia devours Poland, she will find her a very indigestible dish for her present stomach, which may cause her many a pang. But I pray thee, tell not my complaints to thy Russian friends at Rome, lest the spies will beset my path and aggravate my present privations." This closed our first day upon the Alban hills. The following day we made several excursions to the ancient Arriccia, still more picturesque than Albano, and then returned home.

A few days later, we took a stroll along the Via Appia, the "Regina Viarum" of the old Romans. For eight miles the road is but a path through an ancient burying-ground. Along both sides are the nameless, untenanted tombs of those, whose very dust has been blown out of their neglected vaults. In the places where the proud patrician was laid, amid "the boast of heraldry and the pomp of war," the wandering beggar now finds a grateful shelter from the sudden shower. Among the few that have been tolerably preserved, is the grave of Seneca. His humble tomb, like his "Morals," has survived the proud epitaphs and perish-

able monuments of ignoble fame. The largest preserved monument is that of Cæcilia Metella, on which the tooth of Time has gnawed for more than nineteen centuries. But it speaks neither of hope, nor abiding good to the living:

> "Thus much we know—Metella died,
> The wealthiest Roman's wife; behold his love or pride."

While musing along the streets of the dead, we were overtaken by an English sporting party. They were out on a fox chase. A line of carriages, more than a mile long, crowded around the starting point. For a short time coaches followed in the rear, but soon those on horseback left them so far behind, that they had to be content as spectators. Ladies, like modern Amazons, vied with the lords of creation in the eager sport. It is remarkable how the excitement of the chase blinds them to all danger. One coach rolled over with a crashing noise, unheeded, save by a few loafers. One was pitched from his horse a number of times in the most frightful manner. At length the animal ran away with him, minus his coat and hat, and laid him very roughly aside of a ruined wall. I thought he had fallen to rise no more, until he rose to limp after his steed again. The whole scene of mingled levity and dash for pleasure was in strange contrast with these deserted abodes of the dead. On our return we struck across the fields, as we would say in America, past the grove of Egerie, and examined many scattered ruins.

Our third excursion was to the Sabine hills, and Tivoli, the Tibur of the ancients. The dells and ascending terraces around the city are filled with

ancient olive groves, as in the days of Horace, from which its inhabitants principally live. The Anio, a mountain river, diverges into a number of branches, which plunge over precipices more than a hundred feet high. Several rush through under the city, and boil over the rugged crags amid clouds of spray. Far down in a foggy gorge one tumbles wildly out of a cave, over large petrified trees and cane. In the evening we watched the bleak plain as the twilight settled on it. One object after another disappeared, until nothing remained but the dome of St. Peter's, perched on the distant horizon. When the moon arose, we wandered about among the cascades and watched their wild dashings through the winding clefts of their half-visible beds. On our return the streets were all deserted. Entering a *cafe*—an important institution for news, nourishment and social intercourse among the modern Italians—we sought relief from the dismal loneliness of the dark streets. And even here we found ourselves alone. We asked the attendant, "Where are all your towns-people?" "Ah!" he said, "the olive hath borne no fruit, and so the Tiburnians must go early to bed."

The next morning we clambered down into the gorges and the caverns, and visited several classical villas. The most interesting was the villa of Hadrian, which looks like a small city of palaces in ruins. After leaving this, we were overtaken by one of those sudden showers, for which the Italian sky is famous. We sought shelter in a wayside shrine, where many a pilgrim has performed his devotions. Here, while the chilling rain blew around us, we made a meagre dinner on a few

pieces of bread. How keenly we relished our simple fare, more than could the glutted epicure his choicest dishes. We had an aged guide, whose tough agility beshamed our cumbrous gait. Many a curious tourist has he schooled in the history and legendary lore of his native Sabine. "I have traversed these hills from a child," he said. "Two royal travelers, the princes of Saxony and Bavaria, have followed in my wake. I have fought under Napoleon I. Napoleon the *first*," he repeated. "This one at Paris is a Little Napoleon (*Picholi Napoleonchino.*) I have seen much in Italy and out of it, but here in my native Tibur will I spend the evening of my days. Is not this a most pretty place to fall asleep in? See how yonder olives of former ages still thrive. Seest thou the fine herds on yonder hillside? And then look at those waterfalls! Thou shouldst see them when the mountains and trees are green, when lowing herds, singing birds, and playing, prattling children mingle their sounds with their rough roar. Then I think of my boyhood's days. But now I am fast growing old. My hair is white. I can no longer bound over these hills as at first. Yes, I will soon sleep with my fathers. But they will lay me on yonder hill, near those fountains, groves and rills. The cascades shall still rush and roar on after I am gone." Yes, methought, for his colloquy roused me to earnest reflection, if thou art a child of God, they will long roar their unheeded requiem over thy remains while thou art in "a better country."

I thought I had seen and felt much of Rome, but when rambling among its ruins during moonlight,

I felt new thrills of power and beauty, which far surpassed the rest. And how brightly the moon shines here! It could not be more so without becoming daylight. To stand by these fountains, sparkling in moonlight like sheets of liquid light, guarded by busts and hoary statues of speaking marble—to stand in temples, where the blind zeal of a false religion tried to secure the favor of heaven, by pouring human blood upon their altars—to peer into their dark vaults by the aid of a few rays that penetrate their crevices, are things to be remembered. What a pile of unforgetful power is the Pantheon in moonlight! And the Forum, with its few surviving columns, like pillars of smoke in the perishing waste of the past! In the Coliseum, too, I have stood and looked at the moon and the stars, and thought how they shone upon its glory and cruel shame. I looked through the tufts of waving grass on the border of its lofty walls, and through its arches, to the moon and the stars. An awful stillness hovered around it like the hush of a churchyard at midnight. Not a sound was heard, save the slow tread of the guard, and the distant barking of a dog. Yes, the spectral sound of the owl I heard across the way in the palaces of the Cæsars. The last time I was there, I ascended to the top with the aid of a glaring pine torch. I looked down into the vast arena, and out upon the arches of Titus and Constantine, while the ghostly bird of Night was perched on a topmost stone above me, from which it piped its dismal dirge over this grave of Rome. I listened to the stillness of a sleeping world till near midnight, and then would fain have tarried longer. How vividly I felt the force of Childe Harold's description:

"The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved, darking the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and
More near from the Cæsars' palace came
The owls' long cry, and interruptedly
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle sound.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bow-shot where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through level'd battlements
And twine its roots with the imperial hearths."

On a certain day a few of us ascended the dome of St. Peter's. When we reached the roof we joined nine young priests in the ascent. After stepping around a rope until my head began to reel, and creeping through narrow stairways, walking around the vast, open gallery, looking down several hundred feet into the church, we reached the last station. The rest of the way was made up a small iron ladder through a vertical pipe. The priests laid aside their robes and their all-brimmed hats. Several, of more portly dimensions than the rest, well nigh bunged the opening for us, to the great diversion of their brethren. Though more slender, I found considerable labor to twist and struggle through this ærial orifice, which caused no little merriment to my friends at the top of the ladder. Arrived at the summit, we crouched down in the great ball on the lofty dome of St. Peter's, four hundred feet above the pavement, a very odd group, I must own. I could not help but think of Saul among the prophets.

Few places in Rome afford one so much rational

and instructive enjoyment as the Vatican. The term Vatican has acquired a technical meaning. It is applied to a collection of buildings, aside of St. Peter's grand Cathedral. These buildings cover a space of 1200 feet in length, and 1000 feet in breadth. Here, on the spot once occupied by the gardens of Nero, the Bishop of Rome in the early part of the sixth century built an humble residence. In 1160, Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a grander scale. A few years later, Innocent II. gave it as a dwelling to Peter II, King of Aragon. In 1305 Clement V., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon. For more than seventy years the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect. In 1376 the Papal Court returned to Rome. Soon after the Vatican was repaired and enlarged. For more than one thousand years the Popes had made the Lateran palace their official residence. In 1377 Gregory XI. adopted it as the Pontifical residence, which it has continued to be down to the present. Different Popes added new buildings to the original palace. For centuries they have gathered into its numerous galleries antiquarian and art treasures, until it has become the richest depository in the world.

The Vatican Library was commenced fourteen hundred years ago. It contains 40,000 ancient manuscripts. Among these are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles Borromeo, besides those of many other ancient worthies. Here are many Hebrew, Syrian, Greek, Arabian and Armenian Bibles, found nowhere else. It has carefully treasured up more than 70,000

statues, exhumed from the ruined palaces and temples of Rome.

It has a gallery of Inscriptions, two hundred and thirty yards long, containing more than 3000 specimens, taken from the sepulchres of the ancients. It is the finest collection known. Many of these are tablets found in the catacombs of Rome. Upon them are inscribed the faith and hope of the early Christian martyrs, who lived and died in these dark caverns from love to Christ. Very significant are these epitaphs, found preserved in the Vatican and elsewhere. They are short, simple and to the point, such as the following:

"In Christ, Martyrius lived ninety-one years,
He chose this spot during his life. In peace."

"Victorina in peace and in Christ."

"Primitian in peace; a most valiant martyr, after many torments. Aged 38. His wife raised this to her dearest, well-deserving husband."

"In Christ. In the time of the Emperor Adrian, Marius, a young military officer, who had lived long enough, when, with his blood he gave up his life for Christ. At length he rested in peace. The well-deserving set up this with tears and in fear, on the 6th Ides of December."

"Here lies Gordianus, deputy of Gaul, who was murdered with all his family, for the faith; they rest in peace. Theophila, his hand-maid, set up this."

"Sacred to Christ, the Supreme God. Vitalis, buried on Saturday, Kalends of August. She lived twenty-five years and three months. She lived with her husband, ten years and thirty days. In Christ the first and the last."

Many tablets contain the inscription:

"He (or she) sleeps in the peace of the Lord."

These epitaphs were mostly carved by the unskilled, sorrowing relatives of the departed. Long and hard must they have wrought at the few words, with the

aid of a sharpened piece of iron and a flickering torch. For in their dark and dreary abodes there were no stone-cutters to do the work for them. Some of these poor mourners were evidently unlettered, for the spelling of the names is often wrong, and the letters are bunglingly carved. With strange emotions one reads the imperfect record, which the sorrowing love and piety of seventeen hundred years ago graved on these stones. Their faith in Christ and in a happy hereafter is humble, trustful and real as that of a little child.

The inscriptions on pagan tombs clearly show that they were without God, and without hope beyond the present life. How dark and dreary must have been the grave to such. Take the following as a few samples:

"O, relentless Fortune, who delightest in cruel death,
Why is Maximus so early snatched from me?"

"To the Divine Manes of Titus Claudius Secundus, who lived 57 years. Here he enjoys everything. Baths, wine and love, ruin our constitutions,—but they make life what it is. Farewell, farewell."

"While I lived, I lived well. My play is now ended, soon yours will be. Farewell, and applaud me."

In Rome we must talk of Rome. To see the ruins on the ground associated with their history makes an impression very different from reading their description. I had seen miniature copies of them in London and Berlin, but when I approached them on the spot, and recalled the record of their past, and their classic drapery, less frail than they, I saw in their arches, pillars, and inscriptions still "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." It is the Mystic stamp of

ancient Mind, that makes them tower above the puny creatures of to-day, like the mighty time-worn giants of twenty centuries, which enables the mute marble still to awe the pilgrims from every clime. With what a singular sensation I for the first time approached two colossal statues of Phidias and Praxitiles, and then when, for the first time, I looked down over the Forum from the Capitoline hill,

> "Where a thousand years of silenced factions sleep,"

where a few dark columns and triumphal arches frown down upon the dust of a buried Empire, ah, I felt as if I cared nothing for aught else that Rome contained; the Arch of Titus, erected in honor to him as a memorial of his destruction of Jerusalem, alike a record of history, and a monument of fulfilled prophecy; the Coliseum, "a noble wreck in ruinous perfection," once the scene of gladiatorial games, which could seat ninety thousand people. For two hundred years the Roman princes used its material for building their palaces, but its firm, lofty piles have defied the attacks of rapacious plunderers. Still it remains the grandest edifice of old Rome. Joining the Forum are the palaces of the Cæsars, whose undistinguishable ruins are partly covered with vegetable gardens. Here the present actually feeds on the past, in cabbage as well as arts. After all, it is ancient and not modern Rome, that attracts the student of the past from every country. Here

> "Rude heaps, that had been cities, clad the ground
> With history."

This Forum, once the theatre of proud assemblies,

and resounding with Ciceronian eloquence, and these palaces of the Cæsars once filled with the voice of mirthful laughter, inhabited by minds, mean or mighty, is now a dreary waste of ruins. These have a history, and history never dies. What eventful dramas have here transpired! These massive acqueducts and time-defying monuments of Art, how they proclaim the majesty of the old Roman character! I love to linger beneath their arches and around their base. They tell a tale of other days, and though mingled with blood, it still charms. How it soothes the spirit to turn away from the unrest of the present to this Mausoleum of the past. For it is not all dead.

"Oede immer dem Blick, am bevœlkertsten aber dem Geiste
Bist du stilles Gefuehl, denn die Vergangenheit lebt."

Modern Rome, with all her unrivalled qualities, dwindles into puny insignificance aside of the old city outside of the walls. Here one fancies to see again the simple, modest worth of Cincinnatus, or be terrified by the colossal cruelty of Nero. Massive arches call up the glittering triumphal processions of Titus and Constantine. Here, indeed, the past becomes more an object of feeling than reflection. Often I find a sweet solace here which I seek in vain in her best galleries of Art. And I eagerly catch every leisure moment to spend in Old Rome.

"Flieh aus den Mauern von Rom, um Rom, das Alte zu fuehlen,
Flieh in die Einsamkeit wo es sich lebet dem Geist."

How vastly different the half-deserted Forum of to-day from that of ancient Rome! The site on which the

expectant multitude once thronged and throbbed, carters now occupy to feed their oxen, and plebian women to dry their wash. Under the few remaining arches of the basilica of Constantine a daily crowd of greasy loafers assembles, a ludicrous contrast to their remote sires. In the Coliseum, where once ill-fated captives were pushed into unwilling combat to slay their fellows "to make a Roman holiday," where St. Ignatius was devoured by wild beasts, and numerous martyrs sealed their confession with their blood, a number of shrines now grace the interior, and a small pulpit, from which a cappuchin monk preaches every Friday.

Some of the ancient temples have been converted and consecrated into Christian churches. One of the finest churches in Rome has been formed out of a small part of the baths of Diocletian. The Pantheon, once the home of all the gods, still shows a remarkable durability of workmanship. Shortly before the Christian Era, the Romans here offered a sacred residence to the gods of all nations, even to the Jewish Lawgiver, and some say to Jesus. The niches which then contained their statues are all vacant, except a few. The interior looks bare and desolate, and its services are sparingly attended, for it is used as a church.

Turn we to the modern city, the Rome of Gregory the Great, and we find what many others have in common with it. Numerous princely palaces, founded by glutted opulence, crooked enigmatical streets, that lead you into "wandering mazes lost." One evening I started from the Tiber and walked nearly two hours in an opposite direction, as I thought. I tried my utmost to get away from it, but when I fondly expected

to be near my lodgings, I suddenly turned up on its banks again.

To the honor of its founder I will mention the Corso, a street tolerably straight, traversing the city through the middle, but reaching only to one end. It boasts of pavements, varying from one to three feet in width, which no other street possesses. This is the grand thoroughfare of the modern Romans. On Sunday afternoon it is crowded with a stream of carriages and pedestrians from one end to the other. This is their usual promenading day. At the end of the city is a beautiful garden on the summit of Monte Pincio, and beyond the walls the large villa of Borghese, whither great multitudes resort. And a delightful promenade the latter affords. Ruins, fountains, elm and pine trees are arranged and grow in a pleasing irregularity. Festivals are more strictly observed here than Sunday. They usually commences rather quietly. Stores and shops are closed. But the numerous returning carriages and crowded promenades fill the streets with confusion towards evening.

The general aspect of humanity in modern Rome is a mixture of majesty and meanness, where the fine arts and the mean arts contest the supremacy. The large number of visitors from all parts of the world, especially during the winter and spring, who come here to improve their health, or lose it by indulgence, fills Rome with a species of luxury not far behind that which led to the dissolution of the Empire. The Artists especially, of whom there are said to be eight thousand employed here, care little about anything but their studios. A large class of plebian Romans

excel in feats of villainy. In lying, extortion and deception, for the sake of human nature I hope they have not their equals. They are found all over Italy. Unless you make a fixed bargain, Cicerones will demand three times the usual fee. Others are content with a smaller one, only so they get it without work. Squads of large, lazy, half-naked beings, who rather than move a muscle to labor, roast whole days in the sun, and watch for a chance to beg or cheat a morsel out of some one, are found in the squares and on street corners.

Rome, with a population of one hundred and seventy-five thousand, has fifty thousand beggars, who live on alms. In spite of the numerous institutions of charity, the streets and church-doors are everywhere besieged by them. They will run and cry after you on the street, and run over half the calender of saints, to invoke a blessing for a pittance. Some look disgustingly miserable. Persons with withered limbs, laid bare to excite pity, cripples of every sort. Strong, healthy persons lead about the blind to speculate on their misery. Children whine and play the limping crimple to get a copper. That cities and villages during seven days of the week abound with children, unkempt and unshorn, with scarce enough to cover their nakedness, is only what we meet in London and New York. But the multitude of a torpid do-nothing population, which lounge and recline on the sunny side of the Seven Hills, is a distinction which few cities or countries share. And this, too, in a country distinguished for the salubrity of its climate, and the fertility of its soil. No Scottish

heaths of Polar wastes mock their famishing wants.

> "Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
> The sons of Italy were surely blest.
> Whatever fruits in different climes are found.
> That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground—
> These here disporting own the kindred soil,
> Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil."

The Campagna, the large rolling plain around Rome, covered with a rough surface, the result of volcanic action, once teemed with an almost perennial fertility, but is now little better than a neglected common. Large tracts are portioned off for pasturage, which look as if no furrow had been drawn through them since the days of Cincinnatus. Here and there a herdsman leads his flock to crop off what little is left on the abandoned soil. With little labor it might be covered with waving harvests, which would give work, bread and a decent manliness to the poor. After going out to the Campagna several times through streets, where numerous alms-boxes were rattled after me; where filthy mothers held their still more filthy babes at me; where the sounds of wailing want fell dolefully on my ears, sometimes starting me with an unexpected "Signor, ho, Signor," at my heels, and then entering upon these vast uncultivated fields, which, by a trifling attention, would fill pantries with plenty, my respect for the "paternal" government of modern Rome was greatly diminished. Other causes doubtless contribute measurably to these results. The southern climate is said to exert an enervating influence. The malaria, during the summer months, engenders disease and deformity. But the absence of incentives to indus-

try and thrift begets a disposition that would rather beg than labor, at all hazards. Some receive their alms with cold ingratitude, saying that their benefactors give to buy their souls from perdition. But it would be unjust to judge of a nation's morality by its valets and beggars. The Italians are not all grovelling in meanness. The more educated classes are generous, and evince a tender sympathy for the suffering. They show a fine æsthetical taste in the commonest walks of life. Almost every department of business is ornamented with works of art, down to the cheesemonger and butcher-shop. They are merciful to a fault, which they show towards robbers. No civilized country is more infested by desperadoes than the Papal States. They carry on their daring feats around the walls of Rome without perceptible molestation. Postillions and the police are often parties in the crime. Some years ago the noted chief of a clan was executed, who confessed that he paid the police a hundred dollars a month to keep them informed of the contents of the mail.

Rome is renowned for her public and private charities. These have unwittingly become a source of evil. They have to a great extent served as a prize to poverty and indolence. Large numbers of her paupers are foreigners, persons who came to Rome to follow the business of begging, and are prepared to serve mischief in any form to get bread. They are not a growth of modern times. Rome has been fertile in idlers and loafers, since the days of Juvenal. But we naturally look for progress since then, which, in this particular, is hard to be discovered. Unless a

man has very strong papal proclivities, his respect for Romanism will not increase much by visiting the so-called Holy City. Her treasuries of Art elevate and refine. Her gaudy vestments and pompous processions excite much wonder, but are a poor stimulant to true, simple devotion.

There is a tremendous power in Roman Catholic Art, to which the numerous Protestants who crowd its galleries bear their unwilling testimony. The Church has the material for it: saints, madonnas and poetic fables. If Art were Christianity, or if its works were means of grace and salvation, she would be entitled to her most extravagant claims without any further controversy. But the sin-conscious, gilt-burdened soul finds a poor solace in splendid ceremonials and the creations of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Earnest the worshipers generally seem to be. They look like those who have a serious work to perform, and they go about it with corresponding gravity. That they wish to get rid of their sins, and gain the favor of God, would be blindness to deny. But we must be equally blind, if we cannot see in this fancied metropolis of holiness the prevalence of sundry substitutions, which Butler calls "the Mythology of Romanism." How eagerly and hopefully these poor people kiss and caress their paintings and statues. And where their lips cannot reach them, they will touch them with the hand, and kiss that. I have seen a cross in this city with an inscription, promising absolution for two hundred days to all who will kiss it.

A few hours ago I met a Bohemian female, who is on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. "I will walk all

the way," she said to me, "save a short distance by sea. I will go alone, I must go alone. I have no money, but I fear nothing. The Lord has been with me thus far, and he will go with me to the end." Here is a poor, unprotected woman, without purse or scrip, fearless of Greek robbers and plundering Bedouins, ignorant of the necessary languages, but not of the ferocity of oriental tribes, making a journey from which the stoutest heart might shrink, to redeem a vow, or get released from a long accumulation of sins. I will not discuss the theology of this incident. It is of a piece with the papal method of expiation. I do not wish to pander to the tastes of those who can relish no spiritual food but the execration and hatred of anti-papal froth. But hitherto I have failed to find in Romanism the Church of Mœhler and bishop England.

Everywhere I find a striking discrepancy between the Theology and Religion of the Papacy. The moral turpitude of the Priesthood is acknowledged here even by faithful Catholics. It would be well if churches could sometimes "see themselves as others see them," not even excepting the Romish Church. While she professes to be above and beyond Protestant criticism, Protestants have at least a right to "know the tree by its fruits." Making due allowance for the exaggerated stories and lewd lying speculations of the unscrupulous renegades, which she has vomited upon us, there is enough corrupt fruit to convince every one, who hath a "single eye," that the tree is corrupt.

A short time ago, on the 20th of December, the column and statue erected in honor of the Immaculate Conception, was to be uncovered and consecrated. A

large multitude had assembled around it, but the Pope did not make his appearance. Rumor ascribed his absence to political reasons. He is perfectly safe among his people, but his prime minister, who usually attends him on such occasions, is an object of hatred, especially to the rabble. To save him from their cruelty, is said to have kept both away. I cannot vouch for the truth of the report. The following day the Pope performed the ceremonies privately, without the knowledge of the people. Suddenly a coach stopped at the base, when the "Holy Father" alighted to despatch his work. On the top of the lofty scaffolding, one hundred convicts were toiling to expiate their crimes. When they saw him approaching, they besieged him with pitiful appeals. One shouted: "Holy Father, I have been condemned to spend ten years in the galleys for a trifling offence." Another cried: "Holy Father, fifteen years must I remain in the galleys, when I have really done nothing wrong." And so they went on, until finally there was but one confused cry of "pardon, pardon." But what could he do? He pressed by them as if to say, "begone, this is not my present business."

Few ancient remains possess greater interest than the catacombs of Rome. They are supposed to have originated from excavations made to procure lava, and travertine rock for building purposes. Their narrow, reticulated streets ramify into endless meshes and unsearchable ways, so entirely past finding out, that a person once lost would stand a poor chance of ever finding his way back without a guide. They served successively as the hiding place of thieves and robbers,

and for the abode and worship of the early Christians Along the various underground streets are tiers or shelves where the dead were deposited. Occasionally the passages widen into small chambers, where they held their forbidden services. They extend for many miles around and under Rome. Large portions of them still remain unexplored.

Let us visit the Catacombs. It is on the morning of the 4th of January, as two of us pass out through the gate of San Sebastiano. The unplowed Campagna is covered with a white frost, such as we often have on an American November morning. The sun is already fast dissolving it. Towards sunrise the reflection of the bright light on the icy earth covers it with a sheen of glory.

We are strolling over the Appian way—an old Roman road, built three hundred and twelve years before the birth of Christ. It connected Rome with the south-eastern coast of Italy—a distance of four hundred miles. Over this old road, paved with six-sided stones, laid in cement, over two thousand years ago, we leisurely tread.

A short distance outside of the gate the temple of Mars used to stand. There the armies of Rome, returning from a victory, and about entering the city in triumph, used to halt and offer sacrifices to the god of War. Scarcely a mile from the city we reach a small stone church by the wayside. We enter. It has an altar, but no pews or seats of any kind. Tradition says that when Peter was persecuted and threatened with death at Rome, he fled. On the spot where this church stands, he, in his flight, met our

Saviour going towards Rome. The apostle asks him: "Lord, whither goest thou?" (Domine quo vadis?) Our Saviour replies: "I am going to Rome to be crucified again." Whereupon Peter, with penitent sorrow and shame, returns to Rome, to suffer martydom. Poor Peter! It was not the first time he yielded to cowardice.

For miles out from Rome the Appian Way leads through a Cemetery. On both sides it is lined with costly monuments, some exceeding in size the temples of early Rome. There sleep many of the senators, tribunes, orators, and poets of the ancient capital. Underneath these sepulchres there exists a world of the departed.

There are but few places of entrance to this lower region of the dead. One of these is through the church of San Sebastian, on the Appian Way, two miles from Rome. Softly we open the church-door and enter. A friar greets us. He wears a coarse brown cassock or cloak, and a cord tied around his waist. His head is shaven, save a circle of hair above his ears. He never wears hat or cap, only the cowl attached to his cloak. With sullen mien, and a face that looked as if it rarely smiled, he greeted us in Italian. He seemed to take it for granted that we wished to visit this underground city—the Catacombs of Rome. After handing us each a lighted taper, he bade us follow him. Descending a stairway, we soon reached the gate-way to the land of the dead. Through narrow alleys, like the channels of coal mines, we cautiously and slowly proceeded. A few bumps on the ceiling soon reminded me, that the ancients had

either lower hats or shorter bodies than some of us moderns. And when I remembered that this place had been consecrated by the devotions of centuries, I humbled both. We stooped and strolled hither and thither. Every few steps the passage would divide into a bewildering net-work of tunnels, in which absolute darkness reigned. We soon had as little idea of the place where we entered, as if we had never been outside of this dismal region. More streets are down here, and if possible, more tortuous ones than in Rome itself. But how came they here?

In the early ages of the Roman Empire quarries were here opened, wherefrom to get building-stones for the city. For centuries they were worked. The volcanic sandy rock was taken out like coal from its beds, until the earth was perforated in all directions by a vast net-work of tunnels. It is said that they extend over a distance of twenty miles in one direction, and twelve miles in another, from Rome. They are often referred to by heathen writers as places of refuge. When Nero's life was in danger, he was advised to conceal himself in the Catacombs. He replied that "he would not go under the ground while living."

These quarrymen usually were persons of the lowest grade. Like miners of the present day, they were cut off and deprived of many privileges of education and refinement. Some never saw the cheering light of the sun for months. Multitudes of Christians, captives and prisoners, were compelled to work in these mines, carrying the stones on their shoulders. Hither many of the first pastors of the Church came to preach to their suffering brethren. These oppressed and despised

underground toilers were among the most attentive hearers of the apostles and pastors of the early Church. To them life was an unceasing burden. A religion that promised comfort for this world, and for the world to come, was accepted with grateful delight. Many of the first converts to Christianity at Rome must have belonged to these miners.

But the Church of Christ soon aroused the persecution of the Roman Empire. Rome seemed to be the centre of the atrocious cruelties inflicted upon the early Christians. Many, like Peter, were crucified; like Ignatius, were thrown before devouring wild beasts in the Coliseum. The followers of Christ had to seal their faith by their blood. Whither should they flee for safety? With the converted quarrymen for their guides, who were the only persons that were familiar with the numerous windings of the Catacombs, the persecuted believers sought refuge under ground. Whole families took up their abode here. Thousands gathered in these dark tunnels. Their less suspected brethren, and unconverted relatives, sometimes supplied them with bread. Besides the places of regular entrance, there were many holes in the fields through which they could have intercourse with their friends above ground. Sometimes the quarry coming too near the surface, the earth would cave in, and make an air-hole, to aid ventilation.

Some of the more prominent Christians suffered martyrdom in the Catacombs. Xystus, bishop of Rome, with one of his clergy, was killed here. And Stephen, another bishop, was traced hither by the Roman soldiers. They found him engaged in a religious

service in a small chapel, which they allowed him to conclude, and then cut off his head. This bishop used to send forth the priest Eusebius and the deacon Marcellus to invite the Christians to come down to his place of concealment for counsel and comfort. Among his followers was Hippolytus, whose pagan sister Paulina and her husband secretly supplied him with food. Two of their children, a boy of ten, and a girl of thirteen, were in the habit, at stated times, of carrying a basket of provision to their uncle. Hippolytus grieved over the hopeless state of his kind sister. He asked the venerable bishop what to do for her. "Keep the children here the next time they come. Their parents will surely follow in search of them." He did so. The anxious parents soon came after their children. The good old man plead with them to become Christians, and gave them his blessing. E'er long they returned. And after a course of instruction by the bishop, they and their children were baptized. At last this whole family, with the uncle and the bishop, poured out their blood for Christ, and were crowned with martyrdom.

The Catacombs were used for places of refuge and of burial. For three hundred years the entire Christian population of Rome laid their dead in these vaults. Besides the vast multitude of people from the humbler walks of life, not a few of the great and powerful rulers were laid to rest here. The burial of the martyrs and sainted dead of the first ages of the Church imparted to this underground city a certain kind of sacredness. For one's dust to repose among their sacred remains was by many considered a great privi-

lege. Five popes—Leo I., Gregory the Great, the second and third Gregory, and Leo IX., sleep their last sleep here. The Emperors Honorias and Valentinian, besides a number of minor kings and queens, were borne hither.

When the Emperor Diocletian tried his utmost to extirpate Christianity by slaughtering the Christians, he forbade them to meet and worship in the Catacombs. In the middle of the fourth century St. Jerome says: "When I was at Rome, still a youth, and employed in literary pursuits, I was accustomed, in company with others of my own age, and actuated by the same feelings, to visit on Sundays the sepulchres of the apostles and martyrs, and often go down into the crypts dug in the heart of the earth, where the walls on either side are lined with the dead; and so intense is the darkness, that we almost realize the words of the prophet, 'They go down alive into Hades.' Here and there a scanty aperture, ill deserving the name of a window, admits scarcely light enough to mitigate the gloom which reigns below, and as we advance through the shades with cautious steps, we are forcibly reminded of the words of Virgil: 'Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa, silentia terrent, (Horror on all sides, even the silence terrifies the mind).'"

When the Huns and Goths deluged the Roman Empire, they depopulated and desecrated the Catacombs. Their inhabitants were driven out, burials therein ceased. They became the hiding place for robbers, bats, and beasts of prey. The superstitious minds of the simple Roman peasants peopled them with ghosts and hobgoblins. On their visits to the market places of

Rome, they had to pass the entrances of some of these Catacombs. Fearful to pass them alone, they would usually get a group to walk by the haunted region together. As they neared the place, they tremblingly muttered a prayer, or sang a psalm, to keep the evil spirits off, and hurried past as soon as they could. Since then, in times of war and tumult, the Catacombs have often become a hiding place and refuge for fugitives from justice or from cruelty.

Now let us return to our friar, in cowl and cassock, and to our morning's walk. With slow and cautious tread we follow our guide, now to the right, then to the left, every few steps our path crossing and crossed by other paths. Here and there the narrow alley widened on both sides into a small, square chamber, hewn out by pious hands for a chapel. On one side an altar is cut out of the rock. Here with lighted taper stood the pastor, sixteen hundred years ago, administering comfort and the Communion to those, who prayerfully pressed around him through these dark aisles. Coffins, like so many troughs or tiers, are cut out of the rock, along the sides of the passage—one above the other, forming four and five burial shelves, up to the ceiling. Some of these little stone boxes were only two and three feet long, wherein weeping parents laid their fond departed children. In some I discovered fragments and particles of their bones.

Down we went deeper and deeper, through these dismal streets of the dead. Here and there I held my taper into a coffin-case, reverently to look at the little remaining dust. How many an unseen tear has dropped on the rock-floor around these stationary

coffins! Into these narrow cases pious, persecuted, weeping devotion, with gentle hands, laid all that was mortal "of those, who, through faith and patience had inherited the promises." In these nocturnal streets walked and stood many a funeral train, with smoking torches, singing their hopeful obsequies in muffled praise. And while the living and the dead lurked and lived in this night of the grave, they would speak of the night of death, "wherein no man can work," and trim their lamps anew to prepare for its coming. And while they tremblingly lingered in a city, into which the sun, moon, and stars never shone, they spake to one another of the city, whose sun shall never set; "for there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun." And then they thought of their brethren in the faith, hunted like wild beasts, torn, mangled, and burned for the sake of the Crucified, their ashes swept away by the Tiber, or blown over the earth by the wind, and their bones bleaching on the plains, "uncoffined and unsung." For them, too, these hidden congregations sang the psalm of victory, and esteemed them blessed. As they press through the dark aisles around some chapel and pastor, to hear the Gospel read, and join in prayer, they hear the quick tread of a messenger in the distance;—for those who dwell in darkness cultivate a keen sense of hearing, and can distinguish sounds from afar. The messenger tells the congregation in a half-whisper the well-known names of some brethren, who have just been torn to pieces by the lions in the Coliseum, and of others who are to be led thither to-morrow. Then, amid the silence of the

grave, they all kneel down, and laying their heads on their hands, folded on the coffins of sleeping saints, and pray for their suffering brethren, that their faith fail not, and praise God for having given others the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Every day the mangled remains of some martyred saints are brought down here by stealth, and amid songs of triumph laid into their rock-coffins.

Thus the living and the dead dwell together. But now their city is deserted. They have all gone to another and a better country. These places shall know them no more forever. Eagerly I searched for their names. But all their mural tablets and epitaphs have been removed to the Vatican in Rome.

We explored but a short distance, perhaps half a mile of the Catacombs. It is not safe to go much farther. At some places masses of fallen rock have well nigh closed the passage. But what if our lights should fail! A slight puff of gas might extinguish them. I looked at the ceiling. Masses of soft rock are overhead, without prop or pillar. How easy for a part of this porous ceiling of stony bubbles to settle down into the passage, and block up our return forever. Now, to be locked into this dark pit is anything but pleasant to think about. But for the Hand above me, it would surely fall. It may seem a silly notion; but I am a man as other men, given to occasional tremors in tremorous places. In a certain sense, this would be as good a place to die and be buried in, as any I can think of. Whether we fall finally asleep on a soft pillow, or in a rocky pit, is all the same, only so that the after-sleep be sweet.

"No matter how the head lies, so the heart lies right." But the walls fell not, and our friar led us safely back into the church, and the cheering light of day.

One cannot stop to describe in detail all the marvels of Art in this marvelous city. I have looked at the Appollo Belvedere, until his graceful, manly form left its lasting image on my mind. I watched Laocoon vainly straining his tough life away, to disentangle himself and his two boys from the serpent's coil. Poor old man, how I have pitied him! As his father-heart clenches the dragon's grasp, to save his children,

> "the enormous asp
> Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp."

I wished, and almost hoped, to see him fling the deadly thing away, but he grapples still. I have mingled my sympathies with the dying gladiator. I feel in his hall as in the chamber of a dying man, where loud speaking or laughter would seem profane, an irreverent indifference. And indeed few speak above a whisper, as the watch him sinking over into death. Just as Byron has him,

> "I see before me the gladiator lie;
> He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
> Consents to death, but conquers agony,
> And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
> And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
> From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
> Like the first of a thunder shower, and now
> The arena swims around him—he is gone,
> E're ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won."

Rome has a genial winter. Waiving its long eccentric spells of rain, it is remarkably pleasant. Its sky is not to be trusted. For whole days it is always

clearing off, and never clear. Sunshine and rain walk hand in hand. Sometimes it shines on unmolested during the heaviest showers, spreading the earth with a carpet of rainbow-colors. During more than a month that I have been here, we have had no snow, a few slight frosts, and once or twice that the ground was frozen a little. Rome cannot get any nearer to winter than March, and a mild March at that. Now the weather is perceptibly growing milder still. In the middle of January spring is coming apace.

For many centuries the Jews have been a proscribed race in Rome. Fifty years before our Saviour's birth, Pompey burned part of the temple of Jerusalem, and sent many captive Jews to Rome as slaves. From this time the children of Abraham were greatly oppressed in the "Eternal City." After the destruction of Jerusalem under Titus, seventy years after Christ, thousands of captive Jews were made to grace his triumphal procession on his return to the great city of the Empire. On their heads they were forced to bear the trophies plundered from their people; even the sacred utensils of the temple. The galling scene is carved on the arch of Titus, where the wondering traveler can study the picture hewn on stone to this day. Not long after this 12,000 Jews wrought at the building of the Coliseum.

In the lower part of the city, along the banks of the Tiber, is a narrow section, called the Ghetto. For many centuries it has been the Jewish quarter. Very probably it was the Jewish quarter in the days of Christ. Here, most likely, Paul lived among his Hebrew brethren while at Rome. If so, then the first congregation of Christians was started in this part of

Rome. In his own hired house the great apostle lived for two years, and certainly among his own brethren. Acts 28 : 30 ; "Here he received all that came in unto him."

The Jewish quarter, in all Italian towns, is called "The Ghetto."

That of Rome is so called by pre-eminence. Till the year 1848 it was enclosed by a heavy wall. Seven gates formed the entrance. To this enclosure the Jews were mechanically confined. At night the gates were barred. A solitary portress had charge of them during the night. She lived outside the walls. Since then a brighter day has dawned upon the Jews of Rome. The reign of Victor Emanuel turned them loose from the barbarism and bondage of centuries. The wall has been removed, and the children of Abraham go where they choose, sit "every man under his vine and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid." Micah 4: 4.

The Ghetto consists of two narrow streets; so narrow, that the coachmen can only wind their way through them with great caution and care. The dingy, ancient houses are so high that the sun seldom shines on the narrow pavements. The Via Fiumara runs close along the Tiber. Its annual freshets sweep through the houses, sometimes through the third-story. The Via Rua is on higher ground, and suffers less from the overflowing of the river. Between these two long streets there is a net-work of alleys, and narrow, dark passages, many not more than a few feet in width. The whole is honey-combed with dens, rather than dwellings, where families labor, trade, sleep and

eat. Many a dark hole is crammed with human beings, where most people would disdain to put their cattle.

Here where they and their fathers had lived for two thousand years, no Jew could own a house or lot. Neither horse nor wagon could they own. No regular trade could they ply. They were allowed to mend old clothes, but not to make new ones; to mend shoes, but not to make them. Petty trade they could engage in, but not in the regular business of other people. Their taxes were far higher than those of Christians. At the Fish Market stood a church, erected for the conversion of the Jews. Certain hours of the week they were forced to hear the sermons of the priest therein, and support him with their money. Now they no longer visit the Church of St. Angelo, in Pescharia, nor pay taxes for its support.

At the coronation of every Pope they had to spread carpets, and provide silken hangings on and around the Arch of Titus, the monument of the destruction of their Temple and city—of their humiliation and degradation; they had to robe it with costly clothes.

From the time of Vespasian, in the first century of the Christian Era, they have been the victims of tyranny. He imposed an annual tax upon them. It was made as high as their tribute paid to the treasury of the Temple. This tax, then paid at the Capitol, was afterwards paid to the Pope. Even Constantine enforced cruel edicts against the Jews. Often they were banished from their homes in the Ghetto, and driven across the Tiber.

This cruel oppression greatly reduced them. "A

basket to hold their provisions in, and a bundle of straw on which to rest the weary head, was all the property they had." Thus says an old writer. And another tells us: "That the phylacteries were so scarce amongst them, that they had to wait one for another, when saying their morning prayers." For a long time they had to hold their religious services in caves and in Catacombs, on account of persecution. Oppression drove some to literary pursuits. For a season they ranked high among men of science—as they now do. "For a long time bishops, popes and cardinals, and the best families of Rome, employed none but Jewish physicians; they were loved and blessed, though their nation and creed were hated and cursed." A stroll through the Ghetto now well repays the traveler. Shops filled with goods from all parts of the world meet the eye. The costly luxuries of the Orient, and the simpler articles for poorer people, are here sold. Little is seen by the passer-by. Their goods are stored away under cover. Many a poor Jew will whisper "Hush, hush!" when you ask him for them.

With large sacks hung on their shoulders, they trudge through the streets of Rome, in quest of gold, silver, old paintings, old furniture, old clothes, old everything. Some collect their goods in wheelbarrows. At night-fall the wandering Jew returns to his den in the Ghetto, laden like the busy bee with the gathered harvest of the day. He is tired and hungry, and gratefully sits him down to the frugal supper his wife has prepared. She and the children meanwhile carefully unpack the sack or barrow. And such a world of odd and seemingly worthless stuff is a curiosity to behold.

On Friday evening, a little before sunset, the Ghetto presents an interesting sight. It is the evening before the (Jewish) Sabbath. All the shops are shut. Business is stopped. Through the doors of the dwellings you see the people brushing their clothes, washing and dressing themselves. Boys, girls and servants come home, bearing on boards smoking loaves of fresh baked bread; the loaves shaped according to the custom of the Jews. The women make their toilet. Then they prepare the table for supper, trim the lamps, set the shew-bread of which they break off a piece, say a short prayer, and then throw a piece into the fire. They also pronounce a blessing with outspread hands for the lights when they are kindled. The streets are empty. All the goods are taken down from the walls, windows and door-posts of the houses. Men and boys go to the synagogue with prayer books in hand. The Sabbath of the Lord has commenced. The women and girls remain at home. The modern Mosaic religion has no comfort for women. You may hear their voices in social conversation as you pass; not unlikely the shrill sounds of strife will grate upon your ear. But in worship the daughter of Abraham is silent and unseen. When the men and boys come home from the synagogue, they all wish each other "a good Sabbath." Then they sit down to their supper in a home-like happy mood. They feelthat they still are God's chosen people, though living in the Ghetto of Rome. On our Saturday they keep their Sabbath day holy. In their house no manner of work is done, by son or daughter, man servant or maid servant, nor the stranger that is in the gates.

They have different shades of belief, although all

are Jews. To accommodate these there are five synagogues. All these occupy one large building in the Piazza della Seuola. There, too, are their schools; the best in Rome for elementary education. Italian and Hebrew are well taught. Studies pertaining to Jewish history and Theology are taught by private teachers, especially by the chief Rabbi.

In the Ghetto, as all the world over, the Jews remain a distinct people, separate from the "Gentiles." They have never intermixed nor intermarried with the people around them. Their temptation to do this, amid their galling helpless bondage, must have been very strong. Rather than yield to it they have quietly suffered, and given their children in marriage only to those of their own nation doomed to the same ill-fortune.

They are pure Jews now as they were in the reign of Vespasian. Their faces bear the stamp of Abraham; their features are strikingly oriental. Nearly all the younger people are good-looking. The women are mostly pretty, some of them charmingly so. Old men with long grey beards, and a calm venerable mien, remind one of the ancient patriarchs. Many children with large black eyes, long eye-lashes and full eye-brows, are lovely. Such as the old painters used as models to paint the child Jesus. A tender heart can see their beauty through their rags and dirt, and love them withal. At the worst they are not as squalid and beggarly as those you find ouside of the Ghetto. Here you are not hunted down for whole squares with loathsome beggars as you are at the Church doors and in the principal streets of Rome,

CHAPTER XXI.

A CHRISTMAS IN ROME. FROM ROME TO NAPLES. THE STREETS OF NAPLES. CAMALDOLIO. MT. VESUVIUS. POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM. SORRENTO. CAPRI. A DISGUSTING SEA VOYAGE. PUTEOLI.

It is the 24th of December, a Roman festival. The Corso is packed with a confused stream of people from all the world. Roman streets have no pavements in our sense. Narrow sidewalks from one to three feet wide. The vast crowd of less fortunate walkers, had to thread their way among the confusion of horses, coaches, of princes, buyers and beggars, as best they could. Many a lady saw I on that day; with a fortune on her back; bedecked with costliest satins, diamonds and jewels. Her apparel so gorgeous, her bearing so proud, that one felt surprised that she should be willing to breathe the same air the beggar did. Above the rattling of coaches, and the impatient shout of footmen and drivers, you could hear the whining cries of Rome's horde of paupers, hailing you on every side with the cry of "Pauverino." One lacks a leg, another an arm, one an eye, another both; women holding blind, scabby, scrofulous children, covered with a few rags and much filth, right before your face. In between the slow-moving lines of coaches, they limp after alms, all the while holding the putrid arm, or the eyeless sockets and ulcerous features of a child before the open carriages of gay ladies, crying "Pauverino, Signora, Pauverino!"

In ordinary times Rome has hospital accommodations for many thousand people, besides a large number of other charitable institutions. Yet her streets swarm with beggars who excite mingled feelings of horror and pity. Rome has but few straight streets of any considerable length. The three which centre in the Piazza del Populo, and the Via de Condotti, running from the Piazza di Spagna to the bridge of St. Angelo across the Tiber, are her chief avenues of communication. The latter is not a straight line. Rome is a net-work of crooked streets; fragments, which are a perpetual puzzle to a stranger. My residence was near the Piazza di Spagna, a large open square at the eastern end of the city. At the opposite end is St. Peter's. This building is one of the wonders of the world. It covers almost six acres of ground, cost over $50,000,000, and required 350 years to build it. Of course, the work of building was not carried on through every one of these years. Its erection covered the reign of forty-three popes. Some of these found great trouble to procure money sufficient for the work. Julius II. and Leo X. resorted to the sale of indulgences to get more funds. Our readers well know that the sale of indulgences was one of the evils which gave rise to the Reformation. Its length is 613 feet and its greatest width 440. The dome which surmounts it, is almost 200 feet in diameter, and its top over 400 feet above the pavement.

This is the largest church in the world. It is not all in one apartment. Along the sides are many chapels, themselves as large as small churches. It is adorned with statues and paintings, works of Angelo, Raphael,

and of all the greater and lesser lights of classic Art. The ceiling of the dome and the walls everywhere charm the eye with the creations of genius. The immense roof, 150 feet above the pavement of the Church, is supported by massive columns. Several lines of these on each side run up their mighty trunks, and spread their tops in a canopy of stone-leaves, limbs and branches along the ceiling.

Adjoining St. Peter's is the Vatican, the palace of the Pope. It has become the symbolical seat of his power. Hence when the Pope issues an edict or bull of penal judgment, it is sometimes called "the thunders of the Vatican." This is the most noted palace in the known world. It was commenced more than 1000 years ago. Its length is 1151 and its breadth 767 feet. It contains 8 grand staircases, 200 smaller staircases, 20 courts and 4422 rooms. The most of these are galleries of Art. Thousands upon thousands of these precious works of the great Masters, a single one of which is worth a fortune, adorn these apartments. It contains a history of the world's religions, chiseled in marble and pencilled on canvass. Adam and Abraham, Noah and Neptune, Job and Jove, Moses and the Son of Mary, David and David's son, Paul the Apostle and Apollo Belvedere, Jesus and Julius Cæsar, gods and goddesses, the Creator and the creature, are here all set forth amid their proper groups and surroundings.

The chief apartment of the building is the Sixtine Chapel, a church 135 by 45 feet in size. Here the Pope holds High Mass on the great festivals of the year. On the ceiling is Angelo's painting of the creation.

"We will meet at my room at seven this evening,"

said my Polish friend to me at parting on the afternoon of December 24. "Be it so. Bear in mind, no later. At eight the Pope will hold grand Mass in the Sixtine Chapel. Rarely have tourists a chance to attend such a service here. Our only chance is to-night."

Ten minutes before seven I groped my way up a dark narrow stairway that led to his door. "Herein," he shouted as I rapped. "Haste thee, friend, we have need to be in time where there is such a crowd." The streets of Rome are poorly lighted. Only after long intervals we met a lamp in the Via de Condotti. Although Christmas eve, we encountered but few people on our dark and dreary way. For at night this is rather an unfrequented street. Far off, in other parts of the city, we heard the clatter of horses' hoofs and rolling of carriages. Here every tread of our heavy hob-nail boots echoed strangely through the night air. On the bridge across the Tiber, we joined the current of people. The great square in front of St. Peter's was crowded with coaches. Soldiers on horseback kept riding back and forward to prevent them from running over the people, or into each other. Now and then one of these men of blood would unsheathe his sword, and threaten to thrust it through some impertinent postillion. Going up the long great staircase of the Vatican, I discovered that my friend had on a neat black dress-coat. "A gay brother thou art, in sooth. What a tidy coat." "Yes, and thou wilt regret having none. A pretty garment is that for such a place and occasion. Thou hast worn it since the time we first met on that dark rainy night, crossing the Appenines on the top of the diligence. Hast thou not read the programme?

All ladies must be dressed with a black veil; gentlemen in black cloth, the outer garment a dress-coat, and nothing else. Your's is a frock, and by this time rather a shabby frock, at that."

Now the only coat I had in the world, was the frock-coat I wore. I made it a point to travel with as little baggage as possible. I never carried more than one suit with me. When that was pretty well worn, I threw it aside and bought another. The cloth of my coat was pretty well worn. And alas! it had the wrong cut. It was too late now to hire a suit. For in Rome there are stores, which furnish suits for such occasions, at a fixed sum per day.

Several tall Swiss soldiers guarded the door of the chapel—members of the Pope's Body Guard. Noble-looking men they were, with heavy helmets, and a yellow and black-striped gay uniform, each having a long lance in the right hand with one end resting on the pavement. A great crowd pressed around the door, impatient to enter. The guards examined each one's coat; one after the other was turned back. Alas for me! A few friends called me to one side, and advised me to use an innocent trick. "What harm can there be to tuck the front corners of your coat-skirts under? The guard will take it for a dress-coat then." "No, sirs, honestly or not at all," I replied. With strange misgivings, I presented myself, and was of course turned back. When the most had entered I approached one of the Guards. "Stranger, I am a tourist from America, from the land of liberty, dear to all the sons of Tell. I may never have another opportunity to attend a similar service here. My unbecom-

ing coat is a matter of accident, and not a want of reverence for the occasion. Could you not favor me with admittance?" Waving his hand with a smile, he replied, "Stand yonder until I call you." When the rest had entered he gave me the signal, and I stepped in. The chapel was densely packed. I barely found a place to stand inside the door. The congregation was of course select. The best music in Rome is in this chapel on such occasions. This evening it was perfectly overpowering. Not congregational singing, as you find in some parts of the Catholic service, but instrumental music, accompanied by the most select singers of Italy. High Mass was held in the presence of the Pope. The chapel was dark with clouds of incense. Through this haze the great lights shone dimly, and the Creation on the ceiling was but faintly visible, and the dead rising from their graves and going up to the Judgment at the other end, looked like living beings in the misty distance of coming ages. While enjoying all, less as an act of worship, I confess, than as an æsthetical treat,—I felt guilty; thought of the man in the parable, who stole into the great supper without a wedding garment on. The services lasted till midnight. Long before this hour I had reached my lodgings, and mused before the fire on my hearth over Christmas eves in happier homes. I was alone and lonely in a strange city, one of the strangest in the world; far from the scenes of my childhood. Visions of the innocent divine Christ-child passed before my mind as they used to bless my childhood, kneeling at my little trundle bed at night, and thanking God with folded hands that Jesus became a little child to bless little children. The

kind-hearted Chriskindel hanging bags of nuts and candies on bed-posts and in chimney corners; filling baskets with blessings when we children were sweetly asleep, and filling our minds with dreams such as angels have. Waking us before break of day, and sending us skipping up and down the house in our night slips, hunting the hidden gifts of good St. Nicholas. These along with the gods and glories of the Vatican filled my head in dreams after going to sleep.

Early next morning the church bells all over Rome were set to ringing; some of them ringing with measured and melodious sounds, others with a clattering ding-dong noise. Every hour of the day they rang. On my way to St. Peter's I stopped in at a number of churches, all crowded. At 9 A. M. all the principal streets leading to St. Peter's were thronged with people. Each Cardinal came in his own coach, drawn by a span of jet black horses, smooth as a polished silk hat. Liveried horsemen rode before and after the coach. The Cardinals wore purple or scarlet robes. The coaches and harness abounded with heavy gold plating, of dazzling brightness in the morning sun. The gentry and common people, Romans and strangers, kept pouring into the great building for hours.

A detachment of soldiers guarded the entrance. The Swiss Body Guard were encased in a heavy steel armor, like the stern warriors of a thousand years ago; tall, erect, brave-looking fellows, fine specimens of manly Alpine vigor. The Pope's favorite battalion, composed of select men from noble and wealthy families, in splendid uniforms, formed a passage through the centre of the church, from the door back around the

High Altar. At least 10,000 people must have been in the building. Even this number did not entirely fill it.

At 10 A. M. the military suddenly dropped on their knees. It was as the dropping of one man. Upon this all eyes were turned towards the entrance. Out of the chapel, near the grand door, came the Pope's procession with slow and gentle tread. Twelve tall men, clothed in purple, all of one size, bore a platform on their shoulders, above the heads of the people. On this sat the Pope, on a throne, under a canopy. His rich robes were inwrought with glittering gold and precious stones. On each side a large fan of ostrich feathers was borne aloft, near his person. With breathless silence the great congregation watched the gorgeous procession of cardinals and bishops, arrayed in costly robes of richest colors, slowly moving towards and around the High Altar.

A certain distinguished Frenchman wondered whether Newton, the great English philosopher, ate and slept like other people. And many a one, not distinguished, wonders whether the Roman Pontiff is troubled with the wants of ordinary mortals. The most of Protestants, visitors at Rome, no matter how bitter their anti-papal antipathies, are eager to get a glimpse of the Pope. And rarely do you meet one so ill-mannered, as to behave indecorously in his presence. He is cast in a mortal mould, made of like stuff with ourselves. Yet, in his position a being without a peer. Say what we will, the "chair of St. Peter," whatever definition Protestants aud Catholics may give of its functions, wields a sceptre mighter than that of any

throne on earth. He is monarch of 150,000,000 of subjects, whom he sways with almost absolute authority, who regard him as the vicar of Christ, the only supreme pastor of his flock. Standing on the steps of St. Peter's one day, the people around me suddenly dropped on their knees. With that I saw the Pope riding by in his carriage, drawn by a glossy span of gay horses. Somehow the command, "Thou shalt not bow down to, nor worship them," occurred to me. All those around me knelt. I simply uncovered my head, without kneeling. This I always did when I passed him on the streets, usually standing still until he had passed. I was near him as they carried him along. He is a man of medium height, somewhat inclined to corpulency. His flushed oval face did not indicate the practice of very severe austerity. Yet he is doubtless very temperate in his habits. A child-like, unaffected smile beamed from his countenance, the whole expressive of a humane and amiable character.

Seated on a throne in the rear of the High Altar, some of the prelates kneeling, saluted him with a kiss on his knee. Then the Pope held grand Mass, surrounded by his cardinals, clergy and the whole court.

At the end of the service the Pope was carried back to the chapel, whence he had come. The multitude dispersed in a violent shower. It was a grand display. This majestic temple, hung with costly ornaments, fragrant with incense, vocal with sweetest melodies of praise; the supreme Head of the Roman Catholic Church holding grand Mass, surrounded by an imposing array of robed cardinals—it was an imposing occasion. And yet, grand as it was, the simpler Christmas festivals,

to which I had previously been accustomed, seemed more in keeping with the great event of the day. The imagination was greatly wrought upon, but the heart again wandered back to other lands, and less imposing ceremonials.

It was midnight in Rome. In the via di Maria di Fiori, a narrow, dark street, near the Piazza di Spagna, myself and a Polish friend stood at the door of a private dwelling. We spoke in a half-whisper. For this part of the city was then haunted with frightful rumors. An American traveler was said to have recently been killed for his money. Besides, the Roman gens d'armes are always at one's heels after night. And, once they have you in their damp dungeons, it will be easy to create a charge against a foreigner. Especially here, where the air is alive with suspicion.

Just then the clock on a neighboring tower struck twelve—the knell of the departed year; and this set half a dozen others a tolling. The Pole quickly grasped my hand, and greeted me with "Ein glueckseliges neues Jahr." And so we parted. I groped my way up a dark stairway. At the top I knocked for entrance. A crazy inmate of the family greeted me with a volley of epithets, such as are usually applied to Roman thieves and burglars. Every third word seemed to be "Diabolus." This noise brought a sane person to the door, and I was admitted to my rooms.

On an open hearth a fire glowed and crackled. Before it I sat and mused for an hour. Mused over the "Diabolus" of this crazy woman. For surely, since the days of Romulus and Remus the devil has been a prominent citizen of Rome. I thought of Paul, a

prisoner in chains, and of Ignatius, eaten in the Coliseum by lions and tigers, "to make a Roman holiday;" and of many others who bore and bled for Christ, in this venerable city.

I stepped to the window to listen to Rome after midnight. The city was all asleep and silent, save the great clocks, that had just struck twelve, clicking the measure of time. Occasionally the distant rumbling of a cab on the Corso was heard.

A lovely day was this New Year in Rome. A dreamlike, balmy breath pervaded the air, like that of the closing days of an American September. In the afternoon, the Corso—the Broadway of Rome—was thronged with a motley multitude. Unlike our Broadway, everybody had to walk in the middle of the street, there being no sidewalks or pavements. Barouches, with proud horses, hung with glittering harness, containing riders prouder still, whose dresses and diamonds alone would have bought half the Pope's possessions, kept passing back and forward, in processions seemingly as long as the street. One might have thought that London, Paris and Berlin had poured all their nobility into the Corso, through the opening of the year. English cockneys, with choking collars and lofty hats, rode their prancing steeds through the crowd. Among this display of horses and carriages a vast multitude of people swarmed back and forward---the rich, rustling in silk and satin; the dirty, ragged, poor shrieking at you from every side, "pauverino! pauverino! Signor!" How such a mass can crowd confusedly through such a narrow street for eight hours, without killing hundreds of people outright, no one can explain. This procession

of riches and rags, of silks and sighs, was an instructive commentary on Rome, past and present.

As it is more pleasant to travel by land than water in Italy, a party of six of us hired a carriage to take us to Naples. We paid sixty-two dollars for our boarding, lodging and fare. The distance is about one hundred and sixty miles. When we reached the top of a hill, at the end of the city of Rome, I looked back for the last time upon the Coliseum, and then our fiery-black steeds, champing their bits, hurried us away from one of the most enchanting places that I have ever visited. During the afternoon we rode over a hilly, but fertile country, and poorly cultivated. More than half of it is lying wild and waste. Its inhabitants roast in the sun, and rob for want of bread and labor.

We stopped for the night at Cisterna, "The Three Taverns," whither the brethren came out to meet Paul on his way to Rome. Acts 28: 15. It is a gloomy, filthy country village. The next day we were hurried off an hour before day, as we had a long day's journey before us. For thirty-six miles from Cisterna we rode through the Pontine Marshes, an uninhabited level, covered with swamps and large ponds, which fill the air with so much poison, that nobody can live there untouched by sickness and death. It is a dreary country to travel through, where few human beings venture to dwell. When we were half-way through, we reached a small tavern, a solitary dwelling in the lonely waste, whose inhabitants have a yellow, emaciated appearance, showing that they live and breathe in a deadly atmosphere. This is the old "Appii Forum," whither some of the brethren of Rome came out to meet Paul,

Acts 28. Although the ground is marshy, the road is solid and durable.

At the end of the marshes we reached Terracina, on the banks of the sea, where we rested several hours. Lofty masses of rocks hang over the city. The sea was wild. Waves, half as high as the house, broke upon the shore. The people along the borders of the marshes looked sallow and sickly. At Fondi, another considerable town, noted for being fruitful in robbers, we prevailed upon the custom-house officer to save our baggage from being examined. We drove through a square, where about five hundred men stood around in suspicious silence. I have no doubt, from their looks, that there was more than one robber among them. All through this country the road is guarded day and night by soldiers, to keep off the robbers.

We stopped the second night at Mola de Gaeta. Our hotel stood in a villa, which once belonged to Cicero. In the evening we went through the villa to the edge of the sea, to look at the baths and other buildings of Cicero, which are now in ruins. Its orange orchards were full of ripe oranges. It is a charming sight to behold these yellow groves, like our apple-orchards, full of plump, sweet fruit among their dark green leaves. They were lying thick on the ground, which we could pick up at will, like apples after an autumn storm. The next morning our merry driver rumbled through the dark, crooked streets an hour before dawn. We passed by a small rural village, where the farmers were just going out into the fields to work. For more than a mile the road was full of men, women and children, donkeys, dogs and little

pigs. The men and women had three-edged spades, with which to dig up their beds of earth. I saw only two plows in the whole crowd; and such plows! We dined at Capua, and hunted for interesting sights. The beggars followed us into the church. The country looked more like a series of gardens, than a common farming district, and all who worked in them, dug like gardeners. Fig and date trees abounded along the road. In some places all the trees were connected by grape vines, which wound along from one tree-top to another. We passed through the Falernian district, still fertile in grapes. The busy laborers in the fields, the green grass on the mountains and in the valleys, untouched by frost, and the numerous olive trees, which are an evergreen, gave a fresh appearance to the whole. The fig trees had no leaves yet, but the oranges and olives, and pleasant sunshine, filled the fields with signs of coming spring. The peas and some trees were in blossom. Parts of the road over which we came, are remains of the Appian Way of the ancients, over which St. Paul doubtless traveled, when he went as a prisoner to Rome.

Before we entered the gates of Naples, we had to fee the custom-house officers thrice for not disturbing our baggage. Indeed these officials care little whether travelers bring whole trunks full of forbidden articles into Naples, only so they get a fee for not doing what many of them are too lazy to do. The money is what they want; and if any refuse to reward their indolence, their disappointment will pitch and tumble the contents of the trunks into dire confusion, to vent their rage on the owners. In other countries this would be called

smuggling and bribery, here it passes off under the eyes of the government as an innocent trick.

Naples is a large city, full of bustle and life, in quaint and queer forms. But the city is far less entertaining than the country around it.

To-day, February 2d, is Candlemass-day, which the Catholics here and elsewhere observe as a sacred festival. It is the day for blessing candles. All the stores and shops in the city were closed. The streets were crowded with carriages, some driving as fast as the horses could run. The common people have a singular half-dray, half-gig conveyance, which carries ten to fifteen people. One seat is hung on old-fashioned gig springs, the rest sit on the shafts, or hang and stand around the seat, while the horse dashes along at full speed.

Naples has many things in common with Rome. A great many beggars, many blind people, some of whom will tear open their sightless eye-sockets at you, to prompt you to give them something. In one quarter of the city many of the people live and carry on their business out of doors. Shoemakers and blacksmiths work in the streets, while their families are busy around them in cooking, washing, and many other duties, which the rest of the world attend to within doors. There are very few wagons or carts here. Wood, hay and straw, marketing and manure are transported from place to place on small horses and donkeys. They pile huge bales on them, until you see nothing but the head and feet of the animals. When they sweep through the narrow streets, they leave scarce room enough to pass them. I passed one which had a large pile of cabbage

on him; by some means he lost his balance, when the cabbage went to the ground, and the donkey, tied to it, threw his feet up where the head should have been.

I visited an asylum at the extreme end of the city; it is now about a quarter of a mile long and nearly that wide; when finished it will be a third of a mile in length. It has at present 3200 inmates. They have a chapel where they attend worship, a large room where they practice music, and a theatre. The most of them are boys and girls, and all looked cheerful and happy.

One pleasant day, that is, a day which had several hours of clear weather, we went to Camaldolio, on a high mountain, about seven or eight miles from our hotel. From its pure heights we looked down upon the city—containing over 400,000 inhabitants and a number of towns joining it—and the Bay of Naples running its large prongs into it; large plains covered with villages, vineyards and volcanoes, whose chimneys once vomited up fiery fluid rocks. A Benedictine convent stands on the top. A friendly friar took us through one of the little cottages where the monks live. It was a small one-story building about fifteen feet square. Before the door stood a large orange tree, bending down with a heavy crop of ripe fruit. The monk seeing that I was pleased with them, told me to pick one off, which tasted as good as it looked. Oranges grow so abundantly here that one can buy them cheaper than apples. They sell them at one cent for three, and by the gross perhaps at half that price. The weather is warmer here than it was at Rome; but the winter of Naples always abounds with rains.

We made an excursion along the sea-shore, examin-

ing ruins and other relics of the ancients. Suddenly a squall of rain blew over us, carrying my hat toward the sea. When I tried to put it back, the wind blew so hard that I could not keep it on with both hands. So I had to push my way through the rain and storm for a short distance bare-headed. In the meanwhile it grew dark, and as we had three or four miles to reach home, we took a cab along the way. It was down hill to Naples. The driver drove at full speed, all the while singing his Italian ditties through the storm and rain.

In any other part of the world, a city with four hundred thousand inhabitants, and many characteristics peculiarly its own, might interest the curious traveler for whole weeks; but nature and history have given to the surrounding scenery a charm superior to that of the city iiself. While it deserves to be ranked among the first of Italian cities for indolence and pauperism, it has a great deal of harmless good nature, which is either too ignorant or too lazy to be wicked. With the large bulk of Neapolitans, the highest good is a tranquil inactivity. Few people have less labor-saving ingenuity, and few could better enjoy its benefits. The streets of Naples abound with all manner of grotesque entertainments. Herdsmen drive their goats from door to door, to furnish fresh milk to their customers, one of the few articles which a person can buy here, without the peril of deception. They milk them directly from their full udders, into the bowls of their patrons. Dancers, wranglers, fiddlers, gamblers, masquerades and comic singers enact scenes ludicrous and lewd, worthy of the palmy days of Pagan corruption. Strange that one of the most enchanting regions

of natural beauty that the eye of man ever beheld, should be the home of so much oppression, corruption and misery.

For a whole week we watched and waited for a clear day, to visit Mount Vesuvius, and still it rained. And when the clear day at length arrived our little party was all astir early in the morning, every face beaming with expectant joy, in the hope of seeing this safety valve of a burning world. We rode to Resina in a carriage, and from there ascended to the base of the cone on horses, just large enough to lift my feet off the ground. It is very seldom that snow falls in and around Naples, yet on the top of Vesuvius, nearly four thousand feet above the sea, it was several feet deep. The ascent up the cone was about one mile in length, and very steep. After one hour's slipping and laborious climbing we at length stood on the edge of a crater, amid an almost suffocating cloud of sulphurous vapor. While listening with timid astonishment to the pent-up hissings of the huge kettle below, and stooping over its edge, trying to peer down through the curling steam, a terrific explosion, worthy of the fabled power of Vulcan's artillery, filled the air with whizzing stones, and sent us running in all directions with dread-depicted features, as if a bomb had fallen amongst us.

After a brief explanation the guide coaxed us back again. The second crater is less boisterous, though equally active. It is about one hundred and fifty feet deep, and the same number of feet in diameter at the bottom. Towards one side of it is a cone about seventy-five feet in height, blowing up fiery vapor and melted masses of lava, belching and puffing like the chimney

of a huge subterranean engine. Far down in its mouth could be seen the trembling commotion of boiling matter. We descended to the base of the cone, and watched its heavings, while pieces of melted red lava hailed down around us. The ground is full of holes and crevices through which hot vapors escape. One of our party laid an egg into a hot crack in the earth, which was boiled in a few moments. The curling column of vapor and smoke that rises from the crest of the cone, soars into the heavens like a fleecy cloud. The descent was soon accomplished. Each struck out a new track through the snow and ashes. All that was necessary was to throw the legs forward; we slid to the base of the cone in ten-feet strides in less than ten minutes. The streams of lava around the mountain resemble the rough fissured surface of glaciers.

At Puteoli is the Solfatara, which, though fifteen miles distant from Vesuvius, has communication with it. The bottom of this crater gives forth a hollow sound like the lid of a great kettle, whose fire shines through the cracks of the floor after night. A large hole beneath a rock serves as a safety valve of this immense boiler, which roars with a loud and shrill noise. When this is quiet it is taken as a sure indication of some portentous mischief brewing in Vesuvius.

The ancient cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, the former five and the latter thirteen miles from Naples, were destroyed in the year 79, by an eruption of Vesuvius. Pompeii was buried beneath a mass of ashes blown over it by a violent wind. It is supposed that most of the inhabitants escaped. In 1748 the sinking of a well exhumed several statues, and led to the dis-

covery of the remains of the ancient city. The houses were precisely found as they had been left. Inns, offices, shops, with their respective tools and furniture, the public bake-house, a soap factory, just as they were in vogue two thousand years ago. The houses and apartments are generally small. The most of them have no front windows. The streets have raised side walks several feet wide, and between these a road wide enough for one vehicle to pass through at a time. The larger dwellings have small domestic chapels for the worship of the penates or household gods, and a separate apartment for the priest of the family. The names of the owners are on the front of the houses. In the gateway of Diomede's garden two skeletons were found, one having a bunch of keys and wearing a gold ring, with a bag of silver and gold lying near it. In another dwelling a skeleton had four gold rings on one finger. A sentinel was found in his box, where he faithfully stood on duty till he was covered beneath the showers of ruin.

Herculaneum was submerged by a flood of liquid lava, which must be chiseled out of its moulds to bring the dwellings to light. The decorations of the theatre, and furniture of the dwellings were found just as they had been left. What strange thoughts crowd upon the mind as one walks through these untenanted streets, once filled with a busy throng. To peep into the rooms where they ate and talked; where they slept and prayed to their fabled gods; where their children prattled and played. Just when every street and doorway were teeming with the living forms of pleasure and gaiety, while the cup was lingering on the lip, the mountain vomited death upon them, running into the streets and houses like so

much melted lead, covering the whole, and then cooling into hard lava, and as by an enchanter's wand, turning the city into one mass of stone. The Museum at Naples is stored with a large collection of their movable remains. Many of the agricultural implements are the same as those now in use among the Neapolitans. Their cooking utensils evince ingenuity, and show what refined gluttons the Romans then were.

West of Naples are regions which the poets have peopled with their fabled creatures. Riding through Puteoli we stopped near the point where St. Paul is said to have landed. Acts 28: 13. A few piers mark the site of the old Roman wharf. I laid the reins upon the neck of my horse, and without dismounting, read the narrative of the Apostle's landing here to my companions. A few miles beyond this is lake Avernus, a placid little sheet of water, which to me seemed wholly innocent of its poetic reputation. It must have looked quite different to the ancients, who made it the fabled entrance to Plutonic regions.

Near the edge of the lake is the Sybil's cave. A peep through the doorway convinced me that it was the entrance to nothing, like all caves, grottoes and temples of its kind. We rode round to the ancient crumbling city of Cuma, and thence to Baiae. A small hamlet along the sea coast is all that remains of this once proud and voluptuous city. The surrounding country was anciently covered with the villas of wealthy Romans, who deemed an acre of ground near the oyster-bearing Baiae, a necessary part of their existence. Cæsar, Pompey, Manus and Nero had their splendid villas here. After proceeding to the shore, opposite

Misenum, we turned homeward, passing the baths of Nero. These consist of a series of hot subterranean vaults along the sea coast, which the Neapolitans visit to cure the rheumatism. We stooped our way through a number of passages, filled with hot vapor, crawling along with the face near the ground to avoid inhaling the burning air, and finally rushed out of them, black with soot and dripping with perspiration.

Twenty-two miles from Naples is the isle of Capri, famous for its "blue grotto," whose walls on a clear day are said to gleam with an endless variety of prismatic colors. Of course we must see Capri. The cars took us to Castle-a-mare, a coach a few miles further to a place where part of the mountain had slid over the road. A boat took us around the land-slide on the bay, and just as we were opposite to it, a large rock broke loose five hundred feet above, bouncing from crag to cliff, filling the air with a confusion of broken thunder-claps, as if a score of thunder-storms had joined battle. Fortunately we were beyond their reach. Soon we landed again, and rode to Sorrento, over a road winding around the mountain, many hundred feet above the sea, through a series of olive groves, and heavy-laden orange gardens. We entered the picturesque town of Sorrento through a street in which the footman had to press on the door-sills, to make room for our passing them. Here we hired a boat with two small sails to take us to Capri, a distance of ten miles. Four swarthy, sinewy, black-haired rowers, soon made our ship streak out into the bay. Then came a sharp sea breeze, our sails were hoisted, and our craft tilted and darted over the swelling main, the delighted boatmen in the meanwhile chatting their familiar stories with

merry glee. There we sat in the stern, indulging in ambiguous musings, and watched our fleet bark, prancing athwart the waves. For a short spell our demeanor was not unworthy of more experienced seamen, whose

> "Path is on the mountain wave
> Whose home is on the deep."

But alas! how fleeting and evanescent are human joys! Soon came the dismal sequel, a sullen peevishness, then the heaving sea-sickness. What cares a man for the prismatic splendor of the "blue grotto" while in such a state. But we have reached Capri, and must enter the cave. We laid flat down in a small boat, which was pushed through a hole, about two and a half feet high, while the swelling waves at times almost closed it up. But the sun did not shine, and our vision for the beautiful was beclouded. We looked gloomily at the clear blue water, and up to the famous ceiling, where we saw rocks and none but dreary colors. The door seemed to fill up; what a predicament to be locked up in this damp cavern by a stormy sea, in such an unromantic mood! Our little craft scraped through the small entrance, and we resumed our seats in our ship for a voyage directly to Naples, instead of Sorronto.

After such a dreary, unsteady day our cozy quarters in the Hotel Bellevue seemed very home-like. Around the supper table the incidents of the day were discussed with grateful joy. We bowed in our customary evening prayer with more than usual solemnity. This evening group consisted of Rev. S. Treat, D. D., for more than forty years the efficient Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and N. Carruth, Esq., of Boston; Rev. J. R. Mann, D. D., of New York, and myself. This act of worship formed a fitting close of the day; it forms a fitting close of this volume.

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